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MESSIAH'S KINGDOM.

A P O E M.

IN TWELVE BOOKS.

BY AGNES BULMER.

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Will it not much please us, with an eye of faith to behold our Redeemer sitting in glorious exultation at God's right hand, governing the world for the benefit of the Church? *Barrow.*

To trace the gradual openings of the Christian scheme, through the various dispensations of God to the Church, may be an important part of celestial happiness. *Doddridge.*

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INTRODUCTORY STANZAS.

OF HIM, high raised on Heaven's stupendous throne,
Beneath whose feet the sapphire pavement glows ;
O'er whose intensest splendours, dread, unknown,
The beaming bow its milder radiance throws ;
Around whose state, in bright attendance, close
The full-toned choir of harping cherubim,
Seraphs, whose robes empyreal lights compose,
And angels, breathing soft the' adoring hymn :—
Of Him, Eternal, Infinite, Supreme,
Fain would a mortal Muse, adventurous, sing ;
Him, for archangel minds too vast a theme,
Who yet, when babes their meek hosannas bring,
Inclines with gentlest grace, and veils in Mercy's wing.

Yet not that radiant, glowing, dazzling fire,
All inaccessible, whose vehement flame
Bids finite natures from its beams retire,
Enfolding, bright, the' unutterable Name ;
But Him who erst in veiled glory came,
Revealing the Ineffable ; whose might
Raised o'er illimitable wastes the frame
Of this vast world, and from essential light
Kindled the morning stars, whose radiance bright,
In man, his favourite work, resplendent shone :—
The' omnific Word, the Wisdom infinite,
The' eternal, in the uncreated Son,
To wondering worlds above, to man on earth made known.

Him, heaven and earth's Creator, Saviour, Lord,
Ruling in might the realms his hands have made ;
In mercy as in majesty adored,
Life's Author ! by the grave, by death obey'd :
The' Omnipotent, upon whose shoulder laid
The keys of everlasting empire rest :

Messiah, in whose hallow'd form, display'd,
Shone forth Jehovah's glory, unrepres'd
Even by the veil it wore ; whom Heaven confess'd
The mighty God ; confounding every foe
Whom earth extoll'd ; Emmanuel, ever bless'd,
Who, man to save, and hell's dark hosts o'erthrow,
Stoop'd from essential light, to live and die below.

Him would the minstrel sing, might Heaven inspire
With holy ardours of adoring love,
Attune to loftiest themes a lowly lyre,
And, distant, emulate the choirs above :
Him, while his chariot wheels triumphant move
Where rolling clouds and rushing whirlwinds sweep,
Pursue with sacred awe, and, reverent, prove
His mighty Presence on the surging deep ;
Attend, till, lo, the boisterous billows sleep,
Soft at his word, in gentlest calm subside ;
Till earth, renew'd, her glorious sabbath keep,
The tranquil Church o'er stormless waters glide,
And wondering worlds adore Messiah magnified.

MESSIAH'S KINGDOM.

BOOK I.

The saints are the subjects of Messiah's kingdom; and of that kingdom it is their duty to publish to the world the blessings and the glories, to the end that, when they are made known, the nations may be thereby induced to submit their hearts to so gracious a sceptre, and the dominion of Christ become as universal in its extent, as it is everlasting in its duration. *Bishop Horne.*

ARGUMENT.

ORIGINAL beauty, perfection, and happiness of the earth, and its inhabitants.—Change effected by the fall.—Disorder and enmity introduced into creation.—Man cut off from communion with God, and the celestial world.—Condemned, on account of his transgression, to labour, sorrow, and death.—Under these affecting circumstances, is cheered by the promise of a Deliverer.—This first promise, a mysterious intimation of the design of Jehovah, to save the world by a Divine incarnate Redeemer.—Exultation of Satan, Sin, and Death, over the successful issue of diabolic artifice.—Metaphor of the oak.—Invocation to celestial spirits.—Unsearchable depths of redeeming love.—Progress of sin.—Cain and Abel.—Apostrophe to Death.—The empire of sin still more extended.—Noah.—Terrors of the flood.—Gratitude and devotion of the patriarchal family on their deliverance.—Renewal of Jehovah's covenant.—The rainbow.—Early reappearance of depravity after the flood.—Idolatry.—Truths of primitive revelation taught by Noah.—Confusion of tongues.—Dispersion of the human family.—Assyria.—Egypt.—Selection and preparation of instruments, the work of Divine wisdom.—Call of Abraham.—His faith and obedience.—Sacrifice of Isaac, an expressive type of the suffering Redeemer.

MESSIAH'S KINGDOM.

BOOK I.

The covenant of grace hath subsisted under various forms of external administration ever since the fall, and shall continue in full force to the consummation of all things. *Dr. Owen.*

BRIGHT was that morn, and sweet those sacred lays,
When first-born seraphs hymn'd Jehovah's praise;
When, rising from the dark abyss of night,
In all the charms of new-created light,
This globe first floated on the' ethereal way,
Sublime in beauty, as in pleasure gay.
Favonian breezes fann'd the verdant woods,
And gales ambrosial curl'd the rippling floods.
The lord of light, with cheering ray benign,
Bless'd the meek flower, and bade the vintage shine.
In genial dews, soft, humid vapours fell,
Burst the full seed, or made the blossom swell.
Earth's fruitful bosom teem'd with life and joy;
For none had learnt to injure or destroy.

Nature! what beauties then adorn'd thy face!
How didst thou smile in majesty and grace!
Yet, not thy sun, though in his golden pride
He pour'd forth floods of light and glory wide;
Not thy green earth, refresh'd with softening showers,
Thy horn of plenty, or thy crown of flowers;
Thy countless tribes with varied life endued,
All happy, and all exquisitely good;
Not all thy sweetest, richest treasures fair,
Could with immortal man, their sovereign lord, compare.

Priest of creation, which with loud acclaim
Swell'd one vast anthem to Jehovah's name,

He, bright in pristine dignity appear'd,
 Belov'd of God, by angel hosts revered.
 His ample brow celestial wisdom crown'd ;
 Light fill'd his eye ; the mystic spell of sound
 Hung on the music of his speech ; his soul,
 Sublimely soaring, own'd but one control :
 Acknowledged ruler of terrestrial things ;
 Himself but subject to the King of kings.
 In spirit pure as angels throned in light,
 For him fair seraphs left their mansions bright.
 With them he walk'd in converse kind and sweet ;
 With them he worshipp'd at Jehovah's feet :
 Who, mildly bending from his awful throne,
 In man's perfection saw and loved his own.
 Immortal then, Death's dark and formless shade
 Murmur'd no menace to his soul dismay'd.
 'Midst Eden's roses bloom'd perpetual spring,
 In life's pure fount Health dipp'd her halcyon wing ;
 And fast beside that crystal current grew
 The living tree, sustain'd by heavenly dew,
 Which bore perennial fruit, and blossoms ever new.

From what height fallen, since that tremendous day
 When heaven's apostate angel urged his way
 To those sweet bowers of bliss ! when, swollen with pride,
 Jehovah's name the serpent's tongue belied ;
 With glozing lies man's treacherous heart betray'd ;
 The shrine of Deity in ruins laid ;
 Darken'd the sun in the blue vault above ;
 To desert wastes transform'd the verdant grove ;
 Corrosive poisons spread through nature's frame,
 And fill'd the new-form'd earth with guilt and shame !
 Dark on that hour loud hurtling tempests frown'd ;
 The curse, deep driving, scathed the stricken ground ;
 A vengeful arm impelled its secret force ;
 A withering world in throes proclaim'd its course.
 And still that curse earth's strong foundations feel ;
 Her rude rocks tremble, and her mountains reel.
 Now, angry elements in storms contend,
 Beneath the tempest crashing forests bend,
 In billowy foam wild surging waters rise,
 And livid fires flash fearful from the skies :
 From central gulfs sulphuric torrents pour,
 'Midst warring meteors, deep-mouth'd thunders roar.

With torrid heats the fierce equator glows :
 The poles move languid midst perpetual snows.
 Here sterile Winter Nature's hand restrains :
 There poisons throb through her distended veins.
 Subject to bondage, lo! creation groans ;
 Earth's hostile tribes man's sinful rule disowns.
 The early, kindly, heaven-form'd compact broke,
 Now, fierce, they spurn, or bleed beneath his yoke ;
 The courser's stately neck Oppression bends,
 His tyrant limbs the prowling tiger rends :
 All feel the curse,—from where, o'er scorching plains,
 In regal pride, the Lybian lion reigns,
 To the light insect, borne on golden wing,
 To gather nectar from the flowers of spring.

All swell the sigh, and heave the general groan :
 Man stands in guilt, but not in grief, alone.
 O'er his sad soul what whelming sorrows pour !
 Exalted, happy, innocent no more !
 How is his diadem of glory spoil'd !
 His lucid robe of heavenly splendour soil'd !
 No angel now in paradise appears,
 A willing wanderer from celestial spheres.
 Dark is the spot, where late, in radiance bright,
 The symbol'd Presence met his wondering sight.
 Dense gathering clouds, portentous, round him roll,
 Obscure his intellect, disturb his soul.
 Through dimming mists distorted shades appear ;
 Guilt, anguish, agony, remorse, and fear ;
 And shame, with fever'd cheek and downcast eye,
 Beseeching, from the covert, secrecy.

Hush ! the light rustling of the evening breeze
 Fans the thick foliage of those branching trees !
 Hush ! on that breeze far other sound is heard !
 'Tis the dread summons ! 'tis Jehovah's word !
 It speaks the coming Judge ! Prepare to die !
 To meet the wrath from which ye cannot fly !
 Adam ! why of that awful voice afraid ?
 Why seek ye yet the covert's deepening shade ?
 From Him it veils not e'en thy inmost thought.
 " Where art thou ? What is this that thou hast wrought ? "

Confusion curtains Adam's downcast eye,
 And shame and weakness prompt the mean reply.

His Maker, in his gift, reproach'd ; the tear
Of penitential anguish, deep, sincere,
Yet flow'd not from his soul ; his wandering mind
Had swerved from truth,—'twas impotent and blind.
What heart so hard that mercy cannot move ?
What breast of adamant but yields to love ?
Lo, from the Judge, what mingled accents flow !
What words of comfort temper words of wo !
The curse, tremendous doom of guilt, descends ;
Death, dire companion, sin's dark train attends ;
Sorrow and labour track the thorny way ;
The stronger govern, and the weak obey.
The penalty upon the crime impress'd,
The just award, the righteous Judge attest :
On each, retributive, his sentence falls ;
The tempter serpent ignominious crawls
A reptile o'er the earth,—to man, a foe ;
Man destined long his venom'd tooth to know.

But hark ! what soothing, healing accents come !
Hope blossoms on the margin of the tomb.
True, man the serpent's rankling tooth shall feel,
The wily foe shall lacerate his heel :
But, from the victim of his glozing lies,
The woman, shall a conquering Seed arise ;
He shall avenge her mighty wrong, and tread
Victorious on the scaly monster's head.
Go, hapless parents of a fallen race,
Go, gather comfort from these words of grace ;
Go, wail your foul transgression at his feet ;
The tears of penitence, of hope, are sweet.
The promise given, in future years fulfill'd,
Its earnest now, its harvest then shall yield :
Your Eden lost, that Conqueror shall regain,
O'er every subject foe extend his reign,
Triumphant his mysterious path pursue,
Unbar the gates of death, and open heaven for you.

Go, then, sad wanderers, quit your blooming bowers ;
For sightless thorns exchange your cherish'd flowers.
For lo ! the Seraphim with swords of fire
Haste to the guard, and caution to retire ;
Yet, while from Eden's blissful groves ye turn,
And the full eye can scarce its path discern ;

While on your steps the curse prolific springs,
And sorrow folds you in her damp, cold wings;
While sickness, pain, and death obstruct your way,
O lift your eyes to heaven! believe, and pray!
For lo, vicarious, at yon altar lies,
A victim slain in hallow'd sacrifice,
Whose guiltless blood for yours a ransom streams,
Mysterious type of His whose death from sin redeems.

Now, lost archangel, at thy ruin smile!
Bless the deep fraud, admire the prosperous guile!
From hell's dread haunts thy flaming legions call,
Unbless'd intruders on this earthly ball;
To torture man, to swell their own offence,
To urge the thunders of Omnipotence;
Thyself the phalanx of rebellion lead,
Till heaven arrest thee in the daring deed;
Till thy bold front the searing lightning scathe,
And vengeance hurl thee to the gulf beneath,
To wail, in endless, ever-heightening pain,
Thy proud defiance of Jehovah's reign.
Sin! o'er thy triumphs cast thy gloating eyes;
And, if in thy fell bosom joy can rise,
Exult that thou hast fill'd the world with wo,
Dishonour'd heaven, laid human glory low,
Ignited earth from hell's infernal fire,
And piled the brands for nature's funeral pyre.
And thou, dread Death, whose pale and ghastly form,
Rose on the blackness of this awful storm,
While with the serpent crown thou bind'st thy brow,
And thy barb'd sceptre lays its myriads low,
Rejoice, that o'er the human form divine,
Jehovah's workmanship, Jehovah's shrine,
Corruption shall its gloomy reign extend,
Till nature, time, and thou, in ruin end.

Pride of the forest, so the lofty oak,
Falls riven by the lurid lightning's stroke.
Deep pierced its roots, high rose its towering head,
In broad expanse its leafy honours spread;
Blithe on its boughs sweet choristers of spring,
Caroll'd soft notes, and plumed the downy wing;
While beasts at noon, in tranquil slumbers laid,
Sought the cool shelter of its grateful shade.

Dark frowns the storm: low from the gathering cloud,
Wild whirlwinds rush, in murmurs hoarse and loud;
Swift flies the shaft, the rolling thunder sounds;
Back from the shivering tree, the stroke rebounds;
Its sturdy trunk the flaming bolt receives;
As spoils of autumn, fly the blasted leaves;
The tempest's rage its branching beauty rends;
Wrench'd from its root, the ponderous bulk descends;
Earth trembles as it falls! Its prostrate length,
The wreck of beauty, majesty, and strength,
Lies on the plain, memorial of His power
Who ruled the terrors of that stormy hour.

CELESTIAL spirits! ye whose harps of gold
Once tuned in paradise,
In sacred symphonies,
Did there the hallow'd joys of heaven unfold:
Whether at early dawn,
From fair enamell'd lawn,
Your light, ethereal footsteps brush'd the dews;
Or, from yon brighter sphere,
Your plumes, expanded here,
Enrich'd the glowing morn with lovelier hues;
Or, whether from your robes of fleecy light,
Ye scatter'd radiance that dispell'd the night:

Whether in lofty strains, ye hail'd the sun,
From ocean's emerald bed
Raising his glorious head;
Or, when his midway course through heaven was run,
In Eden's shaded bowers,
Perfumed with fragrant flowers,
Gave soft Æolian music to the breeze;
Or, mild at falling eve,
When glittering moonbeams give
Their pure, pale lustre to the trembling trees,
Ye breathed your holiest melodies of love,
Accordant with adoring choirs above.

Ye who conversed with man, and linger'd still,
 Enamour'd to attend
 Your new delightful friend,
His hallow'd mind with heavenly themes to fill,
 How deeply would ye grieve,
 And to your soft harps give
Sad sorrow's tones, his piteous fall to see!
 O ye would change your measure
 Of sweet and solemn pleasure,
To deep and plaintive moans for man's apostasy;
 And quit the groves of paradise
 To seek again your native skies:
Unmeet associate now for spirits bright,
He shrinks abash'd from your unsullied light.

Yet shall ye tune once more your harps of gold,
 And oft in future years,
 From yonder radiant spheres
Descend, communion sweet with earth to hold:
 A loftier theme awaits your praise,
 A deeper mystery shall raise
Your generous sympathies with man,—
 With man, redeem'd, restored;
 For lo, the' eternal Word
Unfolds salvation's wondrous plan:
Jehovah to the mighty rescue comes!
 From the sad universe
 He bids the shades disperse;
The dire destroyer to destruction dooms,
And Eden's blasted groves with heavenly light relumes.

As breaks the moonbeam through the parting storm,
So, mildly rising, Mercy's radiant form
Burst on the darkness of this dreadful night,
And cheer'd its gloom by rays of heavenly light.
Hope, smiling cherub, in her train appear'd;
Faith at her word the hallow'd altar rear'd;
And Love, on downy wing descending, came
To kindle there devotion's sacred flame.

But O, what spirit, eagle-plumed, may soar
 Into that viewless height, that depth explore,
 Whence sprang the counsels of redeeming grace,
 Heaven's large philanthropy to Adam's race!
 No finite mind that depth, that height, may gain,
 Alike by saint or seraph urged in vain.
 Salvation's source Jehovah only knows,
 Himself the fountain whence its fulness flows;
 Sphered in eternity, he dwells alone,
 Omniscient, yet unsearchable, unknown.
 To none the secret of his name he tells,
 All with himself the mighty mystery dwells:
 Yet, while the' unfathom'd spring no eye explores,
 Earth drinks the living stream, and wondering heaven
 adores.

But thus on man while pitying Mercy smiled,
 And soothing Hope the anxious heart beguiled,
 While pale Repentance pour'd the contrite tear,
 And Faith subdued the boding sounds of fear,
 From sin's dire seeds a baleful harvest rose,
 Whose poisonous growth o'erspread the world with woes.
 Not half so noxious blossoms to the sight
 The deadly nightshade, or fell aconite,
 Or upas, amid Java's humid shades,
 Whose fatal juice life's crimson stream invades,
 Whose rude, rough bark the liquid death distils,
 Whose leaves drop venom, and whose vapour kills,
 Corrodes the channels of the vital flood,
 And at its source congeals the purple blood,
 Till life, fast ebbing, from its fount retires, [pires.
 And, writhed with frenzied rage, the fainting wretch ex-

Weep, fallen parents of a fallen race!
 But O, what tears can sin's deep stain efface?
 Weep o'er the darken'd mind, the' unhallow'd soul,
 The lawless will, that hates and spurns control,
 The' obdurate conscience, the perverse desire,
 The passions kindling with infernal fire!
 Weep for domestic strifes, fraternal hate,
 For envy, jealousy, revenge, debate,
 For fraud, for guile, for malice, for despair,
 For murder!—for lo! furious Cain is there!
 In whose dark bosom ruthless anger burns,
 Whose heart from man, from God, indignant turns.

Mark that distorted brow ! See, stern of soul,
Dread thoughts of vengeance in his eyeballs roll.
He seeks a brother's blood ! He, form'd to share
A brother's blessings, and a brother's care,
Amidst the jars of elemental strife,
The sighs of suffering, and the storms of life,
His destined friend, his counsellor, and guide,
Companion, placed by nature at his side,
That each to other, kindly join'd, might prove
His manhood's treasure, as his childhood's love.
Now wrench'd these early, tender, heaven-born ties,
In his fell thought one only purpose lies.
Impious and cruel, lo, his murderous hand
Deals the dread blow of death. The' affrighted land
From its stain'd bosom, deep, returns the groan,
And cries for vengeance to the' eternal throne.

As views the anxious husbandman, aghast,
His purpling vintage, by the lightning's blast,
Wither'd, and scathed, and sear'd : As on the fray
Of tempest clouds, that dim his wandering way,
The' affrighted traveller looks : Or mournful swain,
Who sees the mountain torrent pour amain,
Down his sweet native vale : So on the dead
Gazed the first parents : 'twas the hour of dread :
Recoiling nature shudder'd at the sight,
And backward shrunk instinctive. On that night
A deeper gloom the mourning heavens array'd,
And spectred Abel glanced athwart the shade :
Then hung the curse, like meteor clouds around ;
Then dimly vision'd, scaring Vengeance frown'd ;
Then sunk the heart beneath domestic wo,
In pangs that other hearts can never know ;
Then, Adam, rose to heaven thy labouring sighs !
Then, weeping Eve, unuttered agonies
Throbb'd through thy bursting heart ! All but Despair
Of Sorrow's hapless progeny were there :
But all was silence ; contrite grief impress'd
Submission on the self-convicting breast ;
Handmaid of Faith, calm Resignation stood,
And prostrate Patience bore the scourge of God.
Bleeding, and pierced, and torn, yet each confess'd
'Twas meet the shaft should wound the guilty breast.

Not thus unhallow'd Cain, whose deed accurs'd,
 Bade drear, dim Death from earth's dark entrails burst.
 Upborne to heaven, the vengeful cry of blood
 Enter'd, and enters still, the ear of God :
 Stern from his throne the searching summons came ;
 Cain, guilty culprit, dead to truth and shame,
 Indignant from requiring justice turn'd ;
 Fierce in his breast the flame of anger burn'd :
 But man is impotent in wrath ; in vain
 He hurls his threats against the raging main,
 Hoarse thunders o'er his breast resistless roll,
 Confound his pride, and crush his quivering soul.
 Uncontrite, unsubdued, constrain'd to bear
 The rankling vengeance ; terror and despair
 Fix'd in his breast their harpy fangs, and drove
 The murderer from the face of heaven above,
 From all the charities of life below,
 To wander wide in solitary wo,
 His dire disruption of those bonds to wail
 Which none shall guiltless break, unvisited assail.

Yet, Abel, earliest martyr to the strife
 Of Satan's serpent brood, thy guiltless life
 Fell not unhonour'd ; thee the Power Divine
 Attested righteous at his holy shrine ;
 To thee the pledge, the sacred witness gave,
THAT SACRIFICIAL BLOOD, THROUGH FAITH, SHALL SAVE ;
 Confirm'd his promise, and still points, through thee,
 To heaven's profoundest, highest mystery,—
MESSIAH, for the world a ransom given,
 On earth devoted,—pleading now in heaven ;
 Pleading for those, who, with a faith like thine,
 Repentant, on the consecrated shrine
 The bleeding victim place ; who meekly own,
 Nor harvest fruits, nor vintage may atone
 For man's deep, desperate sin ; nor seek to hide
 Their foul offence beneath the cloak of pride,
 Presumptuous, to his Majesty draw near,
 Unsanction'd by that blood ; nor, reverent, fear
 That all-consuming fire, whose scorching blaze
 Low in the ashes of confusion lays
 Each rash intruder who presumes alone
 To press with sandall'd foot the precincts of his throne.

DEATH! dark and gloomy king!
 How, on thy ebon wing,
 How didst thou sail from the dread gulf below!
 What fearless spirit durst
 Hell's ponderous portals burst,
 Thy passage from that nether world to show?
 O, thou art strange of form!
 Thou ridest on the storm;
 And in thy murky wings,
 The whistling whirlwind sings;
 While dismal groans,
 And piteous moans,
 From thy dim shadows sound,
 And fearful visions haunt thy solitary ground.

Yet these illusions dread,
 On thy dark confines spread,
 Like meteors on the misty mountain's brow,—
 These vanish from the sight,
 As, from that stormy height,
 Into thin air those spectral vapours flow.
 But thou hast fears defined,
 That shake the loftiest mind;
 The interminable sea
 Of vast eternity,
 Breaks with rude roar
 On time's dark shore,
 Then onward sweeps
 Into illimitable deeps;
 And those who launch with thee
 Must tempt with untried step that vast immensity.

Thy melancholy train,
 Are Languor, Grief, and Pain;
 Or, unsuspected, thy swift arrow flies:
 Thy touch dissolves the frame
 All beauteous though it came
 From its great Maker's hand; thou break'st the ties,
 Those viewless ties, that bind
 The imperishable mind
 To its companion frail,
 Whom thousand storms assail,

Which e'en the breeze,
That quivering trees
To rustling motion scarcely wakes,
Like autumn's faded spoils, to earth's cold bosom shakes.

And, ruthless as thou art,
Thou severest the sad heart,
To other hearts by sweet attractions bound ;
Though closely twined in one,
Yet thy stern work is done,
In spite of weeping eyes, of souls in sorrow drown'd,
Thou fearest not to leave
The desolate to grieve ;
But O ! there is a bond,
Thy gloomy reign beyond ;
And sacred love,
In realms above,
Indissolubly, sweetly binds,
Though now disjoin'd by thee, congenial, kindred minds.

From the fair light of day,
Thou bear'st thy trembling prey,
To the cold, gloomy caverns of the deep ;
Where, o'er thy drear domain,
Silence and darkness reign,
And desolation and corruption sleep.
No cheerful sound is there,
No voice of praise or prayer.
Nor sun's meridian light,
Nor the pale fires of night,
Disperse the gloom
That shrouds the tomb.
Nor thither bend the steps of spring,
Nor summer there alights, on blithe and roseate wing.

Death ! minister of heaven !
Into thy hand is given
The awful scourge of justice ; and thy stroke
Resistless must descend
Till time itself shall end ;
Then the strong pillars of creation broke,

At His tremendous word,
 Thy captives all restored
 Shall at the bar of their great Judge appear.
 Till that dread hour
 Thy tyrant power
 Shall Adam's sinful race subdue ;
 Then, by a Mightier slain, thyself shalt perish too.

Has Death his triumphs? O'er the fallen race
 Sweep his dark plumes, Oblivion and Disgrace?
 Sits he enthroned in solitary state,
 Midst mouldering tombs, and temples desolate,
 Beneath whose ruins scaly serpents sleep,
 Where night birds scream, and desert monsters keep
 Their dreary haunts, loud howling to the moon?
 Or seeks he, riding on the beam of noon,
 His victim, where the hum of peopled lands
 Rolls murmuring, as the wave o'er ocean's sands?
 Dwells he where rich the sculptured marble rears
 Its trophied pride, or spring's first flower appears
 On the green turf, beneath the yew tree's shade,
 Where rustic Labour to repose is laid?
 Rules he o'er conquer'd kings of earliest age,
 O'er tyrants fuming on life's restless stage
 E'en but the by-gone hour? o'er stately Pride,
 Or Vassalage, reposing by his side?
 O'er beauty, wisdom, virtue, glory, wealth,
 The blast of sickness, or the bloom of health?
 Do earth's wide regions feel his iron reign?
 Waves his black pennon o'er the boundless main?
 Though such his might, such though his conquests be,
 Uncheck'd by slave or monarch, bond or free ;
 Sin, thou hast larger, wider, mightier sway,
 And deathless realms thy direful yoke obey.

O depth profound, unpierced by mortal sight,
 Whence issued darkness on the world of light,
 From what dim shade, what elemental storm,
 Sprang forth, detested Sin, thy hydra form?
 How grew thy germ of being, midst the blaze
 Of heaven's own beams, till, on the glorious rays

Of many a morning star, deep darkness fell?
 Thy secrets, or thy triumphs, who shall tell?
 Death wastes exulting man's enfeebled race;
 'Twas thine, archangels from their thrones to chase,
 To plunge them deep in floods of sulphurous fire,
 To whelm in torrents of Jehovah's ire,
 Infernal pangs in deathless minds to raise,
 To edge the tooth that unconsuming preys.
 'Twas thine, fell sorceress, issuing baleful forth,
 To blast with plagues the bright and beauteous earth;
 To pierce into the bitter springs of wo,
 And bid their dark and turbid waters flow;—
 Sorrow and sickness, penury and pain,
 The anxious vigil, and the labour vain,
 Hope's wither'd blossoms, Falsehood's lurking snare,
 The thorn deep rankling in the heart of Care,
 The roar of Anarchy, the feuds of Strife,
 The poisons mingled in the cup of life.
 Thee Judgment follows;—in thy treacherous course
 Lie ambush'd, Misery, Despair, Remorse;
 Destruction, poised awhile on vulture's wings,
 Awaits thy harvest of devoted things;
 And haggard Desolation, wild, alone,
 O'er thy polluted haunts, erewhile, shall raise his throne.

Long suffering, yet by human crimes provoked
 Against the world Jehovah's anger smoked;
 Sin had defaced his image; man, perverse,
 His rule contemn'd, and in his universe,
 Seeking delusion, found delusion's curse.
 At length the slumbering sword of justice woke;
 Keen was its edge, resistless fell its stroke;
 Fell on man's whole offending race, and laid
 That world in ruins which his wisdom made;
 One holy seed alone remain'd to bear
 The Branch of Righteousness, the promised Heir,
 To bless the renovated world, and prove
 That sternest justice yields to mightier love.

NOAH! to thee,—of all the sinful race
 Alone found upright,—unto thee the grace
 Of favouring Heaven was granted; and thine ear
 Was privileged that secret voice to hear,
 Which speaks Jehovah's will: to thee he came,
 In all the glories of his awful name,

And bade thee for impending wrath prepare,
And bade thee that impending wrath declare.
Through rolling years of patient toil, thy hand
Laborious wrought, fulfilling Heaven's command.
Thy warning voice proclaim'd the judgment nigh,
Ere rising clouds obscured the azure sky ;
Ere yet, in air, destructive tempests hung,
The patient Spirit, by thy pleading tongue,
Invited, counsell'd, urged the apostate race,
To fly from death to mercy's kind embrace.
But blind Impenitence, nor eye, nor ear,
Turn'd to thy work of faith, thy words of fear.
The taunt, the smile, from the cold lip of pride,
Or bolder scoff, that fear'd not to deride
The timid baseness of a mind in dread
Of distant ills, by unseen impulse led :—
Acceptance such as this thy work received,
So was thy counsel by the world believed,
Till, wild and fierce, the reckless tempest strove,
Till vollied lightnings rent the clouds above,
Till down from heaven impetuous torrents pour'd,
And central floods through earth's deep caverns roar'd ;
Till, o'er the fruitful vale, the mountain's height,
The cultured plain, the garden of delight,
Floated, and foam'd, the deepening deluge wide,
And bore destruction on its awful tide.

Then, hapless man, the soil that gave thee birth
Groan'd with thy weight of crime ! Dissolving earth
Felt the' incumbent curse ; and thou, in vain,
With trembling steps, along the liquid plain,
Urgedst thy tardy, unavailing flight !
Lo ! the tall cedars on the mountain's height
Bow to the raging storm ! Thy last resource
Beneath the whirlwind's dire, convulsive force
Falls, crashing, thundering down : the forest shakes,
The rifted adamant asunder breaks.
Loud bellowing waters fill the chasm beneath ;
Above is vengeance ! all around is death !
Nature's wild dissonance returns thy groan,
Till all is silence ! Ruin reigns alone !
Above the measureless, the formless waste,
She sits, exulting o'er a world defaced :

Around her throne the spoils of Vengeance sweep,
And Judgment heaves the billows of the deep.

But Mercy triumph'd: o'er those waters dark,
Majestic rose the heaven-constructed ark,
Upborne by Him, who to its bounds consign'd
The scanty, single remnant of mankind;
The family his grace reserved to tell
Succeeding worlds, how wrath on sinners fell;
Succeeding worlds to teach Jehovah's name,
And one eternal covenant God proclaim.
Upborne by Him, who bears his Church sublime
O'er the dark waters of tempestuous time,
With gladness only less than spirits know
When haven'd safe from every storm below,
The trembling remnant view'd the verdant earth,
And pressed exulting into second birth.
Their grateful hands the hallow'd altar rear'd,
In mystic flame the present God appear'd;
His token of returning grace they saw,
And, prostrate, welcomed with adoring awe.
Heard with enraptured ears the Voice Divine,
And look'd with transport on the covenant sign.
While, o'er the watery meteor, dense and low,
Spread the soft splendours of the beauteous bow.
Signal of peace, of amity restored,
Seal of His truth who spoke the cheering word:—
“While earth revolves, heaven's rolling orbs sublime
Shall keep the constant register of time;
Summer and winter, day and night remain,
Redundant harvests crown the cultured plain;
The swelling floods, to ocean's depths confined,
Return no more to desolate mankind;
But Truth and Love the promised grace prepare,
And renovated earth the covenant blessing share.”

GLOOMY cloud, that, lowering low,
Shadowest nature's lovely light,
Wide thy deepening darkness throw,
Catch the sunbeam bursting bright;
Gently on thy humid breast,
Bid its soften'd splendours rest.

Wild the wind, and fierce the flood
Foaming, roaring, raved, and rush'd ;
Thunders roll'd,—the voice of God :—
Now the angry storm is hush'd,
Now the eddying whirlwind sleeps,
Ocean seeks its barrier deeps.

Beauteous bow ! thy arch sublime,
Resting on the distant hills,
Leads me back to earliest time :
Hope my pensive spirit fills,
In thy softest hues I trace
Gentler, lovelier beams of grace.

Lo, the tempest's rage is o'er,
Flashing fires no longer gleam ;
Solemn thunders cease to roar,
Silvery clouds resplendent stream ;
Bright the bursting sun appears,
Ararat its summit rears.

From his floating home released,
Noah on the mountain stands,
Spreads the sacrificial feast,
Lifts to heaven his praying hands,
Listens to the Voice Divine,
Looks on thee, peace-speaking sign.

Hush ! the word of promise breaks,
Not in thunders hoarse and loud :
Lo ! the covenant Saviour speaks
Softly from the symbol'd cloud.
Rise ! the storm of wrath is pass'd ;
Judgment shall not always last.

So, upon the anxious heart,
Chafed with sorrow's wild alarm,
When the troubled clouds dispart,
When the rough wind sinks to calm,
Breaks the light from distant spheres,
Falling on a mist of tears.

Sun of Righteousness! from thee,
Soft those lucid rays descend,
Mildest mercy beams on me;
Whispers every storm shall end,
Now the covenant sign is given,
Bright appears the bow in heaven.

Resting on the' eternal hills,
Arching high the emerald throne,
Heaven with hallow'd light it fills,
Sends its soft effulgence down.
Holy light, I hail thee now,
Circling, mild, Emmanuel's brow.

Yes, that meek, resplendent sign
Presages a cloudless sky;
Heaven's eternal light shall shine,
Truth and Mercy meet on high,
Righteousness and Peace unite,
Mingling beams divinely bright.

Hush, my sorrow! from a storm,
Fierce, and terrible, and wild,
Sprang that bow whose splendours form,
Radiant, round the Reconciled:
Glory's fountain set in shade,
Earthly lights retired dismay'd.

From the cross, where darkness shrouds
Him who suffer'd there for me,
In the fearful tempest clouds,
Resting, dread, on Calvary,
Mercy's beaming sign appears,
See, believe, and dry thy tears!

Severe in judgment, infinite in grace,
With righteous Noah, and his favour'd race,
The bond of peace Jehovah mild renew'd,
And smiled acceptance through the covenant blood.
Yet still the stain by Sin's dread touch convey'd,
The wound the serpent's venom'd tooth had made,

Retain'd its sanguine hue, its deadly smart.
Dark was man's erring mind, and hard his heart,
Till, wandering wide, and wider still, from bliss,
Lost in earth's labyrinth of vanities,
The' apostate in the creature dared enshrine
The formless glories of the Light Divine.

In vain did He whose weeping eyes had seen
A world in ruins, He who stood between
The living and the dead, aloud proclaim
The fearful glories of Jehovah's name ;
Spoke of the Infinite, Eternal ONE,
Pervading all, all knowing, all unknown ;
Taught his creating power, his perfect skill,
His spotless purity, his sovereign will,
His awful justice, when in righteous ire
Reveal'd in terrors of consuming fire.

Oft would the patriarch tell, in strains sublime,
While yet he linger'd on the verge of time,
Of pristine truths, in paradise disclosed,
Ere sin, and death, and darkness interposed,
Unfold the fatal source of human wo,
Mysterious Mercy's wondrous counsels show,
The guiltless victim on the altar lay,
With hallow'd rites that guiltless victim slay,
The mystic type in mystic sounds explain,
Point to the LAMB in sacred purpose slain,
Substance of legal signs, mysterious scope
Of vision'd prophecy, of Gospel hope.

So, Priest and Prophet, taught the reverend sire
The words of wisdom ; wisdom's sons admire.
Dark o'er the rest bewildering shadows closed,
Error and pride the voice of truth opposed ;
With deepening gloom drew on the dreary night,
Offended Heaven withheld rejected light,
Apostate man Jehovah's glory stain'd,
Denied his nature, and his name profaned,
Provoked him in the insolence of pride,
On Shinar's plains his fearful wrath defied,
Till Babel's haughty towers the guilt disclosed,
And myriad-tongued Confusion interposed.

Then, scatter'd by his frown, the tribes divide,
As choice directs, or mightier leaders guide,

To distant climes their various steps they bend,
And cities, temples, palaces ascend.

O'er Asia's plains, lo, mighty Nimrod flies,
And Nineveh and Babylon arise :

Rise to perpetuate his name and crimes,
To bear Idolatry to distant times ;

In distant times to sink in dust, and prove,
Though man is proud, Jehovah rules above,
And holds the loftiest in his sight as small,
When vengeance bids the lifted thunders fall,
As the light insect, which presumptuous flies,
And courts the flame until, consumed, it dies.

Egypt! thy ruin'd piles this truth attest!
The curse is graven on thy ruthless breast!
Though loud thy vaunt, erect thy crested brow,
Thou, too, art fallen ; thy voice is silent now!
From Babel's scenes of strife, by Misraim led,
Dark Ammon's sons thy fruitful plains o'erspread.
Yet no hosannahs bade those plains rejoice,
When first they echo'd to a human voice ;
No holy anthems met thy orient skies,
To Him who bade the sun, resplendent, rise ;
Nor, lonely musing, where, through deserts wide,
Old Nilus sweeps his soft and silver tide,
While evening shades disclosed the starry train,
And the calm moon commenced her cloudless reign,
Did Contemplation raise the thought sublime
To Him whose being, ere the birth of time,
Forth from himself in changeless fulness came,
The ONE ETERNAL, SELF-EXISTENT NAME.

No ; for their faithless hearts, by fiends betray'd,
From Him, the Fount of life and blessing, stray'd ;
Till, lost to all the majesty of mind,
Their erring intellect to sense confined,
They basely stoop'd to bow the suppliant knee
To every form of idol vanity,
The Deity beneath his works debased,
And truth and wisdom from their worship chased.

Rahab! thou wast the dragon of the deep!
The monsters in thy reedy fens that sleep,
Or wide for prey their yawning jaws extend,
Did more than thou man's fallen race befriend :

From thee a tide of deadly poisons flow'd,
'Thy glistening scales with lurid brightness glow'd;
And deep within thy tumorous entrails lay,
In dark deposit, thy unhallow'd prey.
Yes; thou wast swollen with pride, thy lengthening train,
From thy deep river to the stormy main,
Its spiral folds voluminously spread;
Thine eyes of fire, thy foaming nostrils, shed
'Thick wreaths of smoke, and sparks of hellish flame;
Nor barbed dart, nor spear could pierce thy frame.
Aloof from thee, e'en armed warriors stood,
Nor dared arouse the monster of the flood.
But thou hast perish'd in thy pride! The power
That suffer'd thee to bask thy baleful hour,
Hath drawn thee from the deeps, and cast thee forth,
'To feast the fowls of heaven, the beasts of earth.
His hook hath pierced thy jaws, his mighty hand
Hath stretch'd thee lifeless on the desert sand,
And left thee in corruption to proclaim
The jealous glories of Jehovah's name.

As through mid-air the sweeping current blows,
Or, gently gliding, sinks to soft repose,
All uncontroll'd by man, who knows not where
Fierce hyperborean storms their shafts prepare,
Or whence, descending mild, on balmy wing,
Soft Zephyr comes to fan the flowers of spring:
So works, by human counsels undefined,
The teaching Spirit on the pliant mind:
Nor to the world his secret course declares,
But unperceived his instrument prepares.
'Then in the finish'd work unfolds his skill,
And bends his agent to his perfect will.

In sovereign wisdom, as in sovereign grace,
'The' Eternal Ruler sways the fallen race,
'The good to one vouchsafed designs for all,
Regards the mightiest, nor deserts the small.
To save the world from fast-encroaching night,
To form one orb of concentrated light,
A barrier against Satan's hosts to raise,
To lead Delusion back from Error's maze,
Messiah's path of mercy to prepare,
To give to future times the promised Heir,

One from the rest Jehovah's wisdom chose,
And ABRAHAM to that peerless glory rose.

Lo! 'midst the deep recess of Syrian groves,
Where, lost in thought, the musing shepherd roves,
Is heard the Voice Divine! That voice to hear
In spell-bound silence stands the listening seer;
For well his ear its solemn whispers knew,
And oft had sainted visions met his view.

Now, breathing through the stilly gloom profound,
Comes to his conscious heart a wondrous sound:—

“Arise! from country and from kindred go;
“Myself thy path, thy destined place will show.”

'Tis done! No keen regrets, no cold delay,
His willing, prompt, obedient footsteps stay.
O'er deserts, floods, and steeps, at Heaven's command,
The pilgrim journeys to that distant land:
That distant land, in faith explored, became
His promised heritage. Earth's scroll of fame,
Illustrious seer! no heraldry displays
Like that which blazons forth thy deathless praise.

The slumbering world, lo, midnight darkness veils;
Sound, restless flutterer, folds her wings; the gales
Breathe not on Mamre's oaks. Along the plain
Stretch the white curtains of the shepherd train;
And o'er the glistening, ambient concave wide,
Bright starry fires, innumerable, silent glide.
Ethereal spirits 'mid their splendours move,
Sleepless,—for sleep invades not those above.
They whom nor restless thought nor labours tire,
They wake to love, to ponder, to admire
Scenes unobserved by man, whose stagnant sense,
Absorb'd, regards not heaven's magnificence.
Yet saints, as well as angels, vigils keep
To gaze on midnight splendours. Roused from sleep,
Lo, Abraham's soul to solemn thought inclines;—
His own mysterious journey, Heaven's designs,
The land in promise given, the promised heir,
Himself a childless, pilgrim stranger there.
On themes like these his mind revolving turns,
In his rapt bosom pure devotion burns.
His eye of faith no darkling mists obscure:
The Lord had spoken; and his word was sure.

Night is the hour of vision. Hark ! a sound !
 Yet treads no footsteps o'er the tented ground,
 No rising breeze in heaven's calm ether wakes.
 Yet see ! the shepherd's curtain'd dwelling shakes !
 A Form beside him stands, a voice is heard ;
 It breathes no terrors, 'tis the living Word,
 The covenant Angel, by whose conduct led,
 His flocks on CANAAN'S pastured lands he spread ;
 At whose command he cross'd Euphrates' flood,—
 'Tis Deity enshrined, He, since-incarnate God.

'Tis Abraham's God is present ! Low the seer
 Bends in prostration, all his soul is ear,
 While sounds oracular in blessings flow,
 And Wisdom's lips celestial secrets show.
 Thus saith Jehovah :—" Abraham, I am thine !
 Thy shield, thy bulwark, is the Strength Divine.
 Lo, kings and princes from thy root shall rise,
 And earth, through all her countless families,
 Receive salvation through thy favour'd line,
 And hail thee father of the Seed Divine.
 Go forth abroad, survey the starry height,
 Count, if thou canst, those orbs of sparkling light :
 Then may thy tongue that progeny compute,
 The destined branches of thy single root,
 Who shall, from me, this stranger land possess,
 Heirs of thy blessing, and thy righteousness."

Would favour'd saints Messiah's counsels share,
 A weight of glory in his kingdom bear,
 Those favour'd saints must share his sorrows too,
 And taste his cup, ere they his glory view.
 Thus Abraham, most exalted, most beloved,
 By strictest test, omniscient Wisdom proved ;
 Of him who most to know of heaven aspired,
 His faith's severest sacrifice required ;
 That grace matured might beam with holier light,
 And purest day succeed to gloomiest night.

The promised son is given. In Isaac's birth
 The patriarch's portion is complete on earth.
 To distant years his hallow'd hopes extend,
 Princes and priests in lengthen'd line descend ;
 And Him, that peaceful King of righteousness,
 Whose reign the renovated earth shall bless,

His faith beholds in mystic vision near,
 To take from him his humble lineage here.
 His largest hopes are realized below,
 And now, ere yet to brighter realms he go,
 He waits, he prays, to view with clearer light
 Messiah's day of grace and glory bright.

His prayer accepted rose. In secret heard,
 Breathed on his startled ear a fearful word.
 Swift through his soul its thrilling horrors ran,
 And pierced the father, as it smote the man.
 It came at midnight hour:—"Awake! Arise!
 When morning light relumes the eastern skies,
 Haste to Moriah's distant mount; and there
 The solemn sacrificial rite prepare,
 And there the victim on the altar lay,
 And there thy son beloved, thy only Isaac, slay!"

It is Jehovah's voice! Nor doubt, nor fear,
 Nor love, nor grief, detain the' obedient seer.
 The stern command his bleeding heart fulfils,
 He seeks with patient step Moriah's hills.
 His hand the gleaming blade, the censer bears;
 Unconscious Isaac by his side appears,
 Yet soon a meek devoted victim lies
 On the cleft wood a willing sacrifice.
 With steadfast faith and eye full fix'd on heaven,
 To God the consecrated gift is given.
 He can restore the life his bounty gave,
 And raise the heir of promise from the grave.

"Stay, Abraham! stay thine hand, the work is done!
 Unbind the victim, Heaven gives back thy son!—
 Gives back with double blessing, and to thee
 Unfolds, through him, that mightiest mystery
 Which angels wait to learn, Messiah's grace,
 His sinless offering for a sinful race."

Thus on the world with slowly opening light,
 As dusky dawn succeeds to cheerless night,
 Through veiling shades Messiah's splendours rose,
 And types, and signs, mysterious truths disclose;
 While Wisdom to the meek, the sainted mind,
 Her beam convey'd, the way of peace to find,
 Reveal'd the righteousness of faith, the grace,
 Prepared to rescue man's apostate race;

The same, since erst heaven's bright cherubic guard,
With falchion flames deserted Eden barr'd,
The Lamb before the world's foundation slain,
Symbol'd in mystic imagery, or plain
To human sense disclosed, enshrined below,
The Man of sacrifice, the Man of wo.

Hope of a world condemn'd, Messiah, hail!
Nor hell, nor death, shall o'er thy Church prevail.
Thy conquering arm the serpent foe shall bind,
Thy blood redeem, thy sceptre rule, mankind.

MESSIAH'S KINGDOM.

BOOK II.

The object of the intermediate Levitical dispensation was to preserve the knowledge of the true God, in the midst of surrounding polytheism, and to perpetuate and confirm, with increasing light, the ancient patriarchal doctrine of redemption through a promised Deliverer.

Faber.

ARGUMENT.

GRADUAL development of the Divine purpose in the redemption of the world.—God's interposition in behalf of the posterity of Abraham, when groaning under the bondage of Egypt.—Moses.—His sojourn in the desert.—Divinely inspired to transmit the record of the creation, and early history of the world.—Jehovah manifested to him in the burning bush.—Invested with Divine and miraculous power to effect the deliverance of Israel.—Passage of the Red Sea.—Hymn of praise for the destruction of Pharaoh and the Egyptian host.—God, in his justice, as in his mercy, inscrutable.—Progress of Israel under the conduct of the cloud and fire.—Mount Sinai.—The law, an exhibition of the Divine character, the original rule of holiness to all intelligent natures.—Its republication designed to show man his obliquity, and to make him feel his weakness.—Its essence, love.—The ceremonial economy revealed to Moses in the mount, a representative system, shadowing forth the great Sacrifice, that was in due time to be offered up for the redemption of the world.—Israel a type of the Gospel Church.—The tabernacle and all its services, of the Incarnation and offices of Christ.—The march through the wilderness.—Moab.—Balak.—Balaam.—His prophecy.—Adjuration of demons.

MESSIAH'S KINGDOM

BOOK II.

A great thing will the Lord bring to pass, but not presently.
Jeremy Taylor

MAN is a thing of nought ; his short-lived power,
Which buds, and blooms, and withers in an hour,
Its small results, precipitate, would show,
And hail the harvest ere the seedling grow.
God, infinite, unchangeable, displays,
In silent progress, his mysterious ways ;
Unfolds, with gradual light, his vast designs ;
Past, present, future, in his view combines ;
Nor eager haste, nor dark contingency knows,
His perfect work in ripest season shows ;
Constructs of varied parts the wondrous whole,
Himself, of each, the centre, source, and soul.

Thus, life's immortal seed in embryo laid,
Evolving slow, its vital strength display'd ;
Its opening leaves, mysterious healing shed,
And fragrance sweet its beauteous blossoms spread.
But soon, a richer soil its roots sustain'd,
On its broad branches genial dews remain'd ;
A cultured plant, enclos'd by Heaven, it grew,
And strength, and health, from fostering sunbeams drew
Nor awful interdict, nor flaming guard,
Proclaim'd weak mortals from its touch debarr'd ;
But Truth and Mercy by its shade reclined
In mystic wisdom, to the docile mind,
Its vital, renovating power reveal'd,
And health and blessing on the conscience seal'd.

A while to gifted seers Jehovah spake,
Bade lucid visions on their slumbers break ;

By mystic rites his early covenant seal'd,
And righteousness, through humble faith, reveal'd;
Renew'd with Abraham's sons his oath divine,
And frequent, at the sacrificial shrine,
Proclaim'd his presence in the kindling flame,
And told the wonders of his awful name.

But long in Ephron's cave the patriarchs slept,
And wave o'er wave time's boisterous ocean swept,
Ere to the chosen seed his will declared,
Jehovah's grace the covenant nation shared.
But he forgets not ever; and his word,
By Abraham, 'midst the sever'd victims heard,
Was firm as on that night of sacrifice,
When flaming symbols met the patriarch's eyes.
Intense, and long the Egyptian furnace glow'd;
At length, the cup of Canaan's guilt o'erflow'd,
And God, the great, the terrible, came down
To save the oppress'd, to wither by his frown
The vauntings of presumptuous pride, and make
Rebellious Rahab at his thunders quake.

Fierce flames the sun on Egypt's arid plains;
With swarthy brow, with full, distended veins,
With furrow'd cheek, with dim and downcast eye,
Lo! Abraham's seed, in dire captivity,
To haughty Pharaoh's harsh commands a prey,
In wails the night, in toils consume the day.
O'er desert sands majestic cities rise;
Stupendous pyramids salute the skies;
The rude, rough rock the sculptor's chisel feels;
Her gloomy depths the cavern'd earth reveals;
To proud Ambition panting Labour rears
Columns, and fanes, and thrones, and sepulchres;
While Crime and Cruelty, with scorpion scourge,
And clanking chain, the ruthless tribute urge;
Tribute of tears and blood, of torturing pain,
By tyrants there unmark'd,—yet not in vain,
Seen by that piercing, all-pervading Eye,
Which, passing princes, passing angels by,
Rests on the grief-worn child of hopeless Misery.

'Scaped from the toils of that fell serpent brood,
Who, baleful, bask'd 'mid Nilus' reedy flood,
Saved by parental love, parental faith,
From cruel Egypt's infant doom of death,

Snatch'd from the wave by pleading Pity's hand,
By royal Grace instructed to command,
Lo, 'mid Arabia's mountain steeps, appears
The herald, who Jehovah's mandate bears,
His mandate of release to Abraham's race,
His message of authority and grace.

Yet, to no vulgar, no plebeian mind,
Was Heaven's important embassy assign'd.
For MOSES with Egyptian lore was fraught ;
And MOSES, by the anointing Spirit taught,
Preferr'd reproach, and banishment, and grief,
And Christ, and heaven, to this world's glories brief ;
And counted all things loss, e'en Egypt's throne,
To win those realms reveal'd to faith alone.

He was a minstrel, taught to touch the lyre,
A prophet, kindling with seraphic fire,
A bard, inspired on loftiest themes to sing,
A saint, ascending on Devotion's wing,
To learn the secrets of high Heaven, and show
Eternal Wisdom to the world below.
He was a shepherd too, and fed his flock
In pastures green, beneath the shadowing rock,
Or in the lonely glen, where streamlets glide,
Soft trickling from the rugged mountain's side.
There, when the sun at fervid noon was high,
Nor tempering vapour cool'd the blazing sky,
When desert sands the fiery glow return'd,
And fierce with heat the glistening ether burn'd,
There, in the cavern'd grot, the mossy glade,
His gentle charge to soft repose he laid ;
Or folded safe, when chilling night dews fell,
Or rocks return'd the prowling panther's yell.
The quiet sheep repose in tranquil rest,
But lofty thoughts engross the pastor's breast ;
To heavenly themes his contemplations rise,
Celestial visions meet his wondering eyes ;
'Midst starry spheres revolve his thoughts sublime,
Unchain'd by sense, uncheck'd by earth or time.
When midnight moonbeams o'er the desert wide,
Effulgent roll'd light's soft and silver tide,
When Morning hung her cresset lamp on high,
Or streak'd the shadows of the orient sky

With earliest vermeil line, when brightening gold,
Crimson, and hyacinthine purple, roll'd
In gorgeous mass, before the bursting sheen
Of solar glory, on the mountains seen ;
Then would he forth, and climb the lofty height,
Stretch o'er the sparkling scene his aching sight,
Or walk with Wisdom in the silent glade,
When Evening, pall'd in visionary shade,
Spread, o'er the rude gray rock, fantastic forms,
Or curtain'd round its cragg'd steep with storms.

Where'er in solitary grandeur wild,
The desert frown'd, or nature peaceful smiled,
There, from a vain, unhallow'd world removed,
He sought sweet converse with the God he loved.
With souls from earth detach'd, Jehovah holds
Communion intimate ; to them unfolds
The secrets of his glory and his grace,
Admits, in friendship, to the holiest place,
Bids them prefer the large request, and there
Attest the sacred prevalence of prayer ;
There, in that innermost pavilion, shows
A mystic Presence that no stranger knows,
A plenitude of light and love reveals,
Which tongue declares not ; and the heart that feels,
In dust before the' o'erwhelming glory lies,
While silence breathes its raptures to the skies.

So Moses worshipp'd. His was not the prayer
Of a cold spirit steep'd in worldly care ;
It was the heart's first wish, the fervent glow
Of pure affections, raised from things below
Up to their central Source ; it was desire,
Which God alone could satiate or inspire ;
It was the breathing of a mind intense
To share its Maker's hallow'd excellence,
To cast the dross of sin and earth aside,
And live, and walk, a spirit purified.

Jehovah's word is pass'd : the humble mind
That seeks for wisdom shall that wisdom find,
The pure in heart shall see his glorious face,
The meek shall learn his mysteries of grace.
While Moses, lonely, in the desert pray'd,
And God amidst his glorious works survey'd,

While God, his being's Source and End, he sought
In all the holy energies of thought,
While all his powers in prostrate worship own'd
The Deity within his breast enthroned,
To him the' inspiring Spirit came, and show'd
How Time and Nature from their Fountain flow'd,
Reveal'd the wonders of creative skill,
The fatal entrance of usurping ill,
The lapse of spirits form'd in light and love,
The Eden, lost below, restored above,
The beam of hope, when all around was night,
Given to the desolate, the gradual light
That cheer'd the elder world ; that world o'erthrown,
Jehovah's justice, in his judgments shown :—
These to his mind Omniscient Wisdom brought,
And things unseen, by holy impulse taught,
Led through the long traditionary stage
Of sainted patriarchal pilgrimage,
Jehovah in his covenant grace reveal'd,
His promise, in vicarious suffering seal'd,
Proclaim'd the Sacrifice in purpose made,
By sign and shadow to the world portray'd,
Bade sign and shadow pass before his view,
With lights retouch'd, and outline form'd anew ;
And then the high, the hallow'd charge assign'd,
To give the words of wisdom to mankind,
To teach, transmitted through the sacred page,
Truth's living oracles to every age,
How worlds from Deity, omnific, sprung,
Who gave to man his being ;—glorious, hung
Suns, stars, and planets in the azure sky,
Bright footstool of his dazzling majesty ;
Above, beneath, his own reflections spread,
And on his perfect work his blessing shed.

Illustrious seer ! while through unbounded space
Earth's restless orb shall urge its circling race,
While in yon heavens those radiant fires shall glow,
And suns and stars revolving seasons show,
While time endures, the grateful song shall rise
To Him whose light illum'd thy favour'd eyes.
In vain shall Pride thy hallow'd page oppose,
Or skeptic Fancy dream how worlds arose ;

In vain shall atheists rave of fate and chance;
 Of atoms mingling in incongruous dance;
 Before thy light the baseless phantoms fade;
 Beneath thy touch, in demon form display'd,
 Falsehood, of angel guise disrobed, appears;
 Her motley mantle vagrant Folly wears;
 While in thy lucid mirror Faith discerns
 Secrets of wisdom, and, delighted, learns
 Truths such as Reason's eye had traced in vain,
 Nor Science reach'd; though, by her golden chain,
 From cause to cause with patient step she rise,
 Search the deep sea, or scale the starry skies,
 Subject the sunbeam to her laws, or, bright,
 Pursue the comet in its fiery flight,
 From chymic earth extort its secret skill,
 Or bend obsequious nature to her will.

By Heaven inspired, thy holy record stands
 Jehovah's witness to remotest lands,
 Attesting, while it pours confusion wide
 On all the pomp of philosophic pride,
 'Midst systems crush'd, and schemes to ruin hurl'd,
 That Wisdom, Power, and Goodness form'd the world;
 That man in baffled ignorance shall stray,
 Till, meekly bending to instruction's sway,
 He learn, obedient, all that Truth reveals,
 Nor search, presumptuous, for what God conceals.

Lo, 'midst the shade of SINAI's frowning height,
 What form of wonder meets the astonish'd sight!
 What awful voice from yonder mystic flame,
 In thrilling accents calls on Moses' name!
 Turn, favoured seer, thy trembling footsteps turn!
 Intense it glistens, yet forgets to burn;
 Pervades the bush, amidst its branches plays,
 And yet consumes not;—stop! thou mayst not gaze!
 It is Jehovah in his fiery shrine;
 The voice that calls thee is the Voice Divine.
 Go, with unsandall'd feet; to him draw nigh:
 Yet, O behold not,—dare not lift thine eye:
 He is the Self-Existent, God Supreme;
 And thou, a worm, a bubble on the stream.
 Yet hear his message; lo, he deigns, by thee,
 To say to Egypt, "Set my people free!"

Lo, to thy hand he gives the mystic rod,
 Invests thee the ambassador of God ;
 Bids signs, miraculous, attest thy claim,
 And clothes thee with the terrors of his name.
 Go at his word, to injured Israel go,
 Tell them their fathers' God hath seen their wo ;
 Release his captives ; all his power display ;
 Invert creation ; on the cheerful day
 Pour midnight darkness ; speak in storm and fire
 The threaten'd terrors of his vengeful ire ;
 Call, from his dreary realm, terrific Death,
 On sullen wing, with pestilential breath,
 To sail, destructive, on the midnight gloom,
 And bear the pride of Egypt to their tomb ;
 Compel her demons and her kings to own
 The mightier puissance of Jehovah's throne.
 Then forth thy myriad tribes triumphant lead ;
 The fiery column shall their march precede.
 He guides thy path whose word controls the sea ;
 That sea he severs ; lo ! its waves for thee
 Roll backward ;—backward,—till, on either hand,
 Like mountain piles, the vaulting billows stand,
 A smooth, firm path, the briny deep presents.
 'Tis enter'd,—left,—tempestuous elements
 Rush with commingling fury to regain
 Their long-accustom'd course.

O'er Egypt's train,
 The horse, the rider, with wide-weltering sweep,
 Returns, in ruthless rage, the dark and stormy deep.

HARK ! the shouts of the victor, the song and the dance,
 As the hosts of the Lord with their banners advance ;
 The morning beams bright, though the midnight was rude,
 And the clarion sounds shrill through the deep solitude.

Awake, thou loud trumpet ! Ye cymbals, awake !
 With the voice of your praise let the strong mountains
 shake !

With the voice of your praise let the deep valleys ring,
 For Jehovah hath triumph'd, Jehovah is King.

O Egypt! thy hosts were the sons of the proud,
At the shrine of the idol, apostate, they bow'd ;
By the arm of the Mighty the idol is crush'd,
Thy king is confounded, thy vauntings are hush'd.

O'er the sons of the proud how the wild waters sweep!
O Rahab! thy widows in secret shall weep;
For the dragon is wounded, the scales of his pride
Are mangled, and torn from his iron-ribb'd side.

Hush! the hoarse-heaving billow rolls fast to the strand,
The forces of Pharaoh lie low on the sand.
Lo, the horse and his rider are mingled in death,
And the sea casts them forth from its caverns beneath.

Hush! the harp of the minstrel! the prophetess sings!
With the chorus of myriads the wilderness rings;
The wild winds and waves bear the echo abroad ;—
'Tis the triumph of Israel, the praise of the Lord.

"Thou hast conquer'd, O Mightiest! all glory to Thee!
The chariot and horse are o'erwhelm'd in the sea;
Thou wast wroth, and the storm gather'd dark in thine ire,
And thy voice and thine aspect were thunder and fire.

"O, the horsemen of Pharaoh march heavily on!
Thine eye is upon them, their courage is gone.
Hark! their ears the hoarse blasts of the tempest assail:
'Tis the rush of the ocean!—the waters prevail!

"Thy portion, O Egypt, is terror, dismay;
'Tis the sword of the Lord that opposes thy way;
'Tis the Angel of Vengeance, whose terrible frown
To the deepest abyss hurls thee fearfully down.

"Sing,—sing to the Lord! Let the lyre and the dance,
And the trump and the timbrel his praises advance;
With timbrels and trumpets, O, bear thou thy part,
Meek Gratitude join with the praise of the heart.

"Thy work, O Jehovah! the nations shall hear;
The isles of the Gentiles shall wonder and fear;
Like the sons of the proud shall thine enemies fall,
And all creatures extol thee, the Lord over all."

Just are thy ways, and true, thou King of saints !
Though weak of wing, man's trembling spirit faints,
And falls, o'erwhelm'd beneath that awful height,
Where clouds conceal thy judgments from his sight,
Yet Faith, on eagle plume upborne, ascends,
And prostrate, on the mount of vision, bends,
Adores thee, wielding dread thy sword of flame,
As in the gentler splendours of thy name ;
Alike ineffable thy wrath, thy love ;
Nor mortal knows, nor angel powers above
Those soundless depths of Deity, where lie
Thy counsels, like thyself, veil'd in eternity.

So Moses felt, when on the desert strand
He saw the stricken pride of Misraim's land ;
Saw her fierce warriors, stern in death,—the beam
Of ruddy morn on helm and corslet gleam,
The shield still braced upon the nerveless arm,
Hush'd the rude roar of battle's wild alarm.
Impetuous steeds and clarion trumpets there
Lie stiff and silent ;—not in ambient air
Empurpled banners float, but, borne on foam
Of angry waves, deserted standards come,
Heaping the pile of ruin ; there to spread
Their tarnish'd glories o'er the ghastly dead.
So Moses felt : with strange and trembling awe,
Jehovah's vanquish'd enemies he saw ;
With holy joy beheld his Israel free,
And led, triumphant, from the stormy sea.
Along the desert sands their myriads press,
Unwonted echoes wake the wilderness ;
O'er the blue heavens, in liquid softness spread,
The Presence-Cloud extends ; and, onward led
Beneath the starry canopy of night,
Beams on the camp ; the fiery column, bright,
Encircles in its lambent flame, and keeps,
The wakeful mother, and the babe that sleeps.

See, veil'd in gloom, Arabia's wastes of sand ;
Dark tempest clouds on Sinai's summit stand ;
Curtain'd in sackcloth, morning dimly breaks,
Heaven, fearful, frowns ; and earth, affrighted, quakes.
Why rolls the tempest round yon mountain's height ?
Why wander wild those lurid lightnings bright ?

Thy pioneers, O Holiest ! lo, they bear
Thy rushing chariot through the troubled air,
Innumerable hosts thy dazzling train compose ;
'Midst wreathing smoke the dreadful Symbol glows ;
Unearthly clangours shake the trembling spheres ;
Bow down, ye heavens, the covenant God appears.
Lo ! angel heralds speak his presence nigh ;
Jehovah comes ; be closed each downcast eye ;
He speaks ! let every listening ear attend,
Let every knee in prostrate worship bend,
Let every soul in silent awe confess
That God is terrible in holiness.

Jehovah speaks ! O man, his words receive,
Thy thoughts of pride, thy vain conjectures leave ;
Lo, Deity proclaims that rule divine,
That law in which his own perfections shine,
That thou mayst there his cloudless glory see,
And learn, abash'd, what Justice asks of thee ;
Learn, too, that sin hath shorn thy strength away,
Like his who in the lap of Dalliance lay ;
That, impotent, thou canst not now arise,
March in thy might, and emulate the skies ;
But captive to Philistine foes, and blind,
Thy noble powers, for noblest ends design'd,
On Dagon's pillar'd temple furious spent,
Accelerate thy fall and punishment,
In mutual ruin whelm thy kind and thee,
Engines of mischief and of misery.

Heaven shows the mirror of its stainless mind,
The rule for angels, as for men design'd.
'Tis love, sweet spring of every grace ; 'tis love,
The soul of blessedness, beneath, above ;
Love, like its Fountain, pure, perennial, bright,
The glorious impress of the Infinite ;
In emanations from his throne display'd,
In precepts by his awful voice convey'd,
That man, instructed by command, may see
Transgression in its dire deformity ;
And, tutor'd in the law's reproving school,
Detect his wanderings from perfection's rule,
Feel on his forfeit soul the' arrest of Death,
And, trembling, seek the righteousness of faith.

Lo, God is terrible ! Approach not nigh,
 Nor touch his fiery footstool, lest ye die.
 Even favour'd Moses fears, with trembling awe,
 Jehovah, in his majesty of law.
 Yet, hallow'd prophet, go ; the mount ascend,
 Thy Sovereign in pavilion'd state attend,
 Where seraphs wait, his high commands receive,
 On earth below, terrestrial frailties leave.
 Go, and in forms of light, mysterious, trace
 The strange economy of saving grace ;
 While Sinai's flaming terrors round thee burn,
 By mystic signs, Redemption's secret learn.
 Go, and while Justice seals the sinner's doom,
 Hear, e'en from inmost heaven, " Behold, I come !
 I come to do thy will ; the shrine prepare ;
 Receive the victim, and the sinner spare."
 Go, Moses, go ; receive the hallow'd sign,
 Mysterious type of Sacrifice Divine.
 Behold, in symbols strange, that will display'd,
 In offerings on thy streaming altars laid ;
 See judgment from a ransom'd world transferr'd
 To Him, the RIGHTEOUS ONE, the PURE, INCARNATE WORD.
 As victim types the great Atonement show'd,
 So, type of her for whom in ransom flow'd
 The Blood Divine, a mystic Church appears ;
 And God, with Abraham's seed, his temple rears.
 Theirs is the' adoption ; in his sacred shrine,
 To them he gives his Oracles Divine.
 Theirs is the glory ; Israel's sons he takes ;
 Of them, his priests, his hallow'd prophets makes ;
 Among them, as their Lord, their King, resides,
 And through the wilderness in safety guides.
 For this, amid the desert's fervid sands,
 His curtain'd dwelling-place mysterious stands ;
 Where, dazzling bright, cherubic glory beams,
 And hallow'd fire with quenchless ardour streams ;
 Where fragrant fumes of curling incense rise,
 And priests present the costly sacrifice ;
 Where Aaron, bright in gorgeous robes array'd,
 His pure, propitiatory offering made,
 Appears, with blood before the holiest place,
 And gains acceptance for a sinful race.

Hail, King, and Priest, and Sacrifice Divine,
Great substance of the ceremonial sign !
From Moses' face though dazzling radiance streams,
It flows, reflected from thy glory's beams.
Though mitred Aaron at the altar stands,
And lifts to heaven his consecrated hands ;
Though Levi's sacerdotal tribe supplies
The splendid ritual's costly sacrifice ;
Though harp and cymbal swell the sacred hymn,
And lambent lustre gilds the cherubim ;
Though o'er his house the cloud, incumbent spread,
Reveals Jehovah in his presence dread ;
Though at his feet enshrined his covenant lies,
And pleading Mercy from his altar cries ;—
All point to thee, in whom their splendours fade,
As morning beams disperse the twilight shade.
Thee, in the mystic rite, thy saints descry,
Subject of promise, law, and prophecy.
Thou, to thy Church from earliest times reveal'd,
Her darken'd orb with gradual light hast fill'd.
Soon shalt thou chase the latest shades away,
And o'er her disk diffuse perpetual day ;
Thy imaged glories in her face shall shine,
A mirror brightening in the beam Divine.

FAST fled the latest shades of night,
The sun arose o'er Paran's height,
And shed on Israel's tents of white
A glistening stream of amber light.
When first the beams of morning broke,
Within those tents, the hosts awoke ;
For clear and shrill the trumpet's sound,
By rock and mountain echoed round,
Throughout the host proclaim'd aloud,
Jehovah, in his presence cloud,
Removing far ; and summons sent
For forward march,—to strike the tent,
Arrange the tribes,—take shield and spear,
And brace the nervous arm for war.

Sons of Aaron, saintly race,
Take the tented curtains down ;
Reverent, from the hallow'd place,
Raise the bright cherubic throne.
Sons of Aaron, saintly race,
Softly swell the choral hymn ;
Ye who see Jehovah's face
Shining 'midst the cherubim,
While the sacred ark ye bear,
Sing, "Let God, the Lord, arise !
Rise, O Lord, thou man of war,
Scatter all thine enemies !
Wide the whirlwind's furious blast
Rolls and wreathes the desert sand ;
So thy wrath upon them cast,
So, dispersed at thy command,
All who hate thy glorious name,
All who scoff thy Church and thee,
Blasted, scatter'd, clothed with shame,
Shall before thy presence flee."

Hush ! the sainted song is o'er,
Moses, Miriam, chant no more ;
Priests and Levites march before,
All the guiding God adore.
Hark ! the trumpet, loud and clear,
Bids the marshall'd hosts proceed.
Judah, rise ! thy standard bear,
Thou the foremost squadron lead.
See, beneath thy Lion strong,
Zebulon his trident rear ;
Patient march, with thee along,
The dauntless sons of Issachar.

Reuben ! though the wreath of fame
Fades on thy dejected brow,
Rise, the second station claim,
Simeon, Gad, before thee bow :
Simeon, in his wrath severe,
Gad, of warlike foes the dread.
Reuben, rise ! the standard rear,
Wide thy waving banner spread.

Joseph! as a fruitful bough,
Put thy strength in Ephraim forth;
By Manasseh's thousands show,
Double blessings crown'd thy birth.
Benjamin! prepared for prey,
March by gentler Joseph's side,
Israel's God direct thy way,
Make thy bow in strength abide.

Dan, the rereward march sustain;
Yet thy eagle thirsts for blood;
Thou, a serpent on the plain,
Treach'rous, wound'st the sons of God.
Asher, Naphtali, proceed,
Rich in blessings from on high;
Lord of Hosts, thy thousands lead
Forth to glorious victory!

In quarter'd strength the tribes advance,
The cloud its dewy moisture sheds;
Where, fierce, the fervid sunbeams glance,
Its cool, refreshing shadow spreads.
And when the sun declines,
A spiral flame it shines,
To cheer the desert's rude
And fearful solitude;
The pilgrim's wary steps to guide,
Far from the path where scaly serpents glide;
To turn the tiger's glaring eye aside;
And, by the radiance bright
Of that far-beaming light,
From the vast wilderness so drear and wide,
To chase the darkling gloom of solitary night.

The night its sable mantle throws
Athwart the dark blue sky,
And every star intensely glows
In heaven's bright canopy.
Beneath the far, far stretching arch
That bounds the desert wide,
The tribes in solemn silence march,
Jehovah is their guide.

And, radiant, through the deep serene,
 His glory moves along,
 Reflecting bright its dazzling sheen,
 The warriors' arms among.

But stay! the sainted train,
 Whose hallow'd hands sustain
 Their King's pavilion'd throne,
 Perceive the signal known;
 They set the consecrated burthen down,
 And him into his dwelling place invite.
 Soft, on the still and silent night
 Their sacred anthems swell:—
 "Return, Jehovah, Lord of might,
 Amidst thy people dwell."

'Tis done, the weary march is o'er,
 Floating ensigns wave no more,
 The lights of heaven, in sparkling round,
 Wheel silent o'er the tented ground,
 And bright the flaming Symbol rests:
 Jehovah's throne the cloud invests;
 Beneath his shield his hosts repose,
 His puissant arm his charge defends,
 Till forth the shining column goes,
 Till bright the covering cloud ascends.

Thus through the perils of that solitude,
 By night, by day, his hosts Jehovah led,
 Dry, parched sands with moistening mists bedew'd,
 And cheerful light o'er frowning darkness spread.
 But though the covert cloud became
 A screen from day's oppressive heat,
 Though, gliding slow, the pillar'd flame
 Shone radiant on the pilgrims' feet,
 Though angels' food, like pearly dew,
 Fell nightly on the barren ground,
 Though Moses from the dark rock drew
 The stream that flow'd in currents round;
 Yet did not Israel's thousands pay
 True homage to their glorious King,
 But grieved and anger'd by the way,
 Though shadow'd by his mercy's wing.

Unmindful of deliverance past,
Their Sovereign's rule the rebels spurn'd,
Reproaches on his servants cast,
And back in heart to Egypt turn'd.

Hoarse rose the peevish plaint to Him,
The murmur loud, at Rephidim.
At Taberah the burning flame
Avenge'd the Lord's dishonour'd name ;
And Kibroth's burial place declared
The wrath for thankless pride prepared.
Bless'd and chastised alike in vain,
Their dastard souls despond again,
Of Anak's sons, affrighted, hear,
And wail, and weep, with coward fear,
Refuse to win the promised land,
Though shielded by Jehovah's hand ;
Refuse, till God, approaching nigh,
Is seen, in wrathful majesty
Denouncing death, till Moses' prayer
Prevails, the wayward race to spare.
Yet God abhors the murmuring plaint
Of timorous souls, that basely faint
When service calls, or dangers rise,
Who shrink from close-fought victories,
Retreat, though arm'd with shield and dart,
And fly, through littleness of heart.

For forty years their loud lament
Received its measured punishment ;
Still wandering in that desert drear,
They bore the curse of coward fear,
Excluded from the pleasant land
They would not win at Heaven's command.
Moses, meek man of God, from thee
They wrench'd that crown of victory ;
Thou wast not privileged to stand,
Nor Aaron, on the long-sought land,
But only from the mountain's height
To gaze upon that goodly sight.
"Ah! wherefore?" Meribah shall say,
When, thirsting on the sultry way,
The people with their leaders strove,
And chafed the gentle breast of love.

God is long suffering ; man is weak,
 Prone, unadvised, in haste to speak.
 Even Meekness, urged, the warmth returns,
 As iron on the anvil burns,
 Yet stroke on stroke, renew'd, receives,
 Ere yet the glowing sign it gives.
 So Moses, urged, oppress'd and vex'd,
 With Israel's waywardness perplex'd,
 Awhile forgot Jehovah nigh,
 And still'd the rebels' clamorous cry
 With words in haste, in anger spoke,
 Till wrath against himself awoke.

Yet from the rock the silver current flow'd,
 When God's vicegerent show'd
 The emblem of his power ;
 Forth gushing from its rifted side,
 In sparkling streams, along that desert wide
 The living waters ran ;
 And in that hour,
 Betoken'd Him, who for apostate man
 Sent from his pierced side that current forth,
 Which flows in blessing o'er the parched earth ;
 Which bids the dying live,
 The fainting soul revive,
 Lightens the languid eye, and kindles there
 Bright beams of sacred joy, for sadness and despair.

Yet from the rifted rock in vain
 The gushing torrent sprang,
 The wayward wanderers still complain,
 The camp with murmurs rang.
 In impious speech, in loud lament,
 They breathed their sullen discontent,
 And vented forth, in angry mood,
 Against high Heaven reproaches rude.

Up rose to God the murmuring cry,
 Their impious speech was heard on high,
 And slighted Grace in anger sent
 Its dread return of punishment.
 Fierce on the bright and burning plain
 The fervid sunbeam darts,

When, lo, a fell portentous train
By strength or skill repell'd in vain,
The furrow'd sand disparts:
Gliding, coiling, darting dread,
Serpents lift the crested head,
Seek the tent, and spread the ground,
Hissing, gleaming, glisten round,
Fasten on the trembling prey,
Youth, and age, and manhood slay.
Lo, through each distended vein
Wildly throbs the burning pain,
Swift the secret venom spreads,
O'er the frame its poison sheds,
Fever feeds on every part,
Drinks the blood, consumes the heart ;
While genial dews
No drops diffuse,
To cool the parched tongue, or ease the fiery smart.

Starting with convulsive pain,
The frenzied eyeball glares,
Rankling poison frets the brain,
The silver cordage tears ;
While, crimson'd deep, the burning skin
Portrays the raging fires within,
Till fell Disease retires on putrid wing,
And leaves her loathsome prey to Terror's gloomy king.

Oppress'd with grief, meek Moses prays,
The cloud enfolds the sacred shrine,
With trembling dread the murmurers gaze,
Afraid to meet the wrath Divine.
Who shall the jealous God provoke,
Nor tremble at his anger's frown ?
Yet Mercy wards the lifted stroke,
And sends deliverance down.
Forth from that throne no vengeful word
The sinner's judgment seal'd,
The intercessor's prayer is heard,
The healing power reveal'd.
Behold, upraised the languid eye !
Disease, and death, and danger fly.

Appointed mean of heavenly art,
 That imaged reptile cures the smart;
 That look unbinds the grasp of death,
 Expels the serpent's venom'd breath.

Thus, thus to faith display'd
 Transgressor, for thine aid,

On Calvary's height the crimson'd cross appears.

O thither turn thine eye!

And guilt and grief shall fly,

And thou a contrite mourner, dry thy tears.

There, for thy spirit's anguish, for thy fears,

There hangs the sovereign cure!

There for the torture of the serpent's tooth,

Remedial balsam flows, and there the poor

Shall life and healing find, and renovated youth.

O Israel, wayward, wandering, weak, distress'd,

Yet toward the land of rest

Urging thy onward way,

How do thy sorrows and thy sins display

Man's weary travel through earth's wilderness!

Yet he whom Heaven shall guide and bless,

Secured from every envious foe,

Nor snares shall dread, nor dangers know,

Save when his coward fear

Forgets that Presence near;

Then Satan's fiery darts assail,

And all his ambush'd hosts prevail.

Yet He who rescues from despair,

Regards, even then, the suppliant's prayer,

Mildly he bends the pitying eye,

Beholds the tear, accepts the sigh,

And bids the sinner heavenward turn,

And there the blood-stain'd path discern,

And there that life eternal find,

His death procured for all mankind.

BENEATH His charge who bore the glistening blade
 Unscabbarded, beside the palm tree's shade,
 Beneath His charge who bears the' unutter'd Name,
 To Moab's coasts victorious Israel came,

Led from the coral depths of Egypt's sea,
Through parched wilds of sterile Araby ;
Where Arnon's stream, with soft and silver flow,
From lofty Pisgah, cheers the vale below,
Their spreading tents the countless hosts extend,
Gleam o'er the hills, and on the plains descend.
In proud array their warrior princes stand,
Like cedars planted by Jehovah's hand ;
Their martial ranks beside the crystal stream,
Like towering palms, or crested aloes seem ;
While fair as fields with heavenly dew supplied,
Or gardens redolent of summer pride,
Their fruitful tribes beneath their banners rest, [bless'd]
And spread like clustering vines with genial sunshine
As forest trees, when autumn blasts assail,
As aspens quivering in the mountain gale,
So Moab shook, as, stern, he saw, dismay'd,
The strangers' feet his fertile fields invade.
Faint grew his trembling heart, and pale his cheek,
At tidings told of slaughter'd Amalek ;
Of Bashan's giant king, despoil'd and slain ;
Of vanquish'd Amorites on Heshbon's plain ;
Of Egypt's pride chastised by Israel's God,
Of signs and wonders by the mystic rod
Wrought for the foe he fear'd. With conscious pain
He saw the might of myriad armies vain,
And anxious turn'd, despairing, dark, afraid,
From mortal power, to seek infernal aid.
But demon arts, as human prowess, fail ;
No dire enchantments against Heaven prevail,
Nor spells occult His potent word reverse
Who grants the blessing or inflicts the curse.

With step perturb'd, and brow with gloom o'erspread,
On Peor's height see trembling Balak tread,
At Baal's shrine, his fated doom to know,
Learn Moab's fall, or Israel's overthrow.
While yet his priests the ensanguined rite prepare,
'Midst darkling groves he breathes infected air,
And listens, while the murmuring night wind sighs,
To birds obscene, and hovering vulture's cries ;
Till sounds of deeper dread arrest his ear,—
The hapless victim's sudden shriek of fear ;

The sob of swift retiring life, the groan
 Of torture from a bosom like his own !
 The human immolation's parting cry,
 Of dread, revenge, despair, and agony.
 Dim, sulphurous flame the' unhallow'd altar crowns,
 Through spectral mists the meteor spirit frowns ;
 And cormorants from their cragged nests draw nigh,
 To claim a share in hell's dread revelry.
 Yet vain the spell, the victim bleeds in vain,
 Nor king nor priests responsive answer gain ;
 No spirit starts within the mystic ring,
 Nor mutter'd moans the anxious secret bring.
 'Tis silence all, and darkness, save the fire,
 Decaying slow upon that altar pyre,
 Save, startling, sullen, sad, the fitful breeze .
 That sighing sails 'midst dark deciduous trees,
 Bears round the mountain top the deathly wail,
 Or, murmuring, howls it through the lonesome vale,
 Bursts from the rifted rock with solemn swell,
 To Guilt's affrighted ear unearthly sounds to tell.

Turn, son of Zippor ! Balak, urge again
 Thy tardy footsteps toward the fruitful plain ;
 For Baal's orb is dimm'd by heavenly light,
 And Chemosh stoops beneath superior might ;
 In vain thy priests accursed rites prepare,
 In vain their feast infernal demons share ;
 Demons and priests a mightier Power constrains ;
 Go, seek thy princes upon Arnon's plains ;
 Go, send them forth to distant lands, and try,
 By other arts, to change thy destiny ;
 Allure a mortal from the right, and gain
 Access of knowledge with access of pain ;
 Then humbly, by experience taught, confess,
 The curse innocuous falls where Heaven designs to bless.

From distant lands, where proud Euphrates' tide
 In channels deep and wide
 From Aram's mountains flows,
 Come, potent seer, in magic secrets versed !
 Come, try thy hellish arts accursed,
 For Balak's wrath no boundary knows :

Thee shall Moab's princes guide,
With Midian's nobles at their side,
O'er rocky heights and deserts drear ;
For on their fertile plains appear
Old Jacob's goodly tents, and fill their souls with fear.
Come, Balaam, for to thee the princes bring
The greetings of their king ;
His nobles bear
Costliest presents, rich and rare.
They seek thy sordid soul to move
With lure of wealth, with impious love
Of this world's glories, vain and withering.
By gilded baits and flatteries fair,
They tempt thee to a fatal snare.
O ye, whom lucre charms, of Balaam's fate beware !

Come, prophet, who, by love of gold betray'd,
Wouldst lend thy willing aid
To Israel's enemies !
Come, and while Heaven thy word constrains,
Confess that God Jehovah reigns ;
That finite strength in vain his power defies.
Though spirits foul in darkness bound,
Low murmuring from the hollow ground,
Thy mutter'd call obey ;
Yet cease to dive into the deep,
Let hell its awful secrets keep,
Chase all its fiends away.
Forego thine incantations dire,
A holier influence shall inspire,
And work thee to his will.
Taught by the sword that stopp'd thy way,
By angel might stretch'd forth to slay ;
Taught by the patient beast that bow'd
Beneath thy weight, perverse and proud ;
E'en thou, submissive, shalt his charge fulfil.

Go, ascend the blood-stain'd height,
Where Baal's hapless victim dies ;
Go, perform the solemn rite,
Pour the seven-fold sacrifice.
Balak, in thy princely state,
By thy reeking altars wait.

Pants thy trembling heart with fear,
 Bows, attent, thy listening ear,
 Till the Oracle reveal'd
 Speak the doom of Moab seal'd.

Hush ! on the prophet's soul a sacred impulse flows,
 He yields him to Divine control, and heaven-taught secrets
 shows :—

“ From the man whose favour'd eyes
 See the visions of the Lord,
 How shall impious curses rise,
 Dark defiance, threats abhorr'd ?
 Imprecations foul and fierce
 Reach not heads by HIM sustain'd ;
 He can every charm reverse,
 Every potent spell is chain'd.

“ O Israel, happy thou !
 To thee thy foes shall bow :
 Thy tabernacles fair
 Heaven's choicest gifts shall share.

Valiant and strong thy princely race shall rise ;
 Lo, to the skies

see them tall as mountain cedars spread.

Accursed, O Israel, be thine enemies !

On those who honour thee be richest blessings shed !”

Trembling, pale, convulsed with ire,
 Balak listen'd while he spoke ;
 Burst, at length, the smother'd fire,
 Fierce the kindling anger broke :—

“ Prophet, seer, thy words are vain !
 False, thou hast my cause betray'd !

Haste to Aram's heights again,
 Lest my sword thy soul invade !

Sent I not beyond the flood

To implore thy curses dire ?

To the fiends of glen and wood,
 Mountain sprites and imps of fire,

Demons foul that rove unblest'd,

To devote my foes abhorr'd,

Struggling vengeance heaves my breast ;

Go, ere yet it rage abroad !

" Yet come again !
 My soul, restrain
 Thy bitter and impetuous grief !
 Perchance a sight
 From Pisgah's height
 Even yet may yield thy fears relief."

Again the seven-fold victim bleeds,
 Beside the altar Balak stands,
 To anger guilty dread succeeds,
 While Balaam waits Divine commands.
 Again the sacred ardours glow,
 Again the prophet's raptures flow.

" Strong as the unicorn
 Is Israel's powerful horn !
 The nations shall submit,
 And bow beneath his feet.
 His bow its feather'd shaft shall send,
 His kindling arrows swift descend,
 And keen transpierce the fated prey,
 That dares obstruct his conquering way.

" Rising from the sun-burnt plain,
 Judah's lion shakes his mane,
 Then in couchant glory lies,
 Terror of his enemies.
 Who shall dare arouse his might,
 Or rush to the' unequal fight ?

" O happy Israël !
 In safety shalt thou dwell,
 Where the crystal waters spread
 Life, and health, and beauty round.
 A bright and blooming garden, fed
 By living springs, whose fruits abound,
 Whose flowrets fair
 Perfume the air,
 Thy smiling land shall be with plenteous blessings crown'd.

" 'Midst subjugated foes
 Thy tribes shall dwell alone,
 Celestial hierarchies compose
 The guardians of thy throne.

I see them now from heaven descend,
 Around the' expiring patriarch bend,
 And wait the parting sigh!
 I see their dazzling pinions bear
 His spirit through the yielding air
 To glorious realms on high!
 Indulgent Heaven, accord my prayer!
 O be it mine his death to share,
 His immortality!

"But whither, from afar,
 Comes that bright-beaming Star,
 Whose radiance fills the ample heavens with light?
 Astarte's silver horn
 Gilds not the brow of morn
 With lustre half so bright.
 O'er Salem's hills I see it rise;
 A sceptre stretching to the skies
 From Jacob's loins shall spring:
 That everlasting King
 Shall o'er the earth his sovereign rule extend,
 And suppliant nations at his footstool bend.

"I, too, that Star shall hail,
 Though now a misty veil
 O'erhangs my aching sight,
 And earth's dim scenes obstruct its light;
 Yet, yet its streaming splendours from the skies
 Salute my wondering eyes:
 But ah! the lucid vision flies,
 And boding spectres round me rise.
 For who unpurged shall gaze
 Upon that glory's blaze?
 Sullen whispers meet my ears,
 Distant is that sight to me.
 Jacob! when thy Star appears
 Mine a rayless orb shall be.
 Yet his Spirit fires my soul,
 Yet his inspirations swell!
 Balak, bow to God's control!
 Son of Zippor, fare thee well!"

Thus spake the seer, and on the vale below
 A lingering glance o'er Israel's thousand's cast ;
 Pale Moab's bosom heaved with speechless wo,
 The gale received their sorrows as it pass'd, [blast.
 And round the mountain top loud howl'd the eddying

HARK ! o'er Arnon's silver stream
 The voice of music floats !
 Who suggest the choral theme ?
 Who swells the sounding notes ?
 Who the demon train defies,
 And sings Jehovah's might ?
 Whence should songs triumphal rise,
 But from the sons of light ?

Solemn, at the evening hour,
 From Moab's haunts defiled,
 Music breathes its mystic power,
 From glen, and grove, and wild,
 Every lurking fiend to chase,
 To claim the land for God alone.
 Hark ! the ministers of grace
 Sonorous swell their lofty tone.

SONG.

Who shall stand when God appears ?
 Who against his might shall rise ?
 He the lifted thunder bears,
 Wings his lightnings through the skies.

Hear ! ye spirits of the deep,
 Riding on the mountain waves !
 He controls your stormy sweep,
 Back remands to ocean's caves.
 Hark ! ye spirits of the wind,
 Swooping dread on dusky wing !
 He the tempest's rage can bind,
 While the dirge of death ye sing.
 Fever'd sprites, who love to haunt
 Scorching realms of central fire,

Hence! from milder climes avaunt!
 Fierce bestride the Simoom dire.
 Demons dark, who rend the earth,
 Issuing from its rough-ribb'd rocks,
 Ye who howl in horrid mirth,
 Sporting 'midst creation's shocks!

Gloomy fiends, whom hell's abyss
 Sends to haunt the maniac's brain,
 Ye who taste infernal bliss,
 Listening to the wail of Pain;
 Ye who love to warp the soul,
 Pour confusion on the mind,
 Purpose, motive, thought, control,
 Passion, sense, and reason bind;
 Ye who, as your choice retreat,
 Claim the dark corrupted heart:—
 Go, at Baal's orgies meet
 Those who from their God depart.

Whether with the mouldering dead,
 Ward ye with Corruption keep,
 Or from Suffering's restless bed
 Scare the balmy wing of Sleep;
 Whether in the train of Death,
 Fierce, ye hunt the fainting prey,
 Eager, till the parted breath
 Make the unpurged spirit way;
 Whether, at the signal known,
 Harpies, in your venom'd fangs,
 Dread, ye bear the victim down
 To your own unutter'd pangs.

Hence, ye legions, to the deep!
 Far from Israel's bounds remove!
 Ministers of grace shall keep
 Those who share Jehovah's love.
 Angels from their thrones descend,
 Powers whom once in heaven ye knew;
 Countless shields our camp defend,
 Warriors more than those with you.
 Ye whose empire is beneath,
 There exert your gloomy sway:

Saints in purer regions breathe ;
Haste, ye demons, haste away !

Vain against Jeshurun's hosts
His arts the sorcerer tries ;
In his God Jeshurun trusts,
And all those arts defies.
By a mightier power controll'd,
Silence binds the' infernal train:
Spirits crafty, fierce, and bold,
Confess your mysteries vain.
Lo ! Jehovah claims the land,
Earth and hell his word revere :
Hence ! avaunt at his command !
He claims his dwelling here.

MESSIAH'S KINGDOM.

BOOK III.

the promises given to the patriarchs, the whole typical service of the law, the succession of the Jewish prophets;—all these things were means employed by God to prepare the world for the revelation of his Son.

Horsley.

ARGUMENT.

RETROSPECTION of past dangers and deliverances.—Israel settled in the land of Canaan, adopted as the visible Church, and made the depositaries of the Divine covenant.—The prophets.—An order of inspired men, sent to instruct the Israelites in the will of God on special occasions; to illustrate the types and shadows of the Mosaic economy; and gradually to develop the design of God in the redemption of the world by a Divine, incarnate, suffering Messiah.—Samuel.—His early piety, and call to the prophetic office.—His zeal and probity in the discharge of the duties of his office as judge in Israel.—The people require a king.—Saul raised to the throne.—His impiety and rejection.—Samuel's death.—Saul's visit to Endor.—Samuel's appearance, and announcement of the defeat of Israel, and the death of Saul and his sons.—Scriptural instruction conveyed by example.—Varied gifts and characters of the prophets.—Elijah.—His power with God by prayer.—Divine manifestation made to him in Mount Horeb.—His intercourse with Elisha.—His translation.—Elisha consecrated by the Spirit, his successor in the prophetic office.

MESSIAH'S KINGDOM.

BOOK III.

By action the prophets instructed the people in the will of God, and converted with them in signs.

Warburton

'SCAPED from the terrors of the stormy deep,
Where Death and Danger sleepless vigils keep,
How sweetly sinks the mariner to rest !
That glowing gratitude inspires his breast,
When circled by the dear domestic throng,
By memory borne life's backward path along,
He hears again the angry tempest roar
A hollow murmurs on the dangerous shore ;
Recalls the thunders dire, the lightning's stroke,
The surge that o'er his straining vessel broke ;
The Genius of the Storm, who frowning stood,
And hurl'd destruction o'er the raging flood.
Pensive, yet thankful, o'er the stormy scene
His spirit wanders : years have roll'd between,
And Time, with pliant hand and pencil fine,
A shadow softer than at day's decline
Lays on the glassy lake, has thrown the whole.
Yet still it lives, 'tis pictured on his soul :
The gush of grief, the agony of woe,
The shriek of fear, the storm, above, below,
Still on his ear with softening murmurs steal.
His heart has felt, and bled ; it still can feel ;
Yet sinks subdued, by sainted suffering taught ;
Or taught by Him who with that suffering wrought,
To loose its sails, to court the' ethereal wind,
To leave its sails, a sheltering port to find,
To rise by faith to heaven, and leave the world behind.

From the deep sea, the desert's fervid flame,
At length to Canaan favour'd Israel came.
Their foes subdued, the fruitful land possess'd,
Their leaders valiant, and their people bless'd,
Sweet songs of triumphs through their woods resound,
Their vine-clad hills repeat the echo round.
Egyptian bondage wakes their sighs no more,
The perill'd march through dreary wastes is o'er ;
Or only to the conscious thought return,
When bright the flames of holy ardour burn,
When grateful Memory prompts the voice of Praise
To hymn the blessings of departed days,
Or calm reflection, pensive, from the past
Culls Wisdom's seeds in Grief's rude furrows cast.

Now trumpets breathe the solemn tones of praise,
And lofty lyres in rich harmonious lays
Proclaim their triumphs o'er the crown of pride,
O'er Rahab, whelm'd beneath the ocean tide ;
For hostile nations by their sword subdued,
For wonders in the wide, waste solitude,
Wrought by Jehovah's arm ;—for these the songs
Of Zion wake, and all her tuneful tongues
Join with the tender lute in dulcet flow,
Or organ, pealing deep, majestic, slow,
While, soft, ascends the meek adoring hymn
To God, enthroned 'midst shining seraphim.

Yet Israel, Heaven's first-born, was still a child
Untrain'd in intellect, in passion wild,
Wayward, rebellious, prone to leave his guide,
To start from sacred discipline aside :
Though fenced within the fiery bound of law,
Though chasten'd by stern Judgment's sword to awe,
Though taught by angel ministries his will,
Yet was he false to God, a froward wanderer still.

He was a wayward child, yet still an heir,
The cherish'd object of Jehovah's care,
The guardian of Jehovah's truth, design'd
To hold the covenant charter for mankind.
Though on his neck the servile yoke was laid,
And Justice, in the stern command array'd,
Rebuked his froward path, yet Love, behind,
In harshest seeming, most intensely kind,

His spirit tutor'd by that rigorous rule,
For gentler discipline in Mercy's school,
His privilege in riper years to claim,
A son in freedom, as a son in name,
The spirit with the heritage possess,
And, heir of God, partake his righteousness.

For this, though tutor'd by the mystic sign,
The letter'd ordinance, the beamy shrine,
The worldly sanctuary's sumptuous rite,
To view the Day Star in its distant light,
Yet other means Jehovah's grace prepared,
And gave to language what the sign declared,
By voice oracular his mind express'd,
And placed his witness in the prophet's breast,
Drew back with gradual hand the veiling shade,
And wisdom's brightening lineaments display'd,
Taught, line by line, his love's mysterious plan,
And communed oft on sacred themes with man.

For this to chosen seers the Spirit came,
And told the secrets of Jehovah's Name,
Proclaim'd Messiah nigh, in whom unite
The cleansing laver, the vicarious rite,
Whom patriarchs in primeval promise saw,
Whom Moses magnified in mystic law,
Whom Aaron, in his jewell'd robes array'd, [tray'd.
Within the blood-stain'd shrine, in glorious pomp por-

With voice sublime, his pioneers of grace,
Messiah's heralds, to a wandering race,
Anointed seers and hallow'd prophets came,
Commission'd teachers in Jehovah's name.
With words of fire in thundering wrath they spoke,
When guilt, rebellious, urged the' uplifted stroke,
Or proffer'd Mercy's gifts in gentlest strains,
As dews reviving, or soft vernal rains.
Dauntless, as meek, they dared to meet the eye
Of tyrant Rage, or lawless Anarchy,
Reprove the throne, beside the altar stand,
And charge defection on a traitor land;
On idol priests the doom of Heaven fulfil,
Arouse the tempest, bid the sun stand still.
As brass their brow 'gainst skeptic Scorn they set,
Bade Guilt recoil, and Power its grasp forget;

Unnerved the arm outstretch'd in furious pride;
 Impress'd subjection on the rolling tide;
 Controll'd the fiercer multitude, and stood
 As moveless rocks amid the boisterous flood;
 Endured affliction; lived as signs below,
 Despised precursors of the MAN OF WO;
 Like Him, they, weeping, pour'd the patriot prayer,
 Content themselves to die, might Heaven their country
 spare.

From Ramah's palms thus sainted SAMUEL came,
 To learn in Shiloh the mysterious Name:
 While yet a child, within the hallow'd shrine,
 An infant votary to the Power Divine,
 He heard that voice which makes, in gentlest tone,
 Its call of love to youthful worship known:
 Heard, ere his untried ear the whisper knew,
 Or vision'd form had met his opening view;
 Yet sacred ardours fired his panting breast;
 Soft breathing Love invoked the heavenly Guest;
 Prayer, holy prayer, his yielding spirit bow'd;
 And Contemplation, from the gathering crowd
 Detach'd a mind too hallow'd for the tone
 Of boisterous mirth, to think and feel alone.
 His was the gentle joy, the calm delight,
 To think of heaven, to walk with spirits bright
 Amidst the splendours of the star-lit sky,
 Entranced with sounds of spheric harmony.
 O holy pleasures of obedient youth!
 O rich rewards of early-chosen truth!
 When guileless Fancy takes Devotion's wings,
 And soars and sojourns 'midst unearthly things;
 When thoughts, and hopes, and ecstasies refined,
 Purge from terrestrial dross the' expanding mind;
 When sweet affections spread their swelling sails,
 And favouring Heaven dilates with prosperous gales;
 When love and duty in one call unite,
 And love is heaven, and duty is delight!
 Such for himself the sacred Spirit seals,
 To such the secrets of his will reveals.
 To Samuel, nurtured thus, that Spirit came,
 And thrice on midnight silence breathed his name;
 Show'd to the listening child his awful will,
 Sad Eli's burthen of approaching ill:

Eli, his venerable friend, his guide !—
 Ah ! his heart trembled, while his lips replied
 To the deep searchings of foreboding fear,
 Demanding secrets it was death to hear :
 Death to a parent's hopes, a parent's love,
 Who fail'd to chasten, linger'd to reprove,
 Though impious Folly scoff'd at Wisdom's rules,
 And Heaven-sent teachers trod the path of fools.

Devout in youth, the seer's maturer mind
 To Israel's weal its stronger powers consign'd.
 Ere yet the tribes a regal throne prepared,
 And earthly kings Jehovah's homage shared,
 He bore the burthen of their cares, their crimes,
 A faithful ruler amid faithless times.
 For them, when Judgment frown'd, he meekly pray'd ;
 The sword of Judgment at his prayer was stay'd.
 Beneath his rule fierce Moloch's shrines decay ;
 Swift pass Astarte's impious rites away ;
 From Baal's groves repentant Israel turns,
 And wisdom from the Voice in Shiloh learns.

With wakeful love,—such love as parents feel
 Who guard, solicitous, their offspring's weal,—
 He meekly bore his venerable sway,
 And drew the wanderers back from danger's way.
 The rule from Heaven derived,—for Heaven employ'd,—
 No venal aim, no base designs alloy'd.
 Clean were his hands; and pure his guileless heart ;
 Truth was his law, and love his only art.
 Yet Israel, treacherous Israel, sought to find
 A ruler like the rulers of mankind ;
 To change the spreading palm tree's simple state,
 For gorgeous throne of eastern potentate,
 The prophet's rule, unostentatious, spurn'd,
 And counsels of the sons of Ammon learn'd.

God lends his ear in anger to the cry
 Of peevish, clamorous importunity ;
 Yet with the grant its just award conveys,—
 The poison'd pleasure wings the shaft that slays.
 SAUL moved a king 'midst Israel's martial hosts,
 Philistia trembled through her sea-girt coasts,
 O'er Moab's, Ammon's, Edom's, Zobah's kings, [wings ;
 His conquering standards stretch'd their wide-spread

But He who guided Joshua in the fight,
 Who vanquish'd Amalek by Gideon's might,
 Went not, as erst, before the camp, nor near
 Its valiant leader came the Heaven-taught seer;
 Save when, with trembling steps and sinking heart,
 Constrain'd to bear the stern reprover's part,
 Or wrest the sceptre from that faithless hand
 Which ruled regardless of Divine command.

Unhappy Saul! the prophet's patriot prayer
 For thee ascended oft; his brow with care,
 His heart with grief, was clouded for thy sake;
 At morn, at midnight's lonely watch awake,
 He wept thy waywardness, thy kingdom rent,
 'Till Heaven reproved his vain regrets, and sent
 To JESSE'S shepherd son the' anointing oil,
 Then bade his hallow'd age repose from toil.
 Such rest befell not thee! Around thy bed
 Their halcyon wings no blissful seraphs spread,
 But dreams of fear thy turbid slumbers broke,
 And phantoms scared thee, e'en when morn awoke.

The prophet slept: In Ramah's palmy shade
 By pious hands his honour'd dust was laid;
 His spirit to its glorious Source return'd,
 And truth in Heaven's essential light discern'd.
 The prophet slept in peace, yet Israel wept,
 And solemn mourning to his memory kept.
 They wept:—for now the teaching word withdrew,
 Nor yet the tribes a rising prophet knew;
 While, vex'd by foes without and feuds within,
 Sore meed retributive of guilt and sin,
 Their hapless king for counsel sought in vain;
 Jehovah answer'd not, his priests were slain;
 Dim mists obscured the ephod's sparkling light,
 Nor dream nor vision broke the gloom of night.

What balm can yield the troubled breast repose?
 Can spicy shrub in Gilead's vale that grows
 Distil soft unction for the festering mind,
 Where guilt, corrosive, leaves remorse behind?
 Alas, for thee, distracted king! whose power
 Avail'd thee not in sorrow's poignant hour!
 Earth had no opiate for thy pain, nor art
 To draw the arrow from thy wounded heart.

Had thou, presumptuous, when dread Heaven delay'd,
 Hadst turn, and vainly ask of hell for aid ;
 At hell, through all its flaming depths is bound :
 Omnipotence within that dark profound
 Rules as in realms above ; nor demon there
 A seared wing can rise to upper air,
 Than as permissive wisdom yields the hour
 To deeds of darkness and the tempter's power.
 'Twas a lowering dawn, a wildering day,
 When Saul, in close and terrible array,
 Beheld Philistia's warlike hosts combined
 To scatter Israel, as the driving wind
 Pursues autumnal spoils, when o'er the sky
 Perce' hurling tempest clouds impetuous fly :
 'Twas a fearful night, when fell Despair
 Drew from Gilboa, and his captains there,
 The guilty, gloomy king, to tempt the path
 From mortal step debarr'd : Heaven frown'd in wrath,
 No moon, nor twinkling star, its radiance lent,
 To guide the silent travellers, as they went
 Down the deep glen by Endor's mountain wood,
 To seek the demon's haunt, 'midst rocks that stood
 Frowning precipitous, beneath the ground
 Where cavern'd vaults repeat unearthly sound,
 Where wizard spells, and incantations dread,
 And howling murmurs o'er the buried dead
 Leak not on mortal ears ; nor mortal sight
 Sees the dire deeds of those who hate the light.
 Here, in this wild and rueful haunt conceal'd,
 The PYTHONESS unhallow'd things reveal'd ;
 And here, the king from her demoniac art,
 Bought knowledge Heaven vouchsafed not to impart.
 Name seeks concealment, Sin affects disguise ;
 To kingly guest before the searching eyes
 'Hell's distorted instrument appear'd,
 Yet Guilt, suspicious, still the stranger fear'd.
 "Peace to thy terrors !" Saul impatient cries,
 Bid holy Samuel from his slumbers rise."
 He said : a reverend, mantled form arose ;
 The prophet roused him from his deep repose ;
 The startled necromancer backward drew,
 At Saul the venerable stranger knew.

He knew, and prostrate in his presence fell :
 Can quivering lip the strange convulsion tell ?
 'The tempest of contending thoughts that broke
 O'er his rack'd bosom, while the vision spoke ?

“ Why has thy rashness ventured to intrude
 On Hades' quiet realm of solitude ?
 Why hast thou brought me up ? ”

“ In sore distress
 I crave thy succour, who wast wont to bless.
 Philistine foes, in fearful force array'd,
 Approach the camp, and God denies me aid:
 To thee, my only hope, my last resource,
 I flee for succour,—O direct my course ! ”

“ Whom God forsakes, his prophets cannot save.
 Why hast thou brought me from the quiet grave ?
 Yet stay ; for God o'errules infernal power,
 No demon governs in this solemn hour.
 Too late, behold fulfill'd Jehovah's word,
 From me, his messenger in Gilgal heard,
 Dishonour'd then by thy perverseness, now
 The diadem he dashes from thy brow,
 Wrenches the sceptre from thy faithless hand,
 And gives to Jesse's son thy forfeit land.
 Yet, listen, for still deeper sounds I bear,—
 Devoted Israel shall thy judgments share ;
 To-morrow, vanquish'd in inglorious fight,
 Philistine foes shall put thy hosts to flight,
 And thou, to-morrow, with thy sons, shalt be
 Among the quiet dead at rest with me.”

It pass'd : as flash to flash succeeds, when bright
 Destructive lightnings gild the gloom of night,
 So Saul, with startled ear, with bursting heart,
 Heard those stern tidings : eager to depart,
 Suspended life in quivering balance hung,
 Fear chill'd his bosom, anguish bound his tongue.
 Prone to the earth in strengthless swoon he fell.

Sad Saul ! thy bitter tale let Pity tell.
 Let tender Friendship drop the pious tear
 O'er noble Jonathan's untimely bier,
 As Jesse's son for holy truth renown'd ;
 Wreath'd in one chaplet be their honours found.
 One fill'd awhile a glorious throne below ;
 Heaven deign'd a brighter kingdom to bestow

On him whose generous virtue, prompt, resign'd
Each selfish aim to benefit mankind.

Celestial wisdom by example speaks,
She holds her mirror to the mind that seeks
Acquaintance with itself. Where firmer fast
Held insecurely, fly not thou to meet
The world's inextricable maze of care,
Tempt not Ambition's dangerous path; beware
Of lurking Envy, of overweening pride;
For trust, presumptuous, in thy strength untried
Of God exalt thee, suffer not thy mind
To start aside from Wisdom's laws; nor, blind,
To peevish Passion yield unhallow'd away;
But rule thyself and his commands obey
So shall thy subjugated spirit know,
He gains dominion o'er the mightiest foe
Who binds the bursting ardours of his soul,
And brings his rebel will beneath Divine control.

Wisdom and Love the churches' lights reclaim,
Yet not unwitting'd leave the hallow'd name.
To unseen realms the elders urge their flight,
And prophets vanish in a car of light;
Yet still the plenteous unction ceaseless flows,
Jehovah's hand the needful gift bestows,
Design, the oft-rejected call renews,
By varied means his love's design pursues,
For yields to judgment while one warning cry,
Fainter'd yet, may snatch from danger nigh.

To Israel thus succeeding prophets came,
To guide, to teach, to warn, to reprove, to reclaim.
Mysteriously some the rustic garment wore,
A ruthless deserts rigorous hardships bore,
From rifted rocks came forth to meet with Pride,
Turn'd from the horn of worldly crowds aside
To gather strength from Heaven for service high,
To baffle hell's concerted agency,
To chase the breaches of Jehovah's law,
To rouse the careless, bend the rude to awe,
To reclaim the stray'd, or, ministers of wrath,
To bear the black portent of approaching death.

Such was the Tinkler's charge; so deep, so strong,
The stamp of Heaven upon his brow, his tongue,

That impious Ahab quail'd before the sign,
And Israel own'd the messenger Divine.
Sent in apostate times, he bore the sword
Of sacred justice. At ELIJAH's word
Heaven seals its influence. O'er the burning sky,
Nor sheltering cloud, nor dewy vapours fly;
Nor rising mists, nor soft-descending rain,
Refresh the pastures of the arid plain;
From crystal spring no bubbling current flows,
Unwater'd flocks round streamless fountains close;
Gaunt Famine stalks along the dreary way,
And livid Pestilence prepares to slay.

Elijah prays: the opening heavens again
Dissolve in copious showers; abundant rain
Falls on the thirsty glebe; new harvests rise;
A softer lustre gilds the genial skies;
For panting flocks adown the mountain's side,
Bright gushing streamlets pour their silver tide;
Reviving Plenty fills her horn, and brings
Content and pleasure on her balmy wings;
Life springs exulting from Destruction's gloom,
And haggard Sickness hides beside the tomb.

In desert wilds the wearied prophet sleeps;
His hallow'd charge an angel sentry keeps,
With heavenly strength his grief-worn spirit cheers,
Recruits his wasted frame, dispels his fears,
And guides him to the mount renown'd of old,
Where erst his glorious name Jehovah told.

He comes! rude Horeb's cave receives its guest!
Sublime on nature's awful face impress'd
Appear the footsteps of that Power whose tread
Is on the mountain's height, the coral bed
Of the deep sea, the dark and dashing swell
Of billows, tempest heaved, or, terrible,
On the wild whirlwind's wing; whose voice on high
Reverberates in thundering majesty
'Midst sulphurous clouds, his dark and awful seat,
Or rending rocks that cleave beneath his feet.

But not the rushing whirlwind's dreadful sweep,
Nor earthquake, heaving mountains to the deep,
Nor flame that kindles on the melting hills,
Announce him now: a gentle whisper fills

The prophet's listening ear : absorb'd he stands,
 And waits in wondering awe while Heaven demands
 His secret purpose ; while that voice, so still,
 Unfolds the counsels of Jehovah's will,
 With sounds of hope revives his pensive breast,
 And gives sweet earnest of approaching rest.

His work was done : all, save his generous care
 For Zion's future weal : Elijah's prayer
 According Heaven received : its answer came
 By seraph coursers, who in car of flame,
 Indying, bore him to the realms of light,
 To talk with Enoch of that wondrous flight,
 Wing'd by themselves alone ; for all beside
 To Adam's suffering, mortal race allied,
 Death's gloomy portals ever open stand,
 Sole avenue to glory's blissful land.

It was a solemn hour, when, side by side,
 Walk'd the young prophet, and his sainted guide
 From Gilgal, Bethel, Jericho, to where,
 Through palmy plains, flow Jordan's waters fair ;
 When, fill'd with Heaven, in plenitude of might,
 Elijah smote its gliding current bright,
 Made the full stream disparted stand, and led
 Amazed ELISHA through its oozy bed.

It was a solemn hour, as on they pass'd,
 Conscious alike that converse was the last
 Allow'd to friendship here. 'Twas nobly spent,
 Each burning breast, on sacred themes intent,
 Glow'd with a seraph's zeal. The Spirit came ;
 On either kindled the baptismal flame,
 Aspired the large request, the prompt reply,
 Touchsafed the token.

On Elisha's eye

The glistering car as tenfold lightnings shone.
 He gazed : his father and his friend was gone !
 The seraph's wing had sever'd from his side
 His loved companion, his paternal guide :
 Around him, as he stood, the whirlwind swept,
 His burning eye no tear of parting wept,
 But upward still pursued the dazzling sight,
 And long'd to follow in that wondrous flight.

Onward, still onward, lo, Elijah rode !
 Heaven's cleaving arch as liquid amber glow'd,

And spirits bright around his radiant head,
As gorgeous beams in orient heaven outspread,
Expanded each his plummy wings, and bent
From every star that gilds the firmament,
'To hail with hallow'd songs the favour'd guest,
'Thus early usher'd to their blissful rest.

These earthly vision saw not ; but the sign
Of prayer accepted at the eternal shrine
Elisha's eye beheld ; he felt the power ;
The prophet's spirit in that awful hour
Baptiz'd his burning breast. Let Jordan tell,
Which saw him catch the mantle as it fell,
Where was Elijah's God !—as present there
'To own Elisha's as Elijah's prayer,
To testify the seven-fold gift transferr'd,
To consecrate the herald of his word,
'To kindle, 'midst apostate Israel's night,
Another glorious guiding star of light,
Continuous blessings on his Church to pour,
'To teach the world to wonder and adore.

MESSIAH'S KINGDOM.

BOOK IV.

God himself was the instructor of the prophets; he himself taught them; partly by dreams and visions in the night, partly by revelations in the day, taking them aside from among their brethren, and talking with them, as a man would talk with his neighbour in the way. Thus they became acquainted even with the secret and hidden counsels of God. They saw things which themselves were not able to utter; they beheld that whereat men and angels are astonished; they understood in the beginning what should come to pass in the latter days.

Hucker

ARGUMENT.

VARIED forms of prophetic inspiration all derived from the same Divine Source, and modified for the edification of the Church.—Messiah's sufferings and glory the great subjects of the word of prophecy.—David one of the most eminent of the prophets.—His exquisite powers as a Divine poet and musician.—These gifts communicated to man by his Creator to harmonize and elevate his mind.—Guilt incurred by their debasement to unholy purposes.—The psalmist's early occupations.—His victory over Goliath.—Envy.—Disciplined by adversity.—Exalted at length to the throne of Israel.—His circumstantial and varied predictions of Messiah and his kingdom.—Testimonies of Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel to the same Divine Person.—Judah's captivity.—Daniel.—His patriotism and prophecies.—United testimonies of the minor prophets.—Universal establishment and triumph of the Gospel the general scope of the word of prophecy.—Its result a glorious and peaceful state of the Church.—Present indications of the approach of that blessed period.—Future glory reserved for the prophets, who, while on earth, understood but imperfectly the subjects of their own predictions.

MESSIAH'S KINGDOM.

BOOK IV.

The great object of the whole word of prophecy is the Messiah and his kingdom ; and it divides itself into two branches, as it regards either the first coming of the Messiah, or the various fortunes of his doctrine and his Church until his second coming.—*Horsley.*

IN varied streams benignant nature leads
Her fostering waters o'er rejoicing meads :—
In fleecy snows, in fertilizing rains,
The clouds of heaven drop fatness on the plains ;
Soft dews in silence earth's cold bosom steep ;
From mountain heights hoarse-roaring torrents sweep ;
In stately swell majestic billows rise,
And gathering vapour dims the humid skies.
One element, by Nature's plastic power,
In ocean, river, torrent, dew, or shower,
In form dissimilar its influence sheds,
And life and beauty o'er creation spreads.

So God ordains, to bless his Church below,
His Spirit's gifts in varied streams should flow :
In differing forms his energy conveys ;
In each his wisdom, power, and grace displays ;
In all unfolds the glories of his name ;
Their source, their nature, and their end the same.

HE gave the shepherd to his flock ; his hand
Convey'd the rod of power ; the minstrel band
Waked at his word the trumpet or the lyre :
He gave the herald's voice, the poet's fire ;
Breathed sounds of peace, inspired the strain sublime,
Unveil'd the mystic course of future time,
Denounced stern Judgment in its dread career ;
Bade Virtue smile, presumptuous Folly fear.

All flow'd from Him, his wisdom all inspired,
 He form'd the instruments his hand required,
 His Church in perfect symmetry to raise,
 All fill his temple with his glory's blaze.

Zion! what music fill'd thy hallow'd quire!
 No feeble fingers swept thy sounding lyre;
 Messiah's name attuned each lofty string,
 The world's Redeemer, and his people's King!
 He in his glory, in his grief, appear'd
 The Star that led them, and the Sun that cheer'd.
 For Him the kindling inspiration glow'd,
 And words of fire from lips terrestrial flow'd.
 Him in his own supernal light they saw,
 And track'd his suffering path with trembling awe;
 Beheld Him conflict with the Powers beneath,
 Victorious burst the iron grasp of death,
 A Conqueror from the realm of Hades rise,
 And pass triumphant through the cleaving skies.
 They view'd his empyreal throne sublime,
 High raised o'er every realm of earth and time;
 And hail'd that morn commenced whose cloudless sun
 An everlasting course through changeless years shall run.

Illustrious DAVID! from thy gifted lyre
 The minstrel's music flow'd; the poet's fire
 Fill'd thy rapt bosom. It was thine to move
 Sweet hope, sad fear, and ecstasy, and love;
 To raise soft Pity; bid Devotion soar
 To burning climes where seraphim adore;
 In penitential grief, to Mercy's shrine
 To lead sad Guilt afraid of Wrath Divine;
 Each tone of passion in the soul to raise,
 As rustling breezes wake Æolian lays,
 Soft as sweet streams that glide through pastures fair,
 Deep as hoarse thunders on the midnight air,
 Solemn and sad, as Grief's expiring groan,
 Sublime as Judgment on his cloudy throne.

Sweet is the minstrel art; nor learn'd below;
 'Twas sent from heaven to soothe the breast of wo,
 To calm stern Passion in his moods of strife,
 Compose the throbbing pulse of fever'd Life,
 To raise the soul by grovelling cares confined,
 Present fair Truth and Virtue to the mind

Enwreathed with flowers by beauty cull'd, yet bright,
Pluck'd from perennial plants, in fields of light.

Celestial song no fabled Muses taught ;
From burning lips it roll'd, in breathing thought ;
When, bright, yon heavens with earliest anthems rang,
And morning stars sublime hosannahs sang,
Hymning the Power Divine ; that Power, whose voice
Bade beauteous Nature in his smile rejoice,
Call'd forth intelligence and life, to show
Himself reflected in his works below.

By Heaven bestow'd, the minstrel's hallow'd lyre,
The poet's song, should sacred themes inspire,
Express the harmonies of love, the glow
Of sympathy with excellence below,
With loftier excellence above, and raise
The kindling sparks of virtue to a blaze ;
'An that pure altar's fires, on which his heart
Laid a sacrifice.

Whoe'er thou art,
Into whose hand the sacred lyre consign'd
For God's own service, dost debase thy mind,
Pervert Heaven's gift, and make, with impious skill,
Thy rod of power, a serpent, to distil
Rank venom from its tooth,—O learn, for thee
Awaits a dark, a fearful destiny ;
Dark as yon sun eclipsed in tenfold night,
Though form'd to fill the universe with light ;
Fearful as his who, once an angel bless'd,
Wore Truth's bright signet on his beaming breast ;
But quench'd the blaze, and down to depths below
Drore myriads, sad copartners in his wo ;
Myriads, whose everlasting tortures tell,
The scars of fire, that not alone he fell ;
Myriads, whose endless torment and despair
Shall ever heighten his.—Vain man, beware !

Prophets from angels caught the raptured hymn,
Admitted oft where harping seraphim
Well the full burst of praise ; where, loud and deep,
The choral hallelujah's solemn sweep
No skill of unanointed hand can reach,
Nor lips unpurged express in mortal speech.

Sweet Psalmist ! thou, amidst those spirits bless'd,
Didst walk sublime ; and oft thy hallow'd guest
The seraph Contemplation came, with thee
To hold discourse of heavenly harmony.
Oft, when thy vigorous youth was wont to climb
The mountain's brow, whose beetling crags sublime
O'erhung the chafing torrent, as it fell,
Loud murmuring, to the rude and dusky dell ;
Oft, when reclined beneath the sylvan shade,
By lofty cedars on that mountain made,
When fervid sunshine urged thy panting flocks
To seek the covert of o'erarching rocks ;
Then sought thy meditative soul to rise,
In holy musings, to the distant skies.
Or, soft, at eve, when dewy vapours fell,
And Nature bound thee in Devotion's spell ;
When, slowly sailing down the western way,
Sunk the rich banners of descending day,
And night, with crescent diadem, and stole
Of studded sapphire, bade her chariot roll ;
Then thy rapt spirit soar'd in praise and love,
And tuned the harp to Him who rules above ;
'Midst heaven's magnificence around thee spread,
Smit with abasing awe, adoring dread,
Thy prostrate soul with holy ardour burn'd,
And solemn songs to heaven the sacred fire return'd.

On Judah's hills the purple morning broke.
From short, sweet sleep, by clarion trumpet woke,
Up rose the hosts that press'd the tented field,
And braced the corslet on ; from spear and shield
Fell back the beam that streak'd the orient sky,
Bright herald of the glorious day-spring nigh ;
When David, from the fields of Bethlehem sent,
In Elah's vale, beside the warrior's tent,
Heard the loud battle cry ; for marshall'd there
Stood princely Saul, and Israel's armies fair ;
And there, in close and terrible array,
Frown'd fierce Philistia on the rising day.

Philistia frown'd ; but, as on deepest night
A fiery comet glares portentous light,
So sent that host a champion forth, whose form
Gleam'd dreadful as the demon of the storm.

in mailed strength he trod, and giant might ;
 The sunbeam sported on his armour bright ;
 His ebon plume the rustling breezes shook ;
 Fierce was his ire, and terrible his look.
 Through all but David's breast amazement thrill'd,
 While, loud and stern, his impious accents fill'd
 The startled ear with horror ; in his pride,
 Jehovah and his armies he defied.

Strong on the strippling youth the Spirit came ;
 He felt the boaster's pride, the people's shame ;
 "And who art thou, uncircumcised," he said,
 "That Israel's cowering host should shrink dismay'd ?
 Let mighty Saul his servant send ; even now
 Yon boasting Philistine's proud head shall bow ;
 And he who from the lion rent his prey,
 And slew the bear, shall fierce Goliath slay ;
 To ravening dogs his impious carcass throw,
 That all may own Jehovah rules below."

Each wondering host beheld him. To the fight,
 Unarm'd, save only with Jehovah's might,
 Sudden he turn'd ; and in his shepherd guise
 Fronted the vaunting foe. Goliath's eyes
 Flash'd fierce disdain ; and on his lip, the while,
 Quiver'd a scoffing and contemptuous smile ;
 On his dark brow defiance scornful hung,
 And vollied curses fill'd his muttering tongue.

He is invulnerable o'er whose head
 The buckler of Omnipotence is spread ;
 And he who bears nor helm, nor shield, nor spear,
 Girt by Jehovah, may disdain to fear.
 So girt, so cover'd, toward his giant foe
 The shepherd warrior rush'd ; with deadly blow
 The missile stone, well aim'd, unerring sprang :
 Philistia's champion fell ; loud triumphs rang
 Through Saul's emancipated host, and Fame
 Fill'd every breeze with the young warrior's name.

Envy ! cold, sullen, bloodless, cruel power !
 What will not thy fell, rankling tooth devour ?
 Invenom'd snake ! whose blasting, baleful eye
 Floats on fair virtue, while her piteous cry
 Stirrs no compassion in thy heartless breast,
 Where only spawn of hissing vipers rest.

Whate'er of pure, or lovely, checks thy path;
 Whate'er of wisdom, goodness, valour, faith;
 Whate'er of firm or gentle mood, that soars
 Above the dust, where trail thy prostrate powers;—
 All, by thy darting sting, or glistening eye,
 Or slain, or agonized, around thee lie,
 While thou, fell reptile! reeking, gorged with gore,
 Insatiate, hungerest still; still ravening, cravest more.

On Jesse's valiant son, in evil hour,
 This hateful fiend enforced its torturing power;
 Beside his path in guileful ambush lay,
 Or sprung malignant on its struggling prey;
 Around his form its snaky volume wreathed,
 And poison from the' infernal serpent breathed.
 Yet crush'd beneath superior strength it fell;
 Shrunk from its sinuous coil, and sought the shades of hell.

It was the trial of his faith, the fight
 That proved his soul's affiance in the night
 Of the Omnipotent: the suffering school
 Of discipline, for one ordain'd to rule;
 That, tutor'd first himself, and taught to yield,
 His hand might bear the sword, the sceptre wield,
 In meek subjection to that Rule benign,
 Where pity tempers wrath, and grace and justice shine.

O'er Israel's gather'd tribes, in regal might,
 The prophet-king diffused celestial light;
 Received the holy afflux from on high;
 And tuned his harp to hail Messiah nigh.
 He heard the needy bless his gentle reign;
 Welcome as showers that flood the parched plain;
 Justice and Judgment by his side appear'd;
 The meek were glad; the proud oppressor fear'd;
 For not in vain the humble pour'd his prayer;
 Nor fraud, nor guile, nor violence, was there;
 Light cheer'd the captive in his lonely cell;
 From orphan babes no tears unheeded fell;
 Nor unredress'd the friendless widow's wrong;
 Nor o'er the helpless poor prevail'd the strong;
 Peace o'er the mountains heavenly blessings shed;
 And Plenty, where the vine and fig tree spread,
 Reclin'd secure, nor fear'd the spoiler nigh,
 Nor rush of summer storm in that transparent sky.

The prophet saw ; and, lo, Messiah's reign,
 O'er the dark billows of the heaving main,
 Pass'd to earth's utmost verge. His throne, sublime,
 Vaned not, nor sunk eclipsed in shades of time ;
 Proud rivers from the east his tribute brought ;
 And island kings with costliest treasures sought ;
 Pour'd from the dusky south, dark Morian bands
 With Egypt's princes raised their suppliant hands ;
 And Ishmael's sons with gold and incense came :—
 All, every nation, bless'd Messiah's name.

The royal bard attuned the song,
 Swept his sweet lyre in transport strong,
 And lifted high, in sacred lays,
 The fervent voice of heavenly praise,
 To Him, supreme in might,
 In wisdom infinite,
 Whose puissant hand performs,
 By Mercy's suasive power, by Judgment's storms,
 The counsels of his wondrous will ;
 To Israel's God, whose majesty
 The ransom'd universe shall fill ;
 To earth's, to heaven's, eternal Lord
 Again he struck the sounding chord ;
 The loud "Amen," in chorus high,
 Everberant, floated through the distant sky,
 And angel harps prolong'd the joyous minstrelsy.

Angels join'd thee, royal seer !
 Angels meet with thee to sing !
 Soft as theirs, and sweet, and clear,
 Rich and deep, thy numbers ring.
 In soothing flow
 Thy notes of wo
 Breathe on the tender, trembling string ;
 The mourner's sighs
 Responsive rise ;
 His falling tears bedew the harp of Israel's king.

Royal bard ! thy lofty lyre
 Melody divine affords ;

Streams of empyreal fire
 Waken thy celestial chords;
 The living ray
 Of fontal day
 Its kindling touch to thee imparts;
 The impulse sweet
 Thy fervours meet;
 And music wakes her powers, and bends the sternest hearts.

Heaven, with all its glistering fires,
 Earth, replete with thousand charms,—
 All the gazing eye admires,
 All the fervid breast that warms;
 The tempest's power,
 The vernal flower,
 Yields strength or beauty to thy lays;
 While verdant woods,
 And rolling floods,
 In concert rude rejoice with thy sweet songs of praise.

Providence, through all its chain
 Of mystery, unexplored below,
 Wakens oft thy holy strain;
 Bids thy numbers, reverent, flow.
 Thy gifted eye
 Beholds, on high,
 Jehovah on his throne, sublime,
 With wisest care
 Arranging there
 The changeful scenes of earth, the course of circling time.

Awful Judgment claims thy song;
 Majesty in might array'd;
 Tempest fires, and thunders strong;
 Earth convulsed, and heaven dismay'd.
 Thy listening ear
 Exults to hear
 Jehovah's call through nature sound;
 In loftiest notes
 Thy music floats,
 While, glad, his covenant saints his glorious throne surround. [round

Terror clothes thy mystic strain,
 While the wicked feel his ire,
 Writhe in agonizing pain,
 Stricken by his bolts of fire.
 With rushing sweep,
 Athwart the deep,
 Thou hear'st them plunge in gulfs below ;
 And stern and strong,
 Thy warning song
 Bids heedless footsteps fly from that dread verge of wo.

On the height of Zion's hill,
 Lo, the filial Deity,
 Answering to the Father's will,
 Stands in grace reveal'd to thee.
 The hallow'd shrine,
 By love Divine
 Prepared to shroud the Godhead's rays,
 In mystic light
 Attracts thy sight, [praise.
 And tunes thy trembling strings to humble prayer and

Hush ! intenser, deeper tones
 Rouse the chasten'd soul to awe ;
 Vibrate, while Messiah groans,
 Victim of the fiery law !
 By traitorous hands,
 To ruffian bands
 Exposed, a spectacle of scorn ;
 Reproach and shame
 Surround his name,
 And mark the MAN OF WO, for griefs and sorrows born.

Deeper still, upon the gale,
 The minstrel's music floats ;
 Listen ! 'tis Messiah's wail !
 'Tis suffering's saddest notes !
 To God his cry
 In agony,
 Forth from the lion's mouth ascends :
 The mountains shake,
 The rough rocks quake,
 And o'er the startled heavens an ebon veil impends.

Lo, his lyre he strikes again,
 O'er the strings sublimely sweeps,
 Wakes a bolder, loftier strain,
 Rises from the surging deeps!
 The broken tomb,
 The darkling gloom
 Of sorrow's midnight pass'd away,
 Messiah's rise,
 The cleaving skies,
 With angel choirs he sings, in tones divine as they.

Hark! the glad triumphal song,
 Floating, fills the ether bright!
 Seraphs bear their charge along,
 Myriad angels hail the sight!
 Ye heavenly gates,
 His chariot waits;
 Ye everlasting doors, recede:
 Their conquering King
 Let angels sing,
 And David's harp divine, the glorious concert lead.

Lo, within the sacred shrine
 Unwonted light appears!
 His lofty throne Jehovah rears,
 And, manifest in majesty Divine,
 Accepts the fervent hymn
 Of veiled seraphim.
 Beneath incumbent glory bow'd,
 The temple's portals quake.
 In curling volume rolls the cloud,
 That tempers light,
 For earth too bright,
 While angel hosts their forms, adoring shroud,
 And loftiest songs of hallow'd praise awake.

Beneath the dazzling eye
 Of heaven's dread Majesty
 ISAIAH trembling stands.
 Ah! too intense those radiant beams,
 Too pure for mortal eye the light that streams

From glory uncreate.
 Amazed, oppress'd,
 Deep from his burthen'd breast
 Escapes the plaint of wo ;
 And from his quivering lips sad sounds of sorrow flow.
 But hush ! Jehovah comes to consecrate
 The herald of his high commands,
 Seraphs at the altar bright,
 Glad, perform the fervid rite ;
 Purged from sin with hallow'd fire,
 Gifted with a prophet's lyre,
 Loud he strikes the lofty strings,
 And in celestial strains Messiah's glory sings.

Lo, his voice, sublimely sweet,
 Swells harmonious on the gale !
 Mountain echoes rush to meet,
 Bear it through the breezy vale.
 Zion ! hear the joyful sound,
 Lift to heaven thy raptured eyes !
 See thy glittering turrets crown'd,
 With radiance from the skies.

Hark ! the herald's trump declares,
 Emmanuel in his glory nigh,
 'Midst the wilds his way prepares,
 Shouts the approaching majesty ;
 Glad, proclaims the promised Son,
 Royal Heir of David's line,
 Hails Messiah's reign begun ;
 The Jubilee divine :

Sings the great mysterious Name,
 Who, in fleshly shrine conceal'd,
 From paternal glory came,
 And God to man reveal'd :
 Father of an age of grace,
 Wondrous in his counsels known,
 Ruling mild the rescued race,
 On mercy's peaceful throne.

Who regards the herald's voice ?
 Who the glad report receives ?

Vocal wilds in vain rejoice,
Haughty Zion misbelieves.
Lo, the stem of Jesse's root
Rises from a barren ground!
Pale, its tender blossoms shoot,
Sheds, uncheer'd, its fragrance round.

Judah spurns a plant so low,
Cherish'd, not by regal might;
Impious from the Man of wo,
Proud, averts her scornful sight!
Unadorn'd with beauty's grace,
Grace reveal'd to mortal eyes,
Sorrow marks his furrow'd face,
His bosom heaves with sighs!

Yet for us he pours the groan;
Yet for us the scourge he bears.
Sinner, weep! for thee alone
Streams his blood, descend his tears!
By thy chastisement oppress'd,
Crush'd beneath thy weight of wrath!
Wanderer, seek in him thy rest,
His dying conquers death!

Yet, though bruised beneath our grief,
Stricken by Jehovah's ire,
Hell and Death, your reign is brief,
To your cavern'd haunts retire!
Lo, his soul, an offering made,
Heaves from man the deadly curse!
Sing, ye heavens! thou earth, be glad!
Shout, ransom'd universe!

With the wicked join'd in death,
With the rich in burial found,
Hades holds him not beneath.
Soon with gather'd trophies crown'd,
Bursts the Conqueror from his tomb,
Issues forth in spoils elate,
Mounts, majestic, to assume
His everlasting state:

In the meed by suffering bought,
Triumphs with Divine delight,
Sees the work his love has wrought,
Pleasing in his Father's sight.
Sees his seed as orient dew
Sparkling on the thirsty earth;
Sprinkled nations rise to view,
A race of heavenly birth:

O'er his Church extends his sway,
Guides it through the toils of time,
Mercy's mediatorial day
Views in lengthen'd light sublime.
Lengthen'd till his prosperous reign
Perfect all his love's intent,
Nor rebel power on earth remain
To thwart his government.

Till creation's curse remove,
Concord, reunite the whole!
Gentle Peace, and holy Love,
Nature's sever'd tribes control!
Till, beneath his docile sway,
Lion rage and serpent guile
Mild as infant meekness play,
Changed by his reviving smile.

Till, as floods that roll sublime
Boundless o'er the unmeasured deep,
Righteousness from clime to clime
Its tide of blessing sweep;
Gather'd by the' uplifted sign,
Broad on every height unfurl'd,
'Till his glorious power Divine
Renew a ransom'd world.

BUT who beneath the palm tree's withering shade,
In the parch'd ground, in mournful musings laid,
Hears from his deep-toned lyre sad plaints of woe,
Whose downcast eyes with gushing tears o'erflow?

As moaning winds presage the tempest nigh,
 While dark, dense clouds o'erhang the threatening sky,
 So, on the troubled air his wailing strain
 Portentous falls, yet falls, alas! in vain:
 Unheeded by that dull, that treacherous ear,
 It fain would wake Jehovah's voice to hear.
 Inconstant Judah spurns the prophet's lay,
 Unmoved beholds the tempest urge its way,
 Till wrath the o'ercharged cloud vindictive rends,
 And vengeance in the bursting storm descends.

Yet, stern Affliction's child, sad Jeremy,
 Amid his griefs, the day of glory saw:
 His years of pain, his hours of agony,
 The promise cheer'd; he mark'd the cloud withdraw,
 As veiling mists from morn: with mingled awe
 And yearning pangs his patriot spirit view'd
 The sword of justice, for affronted law,
 Lay Zion waste, by barbarous foes subdued,
 While he, a lonely wreck, wept o'er that solitude.

Yet, though with deep, continuous, silent flow,
 His tears o'er Judah's desolations fell;
 Though, o'er the queen of nations, captive, low,
 His lorn harp, wailing, rung its piteous knell;
 To him 'twas given with kindling joy to tell
 Of ages bright with glory and renown,
 When Zion's sons again shall safely dwell
 In Salem's home of peace; and Heaven look down
 Propitious on their vows, and light their altars crown.

Though round those towers where princes walk'd in state,
 The whistling night-wind pour'd its piteous moan;
 Though o'er her mountains, drear and desolate,
 The fox, wild, wander'd; though in haunts o'ergrown
 With dank, damp weeds, beneath the mouldering stone,
 Slept the fell scorpion by the serpent's side;
 To him 'twas given, on David's regal throne,
 To hail that Prince whose glory's flowing tide
 Should bear from Israel's land its blessings far and wide.

To him 'twas given, through time's dim vista led,
 To mark the regal stem of Jesse rise.

Strike its deep roots, its waving branches spread,
 With fruit the earth, with fragrance fill the skies.
 'Twas his to trace in vision'd mysteries
 Messiah whom the ransom'd earth shall bless,
 Whom, with adoring hearts, and wondering eyes,
 All nations, saved, shall joyously confess, [NESS.
 Jehovah's RIGHTEOUS BRANCH, THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUS-

BORNE by ruthless foes away
 Far beyond Euphrates' flood,
 Where the pining captives stray,
 Banish'd from the house of God,
 Who is this that paces slow,
 Full of zeal and full of wo?

Priestly son of Buzzi, hear,
 Turn, Ezekiel, turn thine eye!
 Lo, the glorious God is near,
 Meets thee in his majesty!
 Listen! bow with prostrate awe:
 Fiery steeds his chariot draw!

Seraphs flash in flames along,
 Cherubim his way prepare.
 Hark! their rustling pinions strong
 Thunder on the troubled air!
 Loud as ocean's stormy roar
 Breaking on the cavern'd shore.

From a cloud by whirlwinds driven,
 Dark, surcharged from borean skies,
 Brightness as of amber heaven,
 Fiery forms resplendent rise,
 Broad their burnish'd wings display,
 Speed as lightnings on their way.

Bursting on the dazzled sight,
 Rings of glory onward roll,
 Living wheels, omniscient, bright,
 Searching to the inmost soul:

Dreadful, dreadful, see, they rise,
Touch the earth, and meet the skies !

Wide the firmament expands,
Pure, transparent, terrible !
Higher, higher, higher stands,
Higher than archangels dwell,
In empyreal heights, alone,
All unveil'd the sapphire throne.

Lo, the crystal pavement glows,
Kindled to a sea of gold !
Him from whom that glory flows,
Angels tremble to behold ;
Yet a human form He bears,
Adam's rescued nature shares.

With the sapphire's brilliant blue,
Brightest amber beaming blends,
Takes the rainbow's tranquil hue,
Round the throne, transparent, bends :
Flames of splendour mount above,
Flames of splendour downward move.

'Tis the glory of the Lord,
Temper'd by the covenant sign.
Mournful captive ! hear the word
Issuing from the eternal shrine !
Take the scroll, though words of wo
Cause thy bitterest tears to flow.

Mortal ! dost thou faint with dread ?
Trembling, from that eye retire ?
He shall raise thee from the dead,
New and hallow'd life inspire.
Feel the Spirit's quickening might,
Stand and view the glorious sight.

Herald, hark ! he bids thee go,
Speaks Jehovah from on high !
" Prophet ! let thy people know
Heaven's offended majesty,
Swift, the sword of vengeance draws,
Stern, requites insulted laws.

“Yet my ministers of wrath
Wait till thou the way prepare ;
Mercy stays the march of Death,
Bids the slaughtering weapon spare,
Till thy warning trumpet cry,
Victim, turn ! the foe is nigh !

“Firm as adamant thy brow,
Stern, against the rebels bear ;
Vigilant, as dauntless, thou,
Undismay’d, my word declare.
Watchman ! on the rampart stand,
Sound the blast at my command.

“Say, Return, return and live !
Sinners, yet avert your doom !
Mercy lingers to forgive,
Ere the threatening sword consume.
Bright expands yon beauteous sign,
Tokening clemency Divine.”
Sudden swells the solemn hymn,
Voices on the silence break ;
Rustling winds of seraphim,
Rolling wheels as thunders shake,
Sounds as rushing waters rise,
Loud as raptures of the skies.

Bright o’er Chebar’s ruffled stream
Glanced Jehovah’s car of fire,
Sparkling lights reflected gleam
Heavenward as its steeds retire.
Sink, sublime, in distant skies,
Seraphs’ stately symphonies.

By the Spirit borne on high,
Brought to Salem’s trembling towers,
Prophet, pour the piteous cry.
Lo, the insatiate sword devours !
Lo, the fire of wrath Divine
Kindles Heaven’s deserted shrine !

From the infant’s moaning cries,
From the mother’s anguish, wild,

O, avert thy weeping eyes!
Judah sinks in dust defiled,
Jacob's star in darkness sets,
God his chosen race forgets.

Yet amid this dreary night,
Lo, a fairer vision waits!
Zion's temple rises bright,
Wide expands its spacious gates,
To his consecrated shrine
Mild returns the Guest Divine.

On the altar's hallow'd pile
Fires, by heaven enkindled, glow;
Gushing springs of life, the while,
From the sanctuary flow;
Higher rise, and broader sweep,
Pour their fulness to the deep.

Ocean, through its vast expanse,
Feels the vital influence spread;
Where the swelling floods advance,
Life and health their waters shed;
All within those depths that move
Glad their quickening virtue prove.

Planted by Jehovah's hand,
Fringing that immortal flood,
Trees their beauteous boughs expand.
Such in Eden, erst there stood,
Guarded by the seraph's sword,
Now, for health, for life, restored.

Now restored to all mankind,
Stranger tribes with Israel come,
Claim the lot by Heaven assign'd,
Seek in Canaan's bounds their home;
Seek the covenant blessing there,
Seek in Abraham's grace to share.

Strangers come; those courts Divine
Open for all nations stand;

Offerings at Jehovah's shrine,
 Borne from every Gentile land,
 Fragrant, as from Israel rise,
 Grateful, to the opening skies.

Prophet! though thy favour'd eyes
 Gaze on scenes of distant years,
 Dim in vision'd mysteries
 Though Messiah's march appears,
 Yet his course is onward still,
 Grace and nature work his will.

Borean tempests hurtling loud,
 Lightnings in their fiery flight,
 Cherub hosts, or spirits proud,
 Mortal or immortal might,
 Urge the wheels at his command,
 Curb'd, confess his strong right hand.

Earth, convulsed, in pangs shall reel,
 Heaven before his presence flee,
 Death the grasp of Vengeance feel,
 Hell its Judge in terror see;
 Steadfast shall his truth remain,
 Changeless his eternal reign.

Daughter of Zion, weep! Thy sun is set;
 Thy palmy groves their tuneful songs forget;
 No more the minstrel's harp its music pours
 By soft Siloah's stream, or Jordan's shores;
 Impending darkness shrouds Moriah's hill;
 All, even the wailing voice of Grief, is still;
 Dim, smouldering fire 'midst reeking embers dies;
 Even glutted Slaughter from the ruin flies;
 Nor planet cheers the earth, nor star illumines the skies. }

Thou art chastised, but not rejected; left
 To feel thy infamy, yet not bereft
 Of His all-pitying tenderness who hears
 The sigh of sorrow, and regards the tears
 Shed by the desolate, when struggling Grief
 Looks round in vain, in search of earth's relief.

He saw thy limbs with galling fetters bound
A captive on Chaldea's ruthless ground.
He saw thy sons o'er proud Euphrates bend ;
Saw their full sorrows to the stream descend,
While on the willows' pendant branches hung
Those harps to which their earliest hymns were sung ;
When joyous hearts attuned in happier days
Exulting anthems to Jehovah's praise.

He saw, and heard, when, proud in impious mirth,
The taunting heathen, while their tears to earth
Distill'd as evening dews, sweet songs required ;
Such songs as Zion's festal scenes inspired.
Ah! can such music flow in stranger lands ?
Ah! can such strings be touch'd by captive hands ?

There is a fire, a quenchless fire, that glows
Even where the flood with whelming torrent flows ;
There is a fire, whose mild and lambent flame
Remains 'midst rocking elements the same.
The waters drown it not, nor boisterous wind
Extinguishes : its altar is the mind,
The heart, where Love's celestial ardour burns,
And toward its source in seraph zeal returns.
By Heaven enkindled, thitherward aspire
Its holy radiance, and its quickening fire ;
Yet spreads benign its cheering warmth around,
Pervades the sterile, thaws the frozen, ground ;
With brightening splendour gilds the deepest gloom ;
Surmounts a frowning world, and triumphs o'er the tomb.

Beloved DANIEL ! in thy patriot breast

Such was the pure, the quenchless flame that glow'd ;
Thy yearning heart with grief was press'd,
Thine eyes with bitter tears o'erflowed,
Thy waking hours, thy midnight rest,
The vision of sad Salem's wrongs possess'd.

Anointed prophet ! o'er thy sacred page

The wondering eye, the heart admiring strays ;
Captive and courtier, saint and sage,
'Twas thine in youth, 'twas thine in age,
To teach the world Jehovah's ways,
And form barbarian lips to sounds of praise.

On thee Heaven deign'd its choicest gift to shower,
Wisdom, which triumph'd o'er the arts of hell.
When in a fierce and frenzied hour,
The victims of tyrannic power,
Chaldea's dark magicians fell,
'Twas thine to sooth the storm, the mystic dream to tell.

Champion of Truth ! before thy awful speech
Even proud blaspheming Folly stood dismay'd ;
Thy firm, yet mild, reproof could reach
The sternest hearts, and wisdom teach
To those whose terrors prostrate laid
The subjugated earth beneath their baleful shade.

Exalted or depress'd, 'twas thine to bear
Thy equal mind above the thrones of kings,
In captive Zion's grief to share,
To pour thy soul in pleading prayer,
To rise on rapt Devotion's wings,
And learn, from angel guides unseen, unearthly things.

Angels, associates not for thee unmeet,
Became thy kind companions in distress,
When Envy, to entrap thy feet,
By fraudulent rancour and deceit,
Arm'd tyrant Power against thy holiness,
And from the lion's den bade thee thy faith confess.

Before thine eyes in mystic vision pass'd
The rising, falling kingdoms of this world ;
To earth the thrones of princes cast,
The floods of judgment rolling fast,
Heaven's starry lights to darkness hurl'd,
And in the sacred shrine the eagle's wings unfurl'd.

These were terrestrial scenes, though dark and dread,
And curtain'd by the mists of distant years ;
But thou, beloved seer, wast led
To mingle with the assembled dead,
To mark their rapturous hopes, their torturing fears,
While Judgment rear'd its throne above dissolving spheres.

Thou saw'st the Judge that awful throne assume,
The myriad throng that in his presence knelt,

The open books of fearful doom,
The fiery flood, the deepening gloom;
And strange the pang thy spirit felt, [dealt.
When Judgment's gleaming sword on Guilt his vengeance

'Twas on Messiah's foes that vengeance fell :
They perish'd from His eye of kindling flame,
Who once with mortal weakness deign'd to dwell,
And suffering man became.

'Twas thine, O greatly loved, to tell
Why mercy stoop'd so low ;
To thee archangels deign'd to show
The mystery of grace, of love ineffable.

Thy yearning heart in prayer to Heaven appeal'd,
Upon thy sight dim signs in substance fade ;
Vision and prophecy is seal'd,
Eternal righteousness reveal'd,
Atonement for transgression made,
And God's stupendous grace to all mankind display'd.

Thou saw'st Messiah's destined days of wo,
And on thy view his glories radiant rose.
To him the world's dominions flow,
All power is his above, below ;
His saints his dazzling train compose,
Nor change his everlasting empire knows.

Rest, favour'd seer, among the righteous dead ;
Rest, till Time's sliding sands their course have run ;
Then shall thine orb its influence shed,
Resplendent as yon glorious sun.
Rest on the quiet lap of earth,
Till, summon'd to a second birth,
The trump of God shall break thy mortal sleep,
And thou rejoicing stand,
Effulgent, in thy lot at his right hand,
And there, with all the wise, an endless Sabbath keep.

Who can count the stars of night,
Sparkling in the wilds of space ?

Every ray of dazzling light
Upward to its fountain trace ?
'Midst a galaxy of beams,
Sun or separate the streams ?

O'er the spangled heavens the eye
Wanders with intensest gaze ;
Quick the ethereal deeps supply
Gems that gild, and fires that blaze ;
Eager still, it still explores,
Orb on orb its splendour pours.

So, from wisdom's sacred sphere,
Bursts a flood of glorious light,
Cluster'd gems of truth appear,
Brighten on the searching sight.
Who can count the suns that blaze,
Separate the blended rays ?

All from one Eternal Source,
Kindled into quickening flame
Upward in reflective course,
Seek the Day-Spring whence they came,
Mingle in effulgence bright,
Form Messiah's crown of light.

Substance of the mystic sign,
Subject of prophetic song,
Flows from him the light Divine,
Light that leads his Church along,
Guides her through the desert's gloom,
Bursts on brighter scenes to come.

Faith! 'tis thine, with steadfast eye,
Fix'd on truth's resplendent sphere,
Led by guiding prophecy,
Glad to view salvation near,
Glad to hail Messiah's day,
Bless his universal sway.

Searching, with the seers of old,
With the seraphim on high,
All the Spirit's voice foretold,
All redemption's mystery ;

Thine it is to mark the sign,
Prelude of the light Divine.

All redemption's travail wrought,
Each mysterious type fulfill'd,
All the law, the prophets taught,
All paternal Justice will'd;
Faith! 'tis thine to wait the end,
Calm, Messiah's march attend.

Now, even now in matchless might,
Arm'd against his impious foes,
Onward to the fearful fight
Forth the glorious Conqueror goes:
Truth surrounds his cinctured reins,
Righteousness his sword sustains.

Ye, the poor, in him who trust,
Ye, the meek, who bless his sway,
Ye shall own his judgment just,
Shielded in that dreadful day;
Shielded when his burning breath
Smites his foes with blasts of death.

Judgment, sheathe the glistening blade!
Lo, the Conqueror mounts his throne.
Every foe is captive laid;
Gentlest Mercy rules alone.
Hush! the sounds of battle cease!
All is love, and light, and peace!

From the spoiler's bands released,
Rests his Church beneath his care;
Nature's enmity hath ceased,
All is bright, and bland, and fair;
By the gentle infant's side
Walks the lion in his pride.

'Tis the reign of guileless love;
'Tis the reign of glorious peace;
Earth below, as heaven above,
Hails Messiah's glad increase.
Broad and deep his blessings spread,
As rolling waves o'er ocean's bed.

Yes; the living waters flow,
Spread refreshment o'er the world.
Hail, Messiah! every foe,
From usurp'd dominion hurl'd,
At thy footstool bends the knee,
Earth and heaven bow down to thee!

Hail! beneath thy glorious rest
Weary Gentiles find repose.
Hail! around thy banner blest,
Israel's wandering outcasts close.
Ruling on thy priestly throne,
All their One Deliverer own.

Haste the hour, the hour foretold,
All thy oracles fulfil!
Let the earth thy reign behold,
Bend the nations to thy will;
Mercy let the aliens prove,
Touch the sceptre of thy love.

Thou, who didst to prophets speak,
Teach our fathers things unknown,
Who, the lost to save and seek,
Stooping from thy glorious throne,
Didst in mortal weakness shrine,
Life, and light, and love Divine:—

Thou, whose fiat form'd the world,
Non-existence call'd to life,
Broad and bright yon heavens unfurl'd,
Harmonized chaotic strife,
Clothed with grace the beauteous earth,
Gave immortal natures birth:—

Thou, before whose puissant word
Heaven shall melt, and earth decay;—
Thou, Creator, Saviour, Lord,
Ruling with resistless sway,
Shalt thy steadfast truth maintain,
Nor make thy slightest promise vain!

Fix'd as thy eternal might,
O Jehovah, rests thy throne!

Changeless, boundless, infinite,
Founded on thyself alone.
Thy truth is as thy nature sure;
Thy word shall as thyself endure.

Rest, hallow'd choir! ere long that dawn shall rise
Which prescient Wisdom to your favour'd eyes
In mystic vision show'd: with brightening blaze
Even now the' eternal Sun expands his rays;
Evolving leaves the fig tree's branches bear,
And radiant summer's swift approach declare;
When soft and bright the' empurpled fruit shall glow,
And Nature's gifts their rich perfection show.
Heaven gives the presage, earth unfolds the sign,
Faith antedates the' accomplish'd word Divine,
When, dazzling, in effulgent grace reveal'd,
Messiah, with his sainted elders seal'd,
Shall, glorious, in that purer Salem reign,
And prophet-bards renew their hallow'd strain,
Awake the symphonies of heaven, and raise
Angelic harps to loftier tones of praise;
His triumph share, who warr'd like him below,
Precursors in his sad career of wo;
His ministers of grace to future years;
Stars, radiant, to illumine distant spheres;
Themselves involved in death's nocturnal shade,
Ere yet the sun his glorious beams display'd:
Eclipsed awhile, yet Faith's unearthly light
Disclosed that Day-Spring to their searching sight;
In earnest hope, as those who wait the morn,
To chase the sadness of a night forlorn,
So turn'd, expectant, toward that brightening ray
The prophets' eyes, and hail'd approaching day,
When Zion's watchmen eye to eye shall see;
When veiling sign and vision'd mystery
No more shall shroud the uncreated Light;
But heaven's own splendour to their wondering sight
Reveal his glory, dimly seen of old,
And show that purpose wrought, their mystic themes fore-
told.

MESSIAH'S KINGDOM.

BOOK V.

Princes and states may carry on wars and negotiations with one another ; while He who rules all things, makes every event subservient to the great design of spreading the kingdom of his Son.

Dean Milner.

ARGUMENT.

BABYLON brought to desolation by the Divine judgments.—Its destruction the signal of the deliverance of the ancient Church from captivity.—Zion's song of praise for the righteous retributions of Jehovah, in requiring of her oppressors the blood shed in Jerusalem, and in exacting vengeance for the destruction of his temple.—Summons to the nations to assemble for the accomplishment of the purpose of Divine justice on the devoted city.—God's awful denunciations respecting it.—He who controls the stormy elements, and employs them as his instruments, marshalled the armies of Cyrus, and gave success to the unwonted means by which he obtained possession of Babylon.—The nocturnal feast.—Belshazzar.—Daniel.—Interpretation of the mysterious writing and denunciation of Divine wrath.—Immediate execution of portended judgment by the midnight entrance of the Persian armies, and the death of the impious king.—Ode.—Exultation of earth and hell over the fall of Babylon.

MESSIAH'S KINGDOM.

BOOK V.

Such events as these became the subjects of prophecy, because their consequences touched the state of the true religion.—*Horsley.*

PROUD Babylon! beneath thine iron yoke
No more the captive groans! The ruthless stroke
Of Elam's sword hath smitten thy strong arm,
And fell'd thy dragon standard. Wild Alarm,
That raved around thy palaces, to Death
Hath yielded up her short and panting breath.
Now dim and reeking lies that fiery brand
That gave to desolating flame the land
Intoxicate with blood, whose furious pride
Omnipotence with all its bolts defied.

He hath rebuked thy loftiness, who turns
From Arrogance in scorn; indignant spurns
The impious challenger, whose boast defies
The shaft that from his bow of judgment flies.
He hath rebuked thee, Babylon! despoil'd
Thy glittering crown, thy gorgeous purple soil'd,
Forced from thy ruthless grasp the trembling prey,
And turn'd the sword on thee, so prompt to slay.
No more thy walls with rattling chariots ring;
No more thy gates their brazen lustre fling;
O'er thy lone streets no busy footstep strays,
Nor strangers, curious, throng thy desert ways:
Thy princes mount not now their thrones of pride,
Nor joyous bridegroom hails his blooming bride.
The shield is vanish'd from thy stately halls;
The owl, lone hooting, from thy watchtower calls;

Nor voice of song, nor viol's festive sound,
 Greets the full board, with sumptuous banquets crown'd,
 On gilded roofs no glistening torches blaze ;
 Nor limpid spring from crystal fountain plays :
 No gentle dews refresh thy roseate bowers ;
 Fell reptiles nestle 'midst thy wither'd flowers ;
 And, rank, where Eden once in beauty smiled,
 Spread lurid aconite, and hemlock wild.
 Dark frowns dim Night, amid thy ruins drear,
 On Death and Silence, save her startled ear
 Receive the wild dog's howl, the bittern's moan,
 The tiger's roar, or cormorant's doleful groan,
 Or satyr's cry, whose foul fantastic tread,
 In dance obscene, by spectred demons led,
 Mocks Desolation in her dull domain,
 Who o'er the formless waste holds unmolested reign.

PROUD Babylon is fallen! Awake! awake!
 Judah, thy sweet harp take
 From the sad willow's bough!
 Hark! there's a voice that bids thee make
 Melodious music now!
 Arise! thy golden tresses shake,
 The yoke from off thy shoulder break,
 And clasp the diadem around thy regal brow.

Judah, wake the tuneful lyre ;
 Soft the silver trumpet blow ;
 Solemn praise the strain inspire,
 To Him whose hand hath laid the spoiler low :—
 " Righteous art thou, O Lord,
 And faithful is thy word !
 Jacob yet thy grace shall share :
 Bending from thy glorious throne,
 Thou hast heard the suppliant's prayer :
 'Tis thine to pity, thine to spare ;
 Again thou dost the outcasts own.
 Long beneath the yoke they bow'd,
 Groan'd oppress'd, despised, abhorr'd ;
 Now thou hast abased the proud ;
 Righteous are thy judgments, Lord !"

Daughter of Zion, wake! Let chord and shell
 Thy glad rejoicings tell!
 Priests, sonorous trumpets blow,
 As erst, with solemn strains and slow,
 Ye heralded the ark round falling Jericho!
 Shout! for a mightier city falls,
 A more relentless foe is slain!
 And lo, like Jericho, its walls
 Shall never rise again.
 Shout! as those ransom'd ones, whose voice
 Bade desert wilds rejoice,
 When from dark Egypt's stormy sea
 Rising triumphantly,
 They pour'd, in loftiest lays,
 Their raptured ecstasies of holy praise.

It is the year of vengeance! Lo, the cry,
 The piteous cry, of blood hath reach'd to heaven!
 Jehovah's fiery falchion flames on high;
 Leviathan, by its sore puissance riven,
 Convulsive writhes beneath the stroke Divine;
 The stroke of vengeance for His holy shrine
 In desolation laid;
 For infancy's unpitied moans,
 For virgins' sighs, for parents' groans,
 The prey of rapine made;
 For trembling age, whose silver hair
 Relentless Murder scorn'd to spare;
 For judgment spurn'd, for truth made void,
 For righteous Heaven blasphemed, for suffering earth de-
 stroy'd.

Forth from the inmost shrine
 Was heard the call Divine:—
 "MEDIA, make thine arrows bright,
 Gird upon thine arm the shield,
 Bend the bow with sinewy might,
 Spear, and lance, and falchion wield!
 Raise on Babel's ramparts broad
 The standard of her conquering foes:
 'Tis the vengeance of the Lord,
 'Tis He their strength o'erthrows!

PERSIA, bring thy warlike steeds,
 Snorting as with breath of fire,
 Where the sound of battle leads,
 Rushing with a warrior's ire!
 Mountain tribes, the call attend!
 Listen, all ye sea-girt coasts!
 Here your marshall'd armies send,
 Summon'd by the Lord of hosts!
 For now Chaldea's ruthless land
 Shall reel beneath my hand!
 Her mountain strength,
 Subdued at length,
 No more shall vex the labouring earth!
 Nor wrathful ire,
 As liquid fire,
 Burst from her crater'd summit forth!
 For lo, the'eternal hills I shake!
 Her massive pile from earth's foundations break!
 Down from her ancient rocks indignant hurl'd,
 The burning terror of the world
 A strengthless, formless mass shall lie;
 Nor corner nor foundation-stone supply!
 But desolate in crumbling ruin sleep,
 A dark volcano, round whose arid steep
 The angry storms of heaven in furious conflict sweep." }

Jehovah spake the word:
 The listening nations heard.
 Sudden on the mountain breeze,
 Rushing sounds tumultuous came,
 Standards waved as forest trees,
 Lances caught the solar flame,
 Kingdoms from the utmost earth
 Flew as eagles to their prey,
 Whirlwinds at the tempest's birth
 Mark less terribly their way.

He spake, whose voice on high,
 Dread rolling through the dark and troubled sky,
 Bids multitudinous waters sweep
 Impetuous down the cragged steep;
 Who wings the lightning's shaft with death,
 Collects the vapours by his breath,

And oer the fruitful plains
 In rushing deluge pours his torrent rains.
 He spake, beneath whose potent spell
 The treasured whirlwind sleeps,
 Or swoops with dragon pinions fell,
 Amid the stormy deeps.
 Jehovah spake, who on that day
 Marshall'd his hosts in dread array ;
 Nor yet to man the victory gave,
 Nor crown of valour to the brave.

'Twas He who stern in judgment stood
 Beside the Euphratean flood,
 When Persian CYRUS turn'd its tide
 O'er Babel's plains, and pastures wide ;
 When marching through the oozy way,
 The warrior hosts in bright array
 Toward Nimrod's ancient towers advanced :
 O then what battle shouts were raised !
 What clang of arms ! What torches blazed !
 What lightnings on their banners glanced !
 Unloosed by His o'ermastering might,
 When Belus' brazen portals bright
 Their ponderous leaves outspread,
 Avenger of apostate pride,
 Jehovah was the warrior's Guide,
 And he to conquest led.

Mirth's frantic song had ceased :
 Death to the impious feast
 Came, an unbidden, an unwelcome, guest.
 Yet not unheralded ;
 For lo, a strange precursor, dread,
 Warns of impending fate.
 The festal board rich banquets crown'd,
 Quick pass'd the mantling goblet round,
 Beshazzar laughs elate ;
 Princes and nobles round him throng,
 Voluptuous Beauty swells the song,
 And threads the dance in mazy round,
 With bacchanalian chaplets crown'd.

Inebriate Folly earth defiles,
Inebriate Pride descends to hell;
When sparkling wine deceitful smiles,
The Circean tempter far repel.
Not so, fierce Babel's king:
Insatiate, with continuous draught
The deep, delusive bowl he quaff'd,
Unmindful of the secret serpent's sting,
Till swift the maddening poison wrought,
Proud, prompting to his impious thought
Judea's captive land.
A thousand slaves around him wait,
And bear, as from the lip of Fate,
The foul, blaspheming reveller's command.
Through arch and aisle loud echoes ring:—
“Haste! hither bring
The gorgeous spoils of Salem's wasted shrine!
Pledge we Chaldea's gods with wine,
Who to our arms the victory gave!
For who is He that could not save
The votaries of his power Divine?”

Obsequious, at the tyrant's call,
Midst idol orgies, through that taintured hall,
Were Zion's treasures borne:—with hand defiled,
And frantic gleam of haggard transport wild,
Bel's darkling hierophant upraised
The shining vase, the flagon bright, and praised
Dim demon powers, in muttered mysteries.
Then high the rich libation pour'd
Chaldea's vanities adored,
- And wafted spicy odours to the skies.
Around that impious board
The hallow'd vessels pass'd;
And revelry in laughter roar'd,
And clasp'd the goblet fast.
Loud rose, and louder still, the song,
And lighter wheel'd the mazy throng.

But who on that voluptuous feast
In mystic form intrudes?

The torches waste, the song hath ceased,
 The startled multitudes
 Partake their monarch's wild affright,
 And gaze on that portentous sight.

What mean those burning lines?
 What hand engraves unearthly signs?
 With quivering lip, and eyeball glazed,
 The king upon that vision gazed;
 Stood, terrified in mien, aghast,
 And tremulous, as aspen in the blast,
 Pondering its strange behest;
 Yet, in the presage of a guilty breast,
 Reading its dread portent amazed.

Augurs and sages, hither haste, and tell
 What means that fearful spectacle?
 No: all in vain your baffled art,
 Nor hell itself can aid impart!
 Hence! to the ministers of Heaven
 Are holy inspirations given:
 Heaven's mysteries they alone unfold;
 Yet they with wild excess no converse hold;
 For Wisdom shuns the scene;
 The dissonant cry
 Of frantic revelry
 Appals her startled ear;
 Her sainted choice, the tranquil home, serene,
 Where Friendship, Virtue, Charity appear.

While princes, sages view'd, perplex'd,
 The style by mystic fingers held,
 And vainly search'd the wondrous text
 Which every curious eye repell'd:
 While horror reign'd, and wild affright,
 In every panting bosom round;
 While dimly gleam'd the torches' light,
 And lute and viol strew'd the ground;
 Before the king a stranger stood,
 Of grave and venerable air:
 He came, the messenger of God,
 By guilty terror summon'd there.
 His brow was firm, his eye was bright,
 Yet temper'd both by age and grace;

His sainted spirit pour'd its light
 Of heaven-born splendours round his face.
 He bore a majesty that rose
 O'er years, captivity, and grief;
 And DANIEL, e'en by Judah's foes,
 Was hail'd of Wisdom's sons the chief.

As, on the deepening storm,
 A seraph's awful form
 Sublime on lightning wing descends,
 Whose voice the gather'd tempest rends;
 So stood amid that gloomy throng,
 Heaven's pure, reproving angel bright;
 So roll'd deep thunders from his tongue,
 So flash'd his words with light.

He traced in those mysterious signs
 The balance in Jehovah's hand;
 And read in Judgment's graphic lines
 The lightness of a guilty land.
 He saw the Persian warrior nigh,
 Heard Elam's shouting archery,
 And to the king's astounded ear
 Proclaim'd the bursting tempest near;
 Then, mantled in his prophet's vest,
 The prophet's fervours fired his breast:
 In solemn speech, by Heaven inspired,
 His lip denounced imperious Pride;
 Guilt from his piercing eye retired,
 Its searchings of remorse to hide.
 Amid that wild and reckless scene,
 Dishonour'd Salem's treasures lay;
 Sad grief o'erhung his brow serene,
 And words of thunder urged their way.

“From him whose impious pride
 Hath Heaven's eternal rule denied,
 Its gifts contemn'd, its greatness spurn'd,
 Nor wisdom e'en from judgment learn'd;
 From him Jehovah's power
 Wrests, in this dark, this destined hour,
 His kingdom wide, his regal throne.
 Now, for his Name profaned,
 His hallow'd vessels stain'd,

Even now, he makes his righteous judgment known.
 To thee, O king! that vision sent
 Proclaims fulfill'd thy number'd hours ;
 This night shall seal the dread portent,
 And quench the light in Babel's towers."

Dark roll'd Belshazzar's eye of pride,
 His quivering lip convulsive wrought ;
 Viewless the mystic fingers glide,
 Their record fill'd his labouring thought.
 Abash'd he stood,
 While conscience, faithful register of God,
 Attested every charge the warning prophet brought.

Short was that warning hour,
 And short the power
 Of self-convicting shame :
 Ere midnight's dreary watch was past,
 Like demons on the murky blast,
 The banner'd hosts of desolation came.
 Bright rose to heaven the crackling flame,
 The thirsty sword was drench'd with blood ;
 It blotted out Belshazzar's name ;
 And where the sumptuous palace stood,
 Confusion stretch'd her devious line,
 And ruin murmur'd, "Wrath Divine!"

Strike the harp for the fall of the proud !
 The oppressor of Jacob is low !
 The head of the mighty is bow'd,
 And his diadem circles the brow of the foe.

Strike the harp ! for the staff of his power,
 The sceptre, is wrench'd from his hand !
 His wrath was the wrath of an hour,
 But how hath the violent ceased from the land !

He is fallen ! and no helper was nigh,
 No, not one in distress to befriend !
 The nations stood silently by,
 And rejoiced in the stroke, as they saw it descend.

Strike the harp! for the city of strength,
Whose towers the invaders defied,
Is given to destruction at length,
And the robber hath seized on her treasures of pride.

Strike the harp! for the earth is at rest;
It warbles the carols of morn;
The eagle is pluck'd from his nest,
And his rock of munition by earthquakes upturn.

Strike the harp! for the forests rejoice,
O daughter of Zion, with thee:
And Lebanon utters his voice;
From the axe of the feller his cedars are free.

But hark! in this chorus of joy,
This triumph o'er terror and pride,
Notes, such as ye never employ,
In concert exulting, with yours are allied.

Stay the hand of the minstrel! and cease,
Ye choristers, swell not your song!
Thou mountain of Lebanon, peace!
For the caverns of Hades your echoes prolong!

See! hell from her deepest recess
Is moved the dread stranger to greet!
Her dead she disturbs, to express
Their terrible pleasure when reprobates meet.

See! the chief ones of earth from their thrones,
Firm fix'd as the pillars of hell,
Upraised to salute him with groans,
Or murmur a welcome with demons to dwell.

Hark! the thunder that bursts from the cloud,
And startles the shipmen at night,
Less fearfully murmurs, and loud,
Than this dirge of the dead for the first-born of night.

Lo! the kings of the nations draw near:—
“Comest thou in these caverns to hide?

The worm is thy company here,
'Tis thy couch of repose, and thy purple of pride.

“Ha! thy pomp is brought down to the grave,
The noise of thy viols hath ceased;
The monarch is vile as the slave,
And darkness prevails in the hall of the feast.

“The star of the morning is dim,
It sets in the suburbs of hell!
Aspiring to glory supreme,
From the circle of heaven to chaos it fell!

“Is this the oppressor that shook
The nations with terrible sway?
Who tremblingly shrunk from his look?
Ye spirits of darkness, come hither and say.

“Is this the destroyer, whose breath
Corrupted the fruits of the ground?
Whose prisoners wither'd in death?
Ye victims, reply from your caverns profound!

“Lo, the kings of the nations, even here,
In the house of their solitude laid,
With ensigns of glory appear,
And the diadem gleams in the sepulchre's shade.

“But thou, who thy people hast slain,
Who hast cover'd thy land with a cloud,
The grave casts thee out with disdain;
No burial is thine but the feet of the crowd!

“No herald emblazons thy fame,
Nor trophies thy memory crown;
For the lot of the wicked is shame,
And the seed of the sinner is robb'd of renown.”

MESSIAH'S KINGDOM

BOOK VI.

The course of Divine operation in the world has from age to age been a manifestation of the Divine character, continually receiving new and stronger illustrations to the completion of the Christian revelation by the ministry of Christ, and his inspired followers, and still placing itself in brighter light, and more impressive aspects, as the scheme of human redemption runs on to its consummation.

Watson.

ARGUMENT.

God, eternal, self-existent, infinite, ineffable.—The Fountain of being.—His nature and counsels inscrutable.—His image in creation obliterated by sin.—Dark and desolate condition of man.—Incarnation of the Son of God, for the manifestation of the Divine character, and the redemption of the world.—Jesus Christ came without the insignia of earthly grandeur, to establish a spiritual kingdom, which shall silently and gradually increase, until it subjugates the kingdoms of this world.—Angels celebrate the Saviour's birth.—Worship of the Magi.—Introductory ministry of the Baptist.—Messiah's youth, baptism, fasting, temptation.—Commencement of his ministry in the synagogue at Nazareth.—Impiety of the Jews.—Their expectations of a secular kingdom.—Call of the disciples.—Doctrines taught by Christ.—God a Spirit.—Immortality of the soul.—Resurrection of the body.—Judgment.—Providence.—Divine law explained, enforced, fulfilled.—Miracles wrought.—Sins forgiven.—Transfiguration.—Announcement of approaching sufferings.—Solemnity of the subject.—The Passion.—The Crucifixion.—Portentous consequences.—Deliverance of mankind from the power of hell and death.—The Resurrection.—Mary Magdalene.—Angels.—Charge to the disciples.—Ascension.—Mediatorial reign.—Advancement of Messiah's kingdom, under the similitude of a tree.

MESSIAH'S KINGDOM,

BOOK VI.

When the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth his son.

St. Paul.

No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, which is
in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him.

St. John.

INTRODUCTION.

As joys the traveller who, o'er deserts wide,
His darkling path by starry lights hath steer'd,
To see the sunbeam gild the mountain's side,
The beauteous heavens of veiling darkness clear'd;
To greet the plains by ripening harvests cheer'd,
Bright dew-drops sparkling in the vale below;
Forth from his tent, 'midst woodland beauty rear'd,
'To mark the husbandman rejoicing go,
To prune the empurpled vine, or figs that clustering grow:

Even so the Muse, whose long and devious way,
Through twilight gloom hath lain, or midnight shade,
In search of sacred Truth's celestial ray,
Rejoices now to see the shadows fade.
Effulgent, in majestic strength array'd,
Now bursts the pure unclouded Day-Spring forth,
Night's lingering mists his quickening beams pervade,
Exulting nature hails Messiah's birth, [earth,
And Peace from heaven descends to dwell with man on

THERE is a light which dims the seraph's eye!
It veils that unapproached Majesty,

Who, boundless, causeless, infinite, alone,
Rear'd in eternity his awful throne;
Who, ere one vital pulse creation knew,
Forth from Himself his wondrous being drew,
Himself comprising all; within whose mind,
In bright idea, ere to form confined,
Lived this fair universe; beneath whose eye
Potential life and present being lie.
The ineffable, whose light on chaos broke;
And order, grace, magnificence, awoke,
And worlds of intellect, and worlds of sense,
His works of wonder, power, munificence,
Abroad diffused his glory's gladdening beams,
And pour'd forth blessing by a thousand streams.

Who on that Sun's insufferable blaze,
With eye uncurtain'd, shall presume to gaze?
Tread the dim precincts of his inmost shrine,
Nor, trembling, deprecate the wrath Divine?
Who shall draw near, and not bewail his pride?
Canst thou the lightning's flaming shafts abide?
Canst thou endure the splendours of that Eye?
Forbear! lest blindness curse thy scrutiny!
O stay! ere yet his anger's burning breath
Burst forth to light thee to the shades of death!

In depths unfathom'd, lo, Jehovah dwells!
To none the secret of his name he tells,
Nor council holds on his mysterious ways
With saint or seraph. Angels silent gaze,
Adoring, trace his footsteps in the deep,
'Midst rolling clouds behold his chariot sweep,
Yet, all ineffable his wondrous course;
Nor eye, nor finite mind, pervades the source
Whence Mercy, Justice, Doom, Salvation flow,
Why earth rejoices, fiends lament below,
Why pitying Love o'er Adam's offspring yearn'd,
And death to life, the curse to blessing turn'd.

Essential glory veils its dazzling beams,
Yet downward in perennial efflux streams;
To earth, to heaven, its holy radiance flows,
In heaven, on earth, Jehovah's impress shows,
And claims from all beneath, from all above,
Obedient homage and adoring love.

His nature on his glorious works impress'd,
On star-sprent skies, on earth's maternal breast,
On spirits, character'd by gifts Divine,
His wisdom, goodness, power, reflected, shine,
And vast creation's countless links proclaim
His grace transcendent, as conceal'd his Name.

But man, by sin perverted, sunk in night,
Nor knew his Name, nor read his works aright,
Nor Deity amid his wonders saw,
Nor in his heart retain'd his Maker's law,
Obscured the glories of the Eternal Mind,
And wander'd in Delusion's mazes blind,
Its tangled paths with weary footsteps trod,
And, inly desolate, the unknown God,
'Mid clouds of deep impending darkness, sought ;
Yet, strengthless, wrestled with the labouring thought,
And pour'd the prompted prayer, and heaved the sigh,
That some bright beam, some radiant embassy,
Might rend the veil, benign, to earth descend,
Restore the living light, and doubts and sorrows end.

He comes! his people's hope, the Gentiles' light!
Receding angels, on that wondrous sight,
Astonish'd, gaze ; while, from his inmost shrine,
The bosom of Paternal Love Divine,
Essential Deity, with glory crown'd,
Through vast eternity's unmeasured round,
The Son, with all the Father's grace replete,
Passes mysterious forth ! prepared to meet,
In mortal coil, man's penalty of wo,
The long-lost bliss, the path of life to show,
On earth, in all the majesty of love,
To utter secrets ask'd in vain above.
Object of earliest faith, of earliest hope ;
Of promise, symbol, prophecy, the scope ;
He comes! and night before his presence flies ;
Exulting nature hails the opening skies ;
Heaven stoops to watch the energies of Love ;
And sacred Justice, bending from above,
With holy Peace unites in kind embrace ;
And Truth and Mercy hail the reign of grace.

He comes! the spotless shrine receives its Guest ;
His virgin mother to her wondering breast

Clasps the long-promised Heir. That holy Seed,
Great Bruiser of the serpent foe decreed,
Incarnate Deity, on earth appears,
And God with men his fleshly temple rears.
Emmanuel comes! the' Anointed, to proclaim
The awful glories of Jehovah's name.
He comes! the Covenant-Angel, to fulfil
The mystic purpose of the Father's will.
He comes! the consecrated Victim, seal'd,
Announcing ceremonial signs repeal'd.
The Lamb, before the world's foundation slain!
He comes! to cleanse the deep original stain;
The ransom of a captived world to pay;
To bear the sins of all mankind away.
Lo, types rejected, holocausts disown'd;
Man's mortal guilt uncancell'd, unatoned;
He comes, to heave from earth the direful curse,
To reconcile an alien universe.

Messiah comes to die! He comes to rise;
To track life's lucid pathway to the skies;
To show heaven's pearly gates unbarr'd, and Death
A crownless captive in the gulf beneath.
He comes, in all the majesty of grace,
To teach, to rule, to save, the fallen race;
With heavenly lore the untaught mind to fill;
Reclaim the wayward from delusive ill;
To cheer the mourning breast, sustain the weak,
The friendless succour, and the lost to seek;
To break the captive's chain, new life impart,
And joy, and blessing, to the humble heart;
In every act, in every word benign,
The great Exemplar of his Church to shine;
To reunite, in bonds of holiest love,
Man's ransom'd spirit to its Source above.

He comes to build his throne; yet not to bear
Earth's ensigns of his regal character.
No gorgeous purple waits him; for his hand
Extends no glittering sceptre of command.
His rule is o'er the mind, the heart, the soul,
The will surrender'd to his sweet control.
On Truth's eternal rock he comes to base
His changeless kingdom of unfolding grace;

His edifice of living stones to raise,
And fill his temple with his glory's blaze ;
With silent, ceaseless energy of might,
Unseen, to sever from its mountain height
That destined stone, beneath whose massive stroke
Earth's dark idolatries and pageants broke ;
Itself stupendous in its strength shall rise,
A pile majestic towering to the skies ;
Beneath its adamant base extend ;
And o'er the world its sheltering shadow send.

No Messenger of grace to sects confined,
He comes the Friend, the Kinsman of mankind ;
Nor clime, nor country circumscribes his love ;
'Tis free, spontaneous, as those beams above.
No narrow bounds the stranger Guest repel ;
The sons of Japhet in his tents shall dwell ;
No longer in exclusive glory known,
Beneath his shade shall Israel rest alone ;
But all in covenant amnesty embraced,
Earth's weary tribes his feast of mercy taste ;
Gentiles and Jews his equal blessings share ;
One folded flock beneath one Shepherd's care.

He comes ! Do princes from their thrones descend ?
Do suppliant kings the Stranger's state attend ?
Does earth her splendid palaces prepare,
Spread the soft couch, the costly banquet rare ?
With songs of triumph rend the echoing gale,
Her King's approach with trump and timbrel hail ?
Bid odorous flowers perfume the sacred way,
Or curling incense round his temples play ?
Greet with the glad salute, the bended knee,
Proffering meek homage to his Majesty ?
No : sceptred princes on their couches sleep ;
Their regal thrones unconscious monarchs keep.
Earth has no eye to see, no ear to hear,
No tongue to greet the glorious Stranger near.
Her whirling orb its restless course pursues ;
Sense bounds its interests, time contracts its views ;
Wealth, Pleasure, Pride, their fluttering pinions spread ;
And Hope, and Vanity, with cobweb thread,
Weave pictured draperies, whose texture frail
One glittering moment fans the sportive gale,

Then flits like filmy gossamer away ;
An insect's toil on an autumnal day.

Is all then silent ? Does no watchful eye,
Attendant, mark incarnate Deity ?
Earth heedless rolls, and kings supinely sleep ,
But hell is roused, and angels vigils keep.
Amazement seizes on the powers of night ;
Admiring seraphs mark the wondrous sight,
And glow with holier love, intenser awe ;
From heaven's bright plains their shining ranks withdraw
And throng, with sounding plumes, the' ethereal way,
On Bethlehem's fields to tune the sacred lay,
To wake with songs divine terrestrial spheres,
And herald Him, the Star, whose light appears
With radiance newly risen, on Judah's skies,
The cradled Babe, that in yon manger lies.
Lo, nature sleeps, and every tongue is mute ;
Celestial fires through midnight darkness shoot.
Not half so bright Arcturus' golden beams,
Nor glistening Sirius o'er heaven's concave streams.
One dazzling minstrel leads the choral train ;
A thousand voices catch the echoing strain ;
Ten thousand thousand pour their gladdening notes ;
From lyre to lyre the mighty music floats ;
Nor earth till now such sounds harmonious heard ;
Nor angels hymn'd, since that Omnific Word
When He, incarnate now, all potent, spoke,
And lo, a glorious universe awoke !

“ Shepherds, ye whose fleecy charge
Soft on Bethlehem's pastures lie,
Leave your flocks awhile at large,
Hear our joyous embassy.
Fear not, though the gloom of night
Reddens with unearthly light ;
Fear not, though your tranquil plains
Echo with unwonted strains ;
Though our plumed legions near
All too bright for earth appear.
Fear not ; for lo, we bring
Glad sounds of Christ, your King !
On this auspicious morn,
In favour'd Bethlehem born,

The Saviour of the world we show,
And peace proclaim to man below.

“Shepherds, seek your infant Lord,
Not in Herod’s gorgeous dome;
He, by highest heaven adored,
Sojourns in an humbler home.
David’s Heir a manger holds;
The swathe his flexile limbs enfolds.
Go, by this appointed sign
Recognise the Guest Divine;
Go, worship at his feet,
Your new-born Saviour greet;
Go, spread the joyful tidings round;
Bid every ear receive the sound!”

Sudden, from the cleaving sky,
Angels throng the hallow’d space;
Heaven’s seraphic minstrelsy
Ushers in the morn of grace.
Sudden, tongues as flames of fire,
Voices, as the soul of song,
Blended in harmonious quire,
Pour the raptured notes along;
Anthems, such as cherubs raise,
Circling bright the’ eternal throne,
Solemn symphonies of praise.
“Glory to the Holy One!
Glory to God Most High,
And peace on earth!” they cry.
Heaven’s starry vault returns the song,
While loud and sweet the choral throng
Their pure abounding joys prolong.
“Good will to man!” exultant swells
Their holy ecstasies of love;
And, soft, the parting rapture tells
Of Truth and Mercy join’d above.

’Tis past! the hallow’d strains decay;
The last hosannah gently dies;
Heaven’s shining minstrels soar away,
To sound their triumphs through the skies.

Morn, with empurpled wings outspread,
Eclipsed the fading lights above,
Celestial spheres sweet influence shed,
And all was harmony and love.
As if, even yet, that angel band
Ambrosial fragrance there distill'd ;
That still their wings the ether fann'd,
That still the air their presence fill'd,
That still their ecstasies of praise
Rose, rapturous, in unutter'd lays.

Yet leave the consecrated scene,
A more mysterious sight behold !
Not angels, bright in dazzling sheen,
With wings of flame and harps of gold,
Are glorious as that Deity
Who now in infant weakness lies.
Go, shepherds ! bow the suppliant knee,
To Him, the Lord of earth and skies.
Go, highly favour'd, go,
And hail your King below !
To pomp, and power, and pride,
Is your transcendent privilege denied ;
To them, no flaming convoy sent,
No troops of Angels jubilant,
The birth of the incarnate Saviour show.
No ; to the meek, Messiah's favours flow ;
Himself is meekness, and his train
He gathers from earth's lowly sons ;
Contemns the lofty and the vain,
Nor turns to princes on their thrones,
But to the poor his healing Gospel brings,
And o'er the desolate extends his mercy's wings.

HEAVEN sends its harbingers to hail the morn
Of glorious promise ; to the Saviour, born
In mortal weakness, holy songs to raise,
And lift their triumphs in celestial praise.
From distant climes, by starry radiance led,
Their costly gifts Sabeen sages spread ;

With spicy gums and orient incense greet,
 Pour their rich offerings at the Infant's feet ;
 First fruits of Gentile worship grateful bring,
 Adore, in Bethlehem's Babe, Judea's King.
 In Israel's star, earth's promis'd Saviour see,
 And hail the world's Desire,—the incarnate Deity.

Heaven sends its harbingers. A powerful cry
 In Judah's wilds proclaims Messiah nigh !
 Bids desert earth its rugged paths prepare
 To meet the royal step of David's Heir.
 'Tis He! the long-predicted Prophet seal'd,
 The Herald, in Elijah's power reveal'd.
 Ye valleys, rise ! descending mountains, flow !
 Be still, ye tempests ! cease, ye winds, to blow !
 Wait, listening Nature, on that warning voice
 In solemn silence ! lonely wilds, rejoice !
 It speaks salvation near, with sounding cry,
 Commission'd pioneer of Deity ;
 Proclaims the Highest, on his march of grace,
 The Day-Spring rising on the darken'd race.
 Hear, ye who long with faith's transpiercing eye
 Have watch'd the clouds that dim the twilight sky ;
 Hear ; and with Israel's sainted seers rejoice,
 Exultant hearken to that herald voice ;
 It speaks of Him, by patriarchs seen of old,
 Of Him, by prescient prophets long foretold,
 Of Him, the Horn of David's regal line,
 The Seed, to Abraham given by Oath Divine.
 Hear ; and while echoing rocks his strains repeat,
 While sterile earth springs verdant at his feet ;
 Hear ; and to Heaven your glad hosannas pour,
 Jehovah's truth with thankful songs adore.
 Messiah comes ! behold his kingdom nigh ;
 Effulgent brightness gilds the opening sky,
 Death's dreary shades before his beams disperse,
 And love and peace restore the universe.

But sterner tones that voice precursive bears,
 And Mercy's path by Judgment's trump prepares,
 Sounds long and loud the deep reproofing cry,
 And vehement, in holy energy,
 Repentance and its hallow'd fruit requires,
 Ere yet the winnowing fan, the purging fires,

Disperse the chaff, the worthless husk consume,
And whelm the sinner in approaching doom.
By Jordan's stream, severe in grace he stands,
And loud proclaims to Israel's gather'd bands,
While yet his hand the searching rite applies,
That Prophet near, whose mightier energies
The Spirit in baptismal streams shall shed,
And crown with fire the consecrated head.

'Mid lowly men a lowly stranger placed,
Messiah's opening years no splendours graced.
In barren ground, a frail, untended shoot,
The stem of Jesse struck its slender root.
No curious eye, with keen, observant glance,
Mark'd the young sapling toward its strength advance,
Save Mary, watchful mother; well she knew
The sacred angel's salutation true,
And oft and deeply to her pondering thought
Those solemn words of power and mystery brought:
Mused on the darkling theme of destinies
Link'd with her dearest hopes, the fall, the rise,
Of Israel, in the sacred shrine reveal'd,
While covenant rites the hallow'd Infant seal'd,
The mystic sword which toward her bosom turn'd,
By seers in dimly gleaming light discern'd:
These oft revolved, maternal hope, or fear,
The raptured smile, the full o'erflowing tear,
Spontaneous told; but in her pensive breast
Slept silent thoughts, to Heaven alone express'd:
To Heaven alone; for earth no commerce shared
With griefs or joys, but for herself prepared.

Subject to human weakness, human wo,
A gentle child MESSIAH dwelt below;
In meek submission own'd parental sway,
Nor turn'd from nature's voice his ear away;
Soft, docile, sweet, yet mystery round him hung,
Maturest wisdom fill'd his youthful tongue.
In converse high his Father's work he wrought,
With sages reason'd, and with doctors taught.
Deep in his breast, by none but Heaven discern'd,
Intensest zeal with kindling ardour burn'd,
Till blazed in holy light the sacred flame,
And show'd the Day-Spring whence its splendours came.

The sign was given, by Jordan's silver flood,
 While round the Baptist prophet Israel stood ;
 While on his burning lips that mightier name
 Enkindled mystic fires, lo, Jesus came,
 And there the solemn rite baptismal sought.
 Intent in holy prayer and raptured thought,
 Silent he rose from those pure waters bright,
 When, lo! from opening heaven, in lambent light,
 The dove-like Spirit, hovering, came, and spread
 His wings of glory o'er Messiah's head ;
 While, from the' eternal throne, a voice Divine,
 In awful sanction join'd the mystic sign,
 "Thou art my Son ; my well-beloved ; in thee
 The Father rests well-pleased."

Hail, Trinity!

Hail, Father, Son, and Spirit, glorious there
 In concert join'd a rebel race to spare!
 Hail! Love, and Light, and Grace, and Energy,
 Which, linking man with God, drew up on high,
 Even to thy throne in heaven, a world that fell
 In guilt and judgment to the depths of hell.

Attested thus, by solemn witness given,
 The covenant Messenger, the Sent of Heaven,
 Sanction'd and seal'd, to desert wilds he pass'd,
 To suffer there the long-protracted fast ;
 To meet temptation, subtle, foul, and vain,
 To hold discourse with sorrow, weakness, pain ;
 Hunger, and thirst, and weariness to bear,
 With beasts unhoused, beneath the midnight air ;
 To foil the tempter's arts, though proud and bold,
 And practised long, and prevalent of old ;
 To wield the eternal Spirit's two-edged sword,
 To prove the authority of truth restored ;
 Heroic Virtue's perfect form to show,
 Man unseduced by man's malignant foe,
 Repelling sense, and sophistry, and pride,
 Retrieving him, who, erst in Eden tried,
 Fell by the murderer's arts:—for this he bore
 Hell's dark suggestions, bow'd in anguish sore,
 And wrestling supplication, at His shrine
 Who sent him to achieve that work Divine ;
 And O, mysterious in his justice ! there
 Exacted, stern, a deep, distasteful share

Of that sad cup, whose bitterest dregs applied,
Patient, he drank, nor turn'd the draught aside.

Apart from man, yet Heaven the conflict saw ;
Around the throne, in strangely silent awe,
Consorting angels press'd, if haply stream
Of new-fall'n light, or undiscover'd beam
Uprising from the abyss, to thoughts confined,
Might show this secret of the Omniscient Mind.
In vain ; the depths of suffering Deity
Nor finite powers on earth, in heaven, may see.
Yet angels, ministrant, from heaven descend,
Messiah in his sorrowing steps attend,
And earth, released, Redemption's boon receives,
And through Divinity incarnate lives ;
Adores the mystery it cannot trace,
The Godhead's glory in Messiah's grace.

Then, Galilee, thine eyes beheld the light !
Sudden, athwart the shades of death and night
Celestial glory blazed : then, on thine ear
Fell words of peace, glad sounds of mercy near.
For lo, Messiah's gracious lips distill'd
His doctrines as soft showers ; instruction fill'd
Each gentle accent of his hallow'd speech ;
He told of secrets science could not teach.
Yet did he hide his counsels from the wise,
And taught to babes celestial mysteries ;
Gradual as opening morn infused the light,
From filmy vapours purged the mental sight.
Not his the garb of philosophic pride,
Or wisdom's boast ; but simple, dignified,
He, meek, sublime, 'mid listening crowds appear'd,
And humble hearts with heavenly solace cheer'd.

Hush ! 'tis the Sabbath ! At the hour of prayer,
To seek Jehovah Israel's tribes repair ;
Within his house in hallow'd worship meet,
And through the clouds that roll beneath his feet
Await those glimpses of celestial light,
Which gild heaven's higher courts with radiance bright.
Ye men of Nazareth, whose wistful eyes
Through darkling shades have watch'd for morning's rise ;
Ye saints, amid the worldling crowd unknown,
Unloved, unhonour'd, save by Heaven alone ;

Ye, who for Israel's Hope expectant pray,
 Who ardent long to hail Messiah's day;
 Approach! Behold the Star of Jacob nigh!
 Behold a brighter blaze of Deity
 Than ever from cherubic splendours pour'd,
 When rapt in awe the trembling priest adored!

Yet where? For on these humble, hallow'd walls
 No light, save heaven's, in chasten'd dimness falls.
 Behold that well-known Form! How meek its grace!
 Yet there the Godhead dwells; and from that face
 The beams of Deity reflected shine;
 That human temple holds the Guest Divine.
 Yes! there, in Mary's Son, EMMANUEL see!
 O haste! in homage bend the reverent knee!
 Adore him in majestic grace subdued!
 His eye beams peace! 'Tis heaven's similitude.
 Glistening, like sapphire skies, intensely blue,
 Yet veil'd with love, as morn with orient dew.
 He speaks! O listen to that soothing voice;
 Its accents bid the drooping heart rejoice.
 Hear! for his words as living waters flow.
 Not crystal springs that bless the vale below
 More grateful to the traveller's eyes appear,
 Than Mercy's message to the mourner's ear.

Isaiah, gifted seer of elder time,
 Whose raptured spirit soar'd in songs sublime,
 On whom the glory of Messiah's day
 Darted through distant skies its lengthening ray!
 From thee his hallow'd theme the preacher takes;
 Thy tender, condescending strain awakes;
 Unfolds the oracle to thee reveal'd;
 Proclaims Himself the' anointed Prophet seal'd;
 Heaven's holy Messenger to teach the poor,
 To heal the sick, the wounded soul to cure;
 To preach to captive spirits glad release;
 Give blindness sight, and mourning misery peace;
 To set the slave from galling fetters free;
 To sound the trump of holy jubilee;
 Recall the alien to his long-lost home;
 And show the' accepted year, the day of blessing, come.

He ceased: yet still the listening audience hung
 In solemn silence on the Preacher's tongue;

Still on their ears his soothing accents fell,
As gushing waters from salvation's well.
Absorb'd they stood, and view'd, with fix'd surprise,
His form, his face, till on their wondering eyes
Meek Mary's Son, their own compatriot, rose,
All gaze astonish'd : some his words oppose :
In doubt, in petulance, require the sign,
The proof miraculous, of power Divine ;
Offended, question whence his wisdom came,
Train'd, like themselves, in humble rank the same.
With meek reproof their envious words he met ;
But when did envy stern revenge forget ?
With sudden wrath their frenzied bosoms burn'd ;
Fierce on his mild, majestic form they turn'd,
And dared to violate its passive grace,
Nor fear'd the day, nor fear'd the sacred place,
Nor fear'd the Name their lips profan'd ; but, loud,
A clamorous, furious, fierce, ungovern'd crowd
Rush'd with their Victim forth, in murderous aim,
To blast at once his doctrine and his name.
Up the steep mountain's side they urged their flight,
And headlong from its drear and dizzy height
The Man they scorn'd in impious purpose threw ;
But he, impassive, from their grasp withdrew ;
Left them, in impotence of wrath, to feel
The persecutor's disappointed zeal ;
While he, sublime, his glorious path pursued,
And turn'd from zealot rage to bless the multitude.
Clothed with the eloquence of truth, with power,
Unmanifest till this decisive hour,
Forth from the walks of men Messiah came,
His kingdom's opening glories to proclaim,
To show the long predicted season nigh,
The reign of grace, the final monarchy.
The Son of man prepared his rule to take,
To wield that sceptre which shall bend, or break,
Or scourged, or saved, all nations to its sway,
And make the prostrate universe obey.

He spake of power : his listening audience heard,
Hung with exulting transport on the word,
And fondly, by their earth-born fancies led,
Again beheld the crown on David's head ;

Bcheld his promised Son the throne ascend ;
 Saw suppliant nations at his footstool bend ;
 Jerusalem a conquer'd world control,
 The tide of glory from her mountains roll,
 Her lion standards wave o'er every land,
 Earth's gather'd tribes her warlike hosts command ;
 Saw distant realms in love or fear submit,
 And even imperial Rome beneath her feet.

But not for Him the hostile standard waves ;
 Not his the retinue of sceptred slaves ;
 Nor tributary nations at his feet
 Pour Ophir's gold, or Saba's spices sweet.
 His kingdom not from earth its glory takes ;
 The hallow'd heart his lowly throne he makes ;
 He bids Humility his way prepare,
 And contrite Mourning, and repentant Prayer.
 But earth-born souls that holy rule decry,
 Nor feel nor ask celestial energy,
 Nor hear Messiah urge his one command,
 Nor apprehend his Spirit's reign at hand,
 Nor view his glory but with eyes of sense,
 Reject the rugged path of penitence,
 The real bliss for shadowy hopes resign,
 And, proud, refuse the Messenger Divine.

Yet some there were who Wisdom's call obey'd ;
 Whom fear restrain'd not, nor false hopes betray'd ;
 Who left the vain, the worldly, and the proud,
 And, meek disciples, to the Master bow'd.
 To them he loved to teach his secret will,
 With heavenly truth their simple minds to fill.
 Them did he train his easy yoke to bear,
 His hallow'd cross, his glorious crown to share.
 From them his chosen witnesses he took :
 Taught them the world's contemptuous smile to brook,
 And trample on its frown. To them he show'd
 The light that from incarnate Godhead flow'd.
 To them display'd his miracles of power ;
 With them conversed at midnight's-silent hour ;
 His kingdom's keys into their hands consign'd ;
 Endued with power to bind or loose mankind ;
 The Gospel's sacred sanctions to proclaim,
 To preach salvation through Messiah's name ;

Through every nation bear the joyful sound ;
Bid every echo waft the blessing round ;
To all mankind the glorious tidings show,
Till wide as Adam's guilt the streams of mercy flow.
To these, to all, like them, who meekly sought,
Celestial truth sublime Messiah taught.
He show'd the Deity, all perfect, high,
A Spirit, yet, with ever-searching eye,
Open on human hearts, and asking there
Intensest worship, heeding not the prayer
That hangs unfelt upon the lips, the knee
Bow'd long and frequent in hypocrisy ;
But meeting with parental grace, with love,
Earth models from its Prototype above ;
The lowly penitent, the suppliant child,
The wo-worn wanderer, in deserts wild,
Distilling silent tears, or urging, sweet,
Faith's filial claims, before his mercy seat ;—
Effusing soft on these celestial peace,
Commanding Sorrow's stormy wind to cease ;
According to the voice of prayer and love,
The blissful presence of the heavenly Dove
To screen from danger near, and teach to rise
On strengthen'd pinions to the sunny skies.

He taught, who gave to man his wondrous mind,
Its high prerogative of life, design'd
To soar sublime, when heaven in smoke decays,
When mountains melt, and rocks eternal blaze.
He told its awful destiny, reveal'd
The judgment hour, when earth's dark womb shall yield
Long-buried myriads up, and give the slain
Back to the broad bright eye of heaven again,
To meet dissolving worlds, to view the fire
Feeding sublime on Nature's funeral pyre,
The throne upraised in boundless space, the light
In awful splendours emanating bright
From Him whose smile is bliss,—his brow, severe,
The darkest vision of distracting fear.
He told, who, in that dread, decisive hour,
In terrible magnificence of power,
Shall on that dazzling judgment throne preside
Of gather'd nations, in resistless tide

Toward that tribunal borne, as surges sweep,
Impetuous, o'er the bosom of the deep :
Of angels there, his ministers of grace,
Ordain'd the sever'd multitudes to place
On either hand, their just award to hear,—
The joyous welcome, or the doom of fear.
He told of glory's heirs on thrones of light,
As suns resplendent in that region bright.
He told,—ah! to what tortured, trembling heart,
What startled ear, shall reach that word?—"Depart!"
He told of outcast sinners, in his ire,
Dismiss'd to flames of ever-burning fire,
Condemn'd, in anguish of intense despair,
The' undying worm's corrosive tooth to bear;
With fiends accursed in deepening shades to dwell,
Unbless'd intruders on the haunts of hell.

O wondrous scene! great day of doom and dread!
As stars retire when ocean's emerald bed
Yields up the sun, with golden glory crown'd,
To bathe in light creation's ample round,
So fades, before thy all-absorbing blaze,
The transient splendour of inferior days.
O wondrous Man, endow'd with powers sublime!
On the dark obsequies of Death and Time
Destined to look and live; ordain'd to rise
By quickening, still expanding energies,
Into the infinite of bliss; to know
Unmeasured depths of unimagined wo;
To sink, remediless, to gulfs profound,
Or circle heaven, on still ascending round
Of still enlarging thought, from height to height,
In endless progress toward the Infinite.

Thou, whom the vast, the terrible can move,
Who start'st from anguish, canst be won by love,
Who, conscious, own'st a monitor within,
Yet lingerest still, the slave of siren sin;
'Thou, who hast lodged within thy fluttering breast,
A strange, unknown, mysterious, deathless guest,
Whose wondrous destiny 'tis thine to share,
O hear its pleadings now! one only care,
One work alone, thy anxious thoughts employ,
Improve its high capacities for joy.

One only aim engross thy wakeful mind,
The highest point of proffer'd bliss to find.
Let fear, let hope, earth's phantom shades, forego,
Grasp thou the substance, flee eternal wo,
Spring from the deathless worm's tremendous coil,
And sow thy harvest in a heavenly soil.

From themes by saint or seraph unessay'd,—
From heaven in terror or in smiles array'd,
From earth to conflagration given, from man
As scatter'd chaff before the winnowing fan
Driven to the quenchless flame, or housed on high,
Meet harvest for the heavenly granary;—
From themes like these, Messiah stoop'd to teach
In all the sweetness of familiar speech,
Whate'er the waiting multitude required,
Who own'd his wisdom, and his words admired,
Pursued him to the desert mountain's side,
Or flock'd around, while, from the glassy tide,
His solemn tones to listening thousands came,
Who gladly heard, and wide diffused his fame.

Himself a Man, and conversant below
With every character of human wo,
His spirit strung to Sorrow's deepest tone,
And every chord of sympathy his own,
To every sigh, to every sound of grief,
His ear inclined; his hand prepared relief
For every pang the wounded heart can bear,
From shafts of anguish, or from thorns of care;
Drew forth, with lenient skill, the rankling dart,
Then with celestial balsam soothed the smart;
Physician kind as wise, and prompt to save
Affliction's meanest child, who came his aid to crave.

Behold the Light from heaven! Sublime he stands,
His kindling glance the listening crowd commands;
From earth's circumference, from heaven above,
The hallow'd Preacher gathers signs of love,
Draws strains of wisdom from the blooming flower,
Basking and glittering its sweet sunny hour,
Luxuriant, at his feet; from birds on high,
Fanning with buoyant wing the trackless sky;
From soft descending rains, from ether, bright,
Diffusing wide the sun's supernal light,

Meet emblem of Beneficence Divine,
Whose cheering beams on every creature shine.

Yes! 'tis Messiah's voice! His lips declare
That God in heaven extends a Father's care,
A Father's tenderness, a Father's hand,
To man, a stranger in earth's pilgrim land;
Upholds and guides him in the doubtful way,
Nor leaves his simplest, meanest charge to stray.
No storms, no snares by him unseen arise;
Past, present, future, meet his searching eyes;
His Providence controls, arranges all;
Nor lilies grow, nor birds unheeded fall;
But humblest flowers that deck the field proclaim
In lovely beauty their Creator's Name;
And swallows, guided in their buoyant flight,
Are taught by Him to steer their course aright.

Yes, showers from Him descend; his sunshine glows;
He paints the tulip, scents the blushing rose;
And shall He thus the withering grass array,
Yet leave his living blossoms to decay?
To simplest birds extend his guardian care,
Yet turn reluctant from his children's prayer?
Far be the doubtful thought; the Saviour's voice
Bids Faith look up, and holy Hope rejoice;
For God, in wisdom, o'er his works presides,
In pitying love his erring offspring guides,
Tempers the blast, the rugged path prepares,
Sustains their footsteps, numbers all their hairs;
Life's real bliss in measured store supplies;
Its fancied goods, substantial miseries,
Or blindly, or perversely ask'd, denies.

O, ye who tread the tearful vale of life
With toilsome step, through scenes of care and strife,
For whom no landscape spreads its varied hues
In flowery fragrance, fresh with sparkling dews,
Whose fitful skies the frequent meteor shrouds,
Whose sunbeams darken in descending clouds,
Who oft, perplex'd, alone, your way pursue,—
O, these are words of peace, of joy to you!
Go, child of sorrow! whom the grieving thorn,
The prickling briars that throng the waste, have torn;
Whose bleeding feet sad signs of travel show,
O'er rude, rough rocks, whence bitter waters flow;—

Go, in his truth, his promised care, confide,
 Beneath his wings thy trembling spirit hide.
 Yet on thy lonely path his light shall rise,
 His smile allure thee to the opening skies.
 Know, too, thy mingled cup his hand prepares,
 And while thou drink'st it, he thy suffering shares;
 In all thy griefs, his love, his wisdom see,
 Nor cease to think of Him who wept, who bled for thee.

But while, on highest themes, Messiah's speech
 Discoursed of wisdom Heaven alone could teach,
 While words of peace his balmy lips distill'd,
 And joy and hope his listening audience fill'd,
 With mildest grace he temper'd sacred awe,
 And taught the stainless majesty of law;
 Enforced its sanctions on the inmost soul,
 Its unrelinquish'd claims, its stern control
 O'er thoughts, affections, purposes, its power,
 No fleeting phantom of the passing hour,
 But firm, enduring as that changeless Name
 From whom, bright impress of Himself, it came:
 Its substance, Love, by love alone fulfill'd,
 Love on the pure, regenerate mind instill'd,
 Love fix'd supreme on Heaven, diffusing wide
 O'er earth its copious, rich, redundant tide;
 All unrestrain'd, to enemies or friends,
 As soft from heaven the genial shower descends;
 Or light, expansive, vital influence spreads;
 Or God, on all mankind, his gifts impartial sheds.

Messiah taught; but not by words alone.
 Bright from himself that law reflected shone.
 His stainless nature all its light display'd:
 Nor taint of ill, nor dimming breath, nor shade,
 Obscured the beams of Truth's effulgent blaze,
 Which from that lucid mirror pour'd its rays.
 His pure obedience all its claims sustain'd,
 And righteousness in sovereign splendour reign'd
 Inviolable in flesh, and triumph'd there,
 In Him who deign'd that mortal ^{garment} ~~garment~~ wear,
 Which erst its rule condemn'd; ^{him} ~~him~~ complete
 The moral code, the sacred symbol meet.
 Whate'er the ceremonial sign implied,
 Or law enjoin'd; fulfill'd and magnified,

In Him their perfect consummation gain'd,
In Him the highest end of heaven attain'd.;

While thus the Preacher heavenly wisdom taught,
While thus his life with every grace was fraught,
While, touch'd with mortal griefs, he frequent wept,
On mountain heights the long, lone vigil kept :
Then, from the solemn secresies of prayer,
Pass'd forth to bless the multitude, and share
With friends beloved affection's kindred flame,
And, man with men, to bear a brother's name ;
While thus with mortal sympathies endued,
Conform'd to Adam's whole similitude,
A suffering man, he stoop'd to toils and wo,
And meekly bore a servant's form below ;
While, lowly, thus, life's tearful path he trod,
And veil'd the splendours of incarnate God,
Yet, through that shrine, full oft, what glory broke !
What power the present Deity bespoke !

Man asks a sign from heaven : behold, his word
With purple beverage crowns the sumptuous board ;
Material nature feels the touch Divine,
And sparkling water glows to generous wine.
The rite himself ordain'd his presence cheers,
His glory at the nuptial feast appears.

Man asks a sign : nor Heaven that sign denies :
Lo, Jesus comes, and withering sickness flies ;
Fierce, frenzied Fever quits her burning bed,
And strengthless Palsy lifts his languid head ;
Light, holy Light, illumines the sightless eyes,
The lame leap up in thankful ecstasies,
And deaf, dumb fiends, by him rebuked, retire
To central realms of ever burning fire,
Or seek amid earth's desert wilds, unblest'd,
That long-lost bliss of rebel angels,—rest.

Man asks a sign : thou wildly rolling sea,
Confess the present power of Deity !
Behold yon straining vessel ! O'er her crew
Descends the menacing willow ; sad, they view
Destruction in the deep. Who comes, with tread
Majestic, o'er the yawning surges' head ?
Who walks from wave to wave, and bids the storm
Subside to stillest peace ? That mortal Form,

Which met erewhile the hurtling blasts of night,
In pleading prayer upon the mountain's height;
Which, ere soft evening's purple shadows spread,
Around its base admiring thousands fed;
Fed by creative power: 'Tis He who trod
The waves of chaos, when the voice of God
Call'd order from confusion; when the light,
His own pure emblem, sprung from deepest night
At his Omnific Word: 'tis He who spread
The waves of ocean o'er their coral bed;
Who binds them in the hollow of his hand,
And stays their fury by his rein of sand.

Ask ye a sign of hell, of earth, of heaven,
Of death, of the dark sepulchre? 'Tis given:
Behold yon wither'd flower, in opening bloom
Snapp'd from its slender stem: funereal gloom
Hangs o'er the couch of early Beauty: Grief
Pours its wild wail in vain:—intense, yet brief,
Have been the yearnings of parental love, the tear
Of tenderest hope, of ecstasy, of fear:
Wide yawns the grave, insatiate for its prey,
Which earths their treasure ere descending day.
Stay, ye who pour the sordid wail in vain;
Ye, whose torn bosoms inly bleed, again
Bend o'er your child in death; mark those closed eyes
Unsealing from their mortal sleep! "Arise!"
Saith He whose word is power. Behold, she wakes!
Once more its shrine the unhoused spirit takes;
Parental love adores the wondrous grace,
And folds the boon of Heaven fast in its fond embrace.

Whence moves that sad procession? Whither tend
Those mourners, and their charge? Ah! toward the end
Of every mortal journey! On that bier
Lies stretch'd the widow's hope! Now dim and drear
Her last, last beam of sunlight sets in death:
With desolate tears, and deep, suspended breath,
She tells her griefs to Heaven, while sad and slow
She follows to her son's dark home below.
What stranger voice in soothing accents speaks?
"Refrain thine eyes from weeping!" From thy cheeks
Dry the salt tears, sad mourner! For that sound
Breathes from the breast of sympathy; thy wound

His lenient balm shall heal ; behold him stand ,
Arrested by thy sorrows ! His command
Restrains Corruption's silent spell, revives
The functions of extinguish'd life, and gives
Back to thy widow'd arms thine age's stay,
And from insatiate Death wrests his too early prey.

Come, ye who seek Messiah's witness, come
With the sad sisters, from their sorrowing home,
To meet the Master nigh : amid the band
Of troubled friends, of weeping kindred, stand,
While Martha pours her plaint ; while Mary's tears
Bedew his feet beloved ; while on his ears
Fall the deep groans of hearts by anguish press'd ;
Hearts whom his friendship cherish'd ; whom his breast
Received to kindest love ; with whom he shared
Sweet converse, and the kind repast, prepared
To renovate exhausted strength ; and sought
Refreshing interchange of holy thought ;
Life's purest cup of blessing deign'd to taste,
And Wisdom's seal on sacred Friendship placed.

Come ye ! for here the Master stands and weeps.
His friend is dead ; beloved Lazarus sleeps.
He weeps ; he groans in spirit ; o'er his soul
Strange waves of sympathy, of sorrow, roll ;
See ye, unmoved, that sight ? 'Tis human wo
That bids those gushing tides of trouble flow ;
'Tis nature, struggling in the pangs of death,
That hangs her burthen on his labouring breath.

Come ye, and see ! For not to grief alone
Is given this hour of wonder : yon rude stone
Hides the deep-cavern'd vault, where, lowly laid,
The dead sleep softly in sepulchral shade.
Since three revolving suns, in silence, there
Hath slept the Friend, the Brother. Ye who share
A friend's, a brother's sympathies ; who own
A nature subjected to death ; who groan
In terror of his sceptre ; now draw near,
Behold anticipated conquest here !

Behold that Form majestic ! View those eyes,
Those hands, uplifted to the opening skies !
O bend the knee in silence ! Let thine ear
Confess the present Deity, and fear !

Adore in prostrate worship ; while, aloud,
His voice, reverberant through the trembling crowd,
Cries, "Lazarus, come forth !" Lo, Lazarus hears ;
Emerging from the charnel vault appears,
Lifts to the Master's form his lighten'd eye,
And hails the Life, the Resurrection nigh ;
Springs forth to clasp his feet, and lives to show
That God indeed is manifest below.

Messiah spake in parables ; he taught
Counsels of covert wisdom : works he wrought
Of mystic import ; glorious, great, benign,
Yet shadowing mightier energy Divine.
Man's feeble frame his quickening impulse feels,
Man's strengthless soul remedial mercy heals.
He speaks, and palsied sickness, vigorous, lives ;
But who, in plenitude of power, forgives
The sinner's uncomputed debt ? 'Tis He
Whom fulness of Divine philanthropy
Drew down from heaven, to tread the vale of wo,
That grace to man might unimpeded flow :
'Tis He, Emmanuel, who, in mortal shrine,
Exerts his own prerogative Divine :
'Tis He, omniscient, whose all-searching eye
Reads the deep grief, regards the contrite sigh,
Discerns the' incipient faith, which longs to claim
Its filial interest in that tenderest Name,
To orphan weakness dear. 'Tis He, whose word,
Soft, in the sorrowing spirit's silence heard,
Dispels the gloom of long-impending night,
And bids the new creation blaze with light.

Thus, in his works, his sovereign power display'd,
Nature and grace Messiah's word obeyed,
Creation own'd subjection to his hand,
And wildest elements at his command
Hush'd their misrule to silence. To the frame
Of miserable man his virtue came
Restorative. 'Twas pity, join'd with power.
Hell antedated in his eye the hour
Of still severer vengeance ; Death, dethroned,
His dread antagonist in Jesus own'd,
Dark Hades' realm the incarnate Godhead knew,
And Heaven itself proclaim'd his record true.

At length, Jehovah, in his shrine reveal'd,
 Own'd by the Spirit, by the Father seal'd,
 By signs stupendous proved the Anointed One,
 The promised Saviour, the Eternal Son ;—
 At length, his precepts given, his doctrines taught,
 His will declared, his works of wonder wrought,
 His bright exemplar to his Church display'd,
 His kingdom's secret, sure foundations laid ;—
 At length, Messiah told his love's design,
 Disclosed the mystery of Grace Divine,
 His fast-approaching hour of grief reveal'd ;
 Announced himself the guiltless Victim seal'd
 To meet the avenging sword ; the Father's will,
 An unreluctant Sufferer, to fulfil ;
 The ransom of a world condemned to pay,
 To bear the curse from all mankind away,
 To drink unmix'd the bitter cup of wo,
 Sustain the conflict none may share or know ;
 To expiate sin's offence by sacred blood,
 To struggle in temptation's stormy flood,
 To languish, shorn of Heaven's all-cheering light,
 To meet the frown of Justice Infinite,
 To die beneath the stern Avenger's rod,
 A mortal Sufferer, a triumphant God,
 Victorious from the grasp of Death to rise,
 Bear back his palm of conquest to the skies,
 To reascend his Father's throne, and there
 For ever make his ransom'd Church his care.

His hour, his bitter hour of grief, drew nigh ;
 His straiten'd soul, in prayerful agony,
 Perceived its dread approach. Full oft he chose
 The hours by nature given to soft repose
 For solemn vigil on the mountain's height,
 Where deep, unbroken Silence, and dim Night,
 Witness'd, alone, his fervours. Now, to share
 Their Master's glory, and to bend in prayer
 With him before the Eternal, he invites
 The favour'd three in whom his soul delights.
 Pensive, yet pleas'd to share his grace, they climb
 Rude Tabor's rocky height, and there, sublime,
 Gaze on the ample heavens, whose concave bright
 Glows, a pure canopy of circling light.

They gaze, adore ; their willing souls would rise,
But sleep steals softly o'er their closing eyes,
Exhausted nature asks the kind release,
And sweet he slumbers on whose soul is peace.
Not so the Master ; he, nor sleep, nor rest
Entices ; prostrate on the mountain's breast
He lies, in pleading prayer : his soul, intense,
Breathes thoughts unutter'd forth. Omnipotence,
In its eternal altitude, till now,
Such supplication heard not. On his brow
Hangs the cold damp of midnight ; and his tears
Mingle with drops wrung out by griefs and fears
From the sad spirit's shrine. O mournful sight !
Ye stars ! ye angels ! on your thrones of light,
Veil your bright orbs in shade !

Lo, sudden streams,
Of purer lustre than intensest beams
Shot from the central sun, transpierce his frame.
His glistening raiment, his pure eye of flame,
Bespeak his pristine Majesty. Again
He looks triumphant down on grief and pain.

Heaven strengthens for its conflicts, not removes ;
The Eternal Father owns the Son he loves :
Celestial visitants descend to cheer,
Yet hold discourse on death and suffering near ;
And Moses and Elijah, from the skies,
Anticipate the accomplish'd Sacrifice ;
To Him surrender every sacred claim,
Absorb their glories in Messiah's name,
Acknowledge law and prophecy complete
In Him their end, their fount of radiance, meet ;
The servants to the Son their rule resign,
And, reverent, hail the holier Light Divine.

Supine, unwakeful, yet that glorious light
Flash'd on the frail disciples' drowsy sight ;
With startling fear the wondrous scene they view,
Yet still their Lord and still the strangers knew,
And felt the present heaven, yet fail'd to find
Fit speech to meet the amazement of the mind ;
Till deep inbosom'd in the o'ershadowing cloud,
Their awe-struck souls in reverent worship bowed ;
While, fearful, from the excelling glory broke
That Voice of Words, whose solemn sanction spoke

The Father's love ineffable ; his grace
 Reflected only from Messiah's face ;
 His wisdom by Messiah's lips convey'd,
 Messiah's law their rule eternal made.

It pass'd ; no more the dazzling glory shone,
 Nor sound was heard : the wondering three, alone,
 In strange amazement, with their Lord remain'd.
 As Moses on his beaming brow retain'd
 Reflected splendours of celestial light,
 So, on their souls that mystic vision bright
 Its hallow'd impress left, and oft, sublime,
 Effused its radiance o'er the mists of time,
 Effulgent to the eye of faith appear'd,
 And holy hope's aspiring ardours cheer'd ;
 Disclosed the brightness of that form renew'd,
 When, rising in their Lord's similitude,
 His loved disciples shall his glory share,
 And, suffering here with him, his crown of conquest wear.

As he, who erst, on Horeb's sacred height,
 Beheld the bush in flaming splendours bright ;
 Who near, and nearer still, and nearer drew,
 In strange surprise, that wondrous sight to view ;
 Who heard, transpierced with awe, the Voice Divine
 Announce Jehovah in the mystic sign ;
 Who, reverent, with unsandall'd footsteps trod
 The hallow'd precincts of the present God ;
 Then veil'd his face, nor dared that sight to see,
 Afraid to meet the blaze of Deity.
 So, mantled deep with holy shame, with awe
 Chastening her step, would Faith, adoring, draw
 Toward that strange scene, that dread, surpassing sight
 Where Glory, Terror, Justice, Grace unite,
 Where Jesus consummates the Will Divine,
 Where flaming wrath and bleeding love combine,
 Where law, inexorable law, demands,
 Transgression's forfeit ; where the Victim stands
 In measureless infinitude of grace,
 Vicarious Sufferer for the sinful race,
 Sustaining, agonized, in mortal shrine,
 The frown of Heaven, the curse of Wrath Divine.

With her of Bethany, who, grateful, pour'd
 Her odorous unguent, when the social board

Her much-loved Master graced ; with Mary's sighs,
Her tears, presentient of his agonies,
Her meek remembrance of his grace, her flow,
Of love unfeign'd, of undissembled woe ;
With her whose single bliss, whose centred choice,
Was bland instruction from the Master's voice ;
With her who felt the joy of sin forgiven,
Yet saw his sufferings track her path to heaven :
With her meek Gratitude would lowly weep,
His sacred feet in tears of anguish steep ;
Prepare the balm of holiest love, and shed
Its fragrant unction o'er the Saviour's head ;
Bid hallow'd praise, with pure affections blend,
Kneel at his feet, and bless the sinner's Friend,
With prayerful sighs that waft the soul above,
Embalm the memory of that suffering Love
Which sanctified the cold and quiet grave,
And slept in death a deathless world to save.

Incarnate Saviour ! holy Victim ! led
To unresisting slaughter ! who shall tread
Thy painful path along that thorny road
Track'd by thy tears, thy streaming blood that flow'd,
Crimsoning the sterile waste ? retrace thy grief
For proud Jerusalem ? her unbelief,
Her scorn of thee, and of that sacred lore
Thou would'st have taught her, ere, her season o'er,
Her sun went out eclipsed ? rehearse the love
Which mark'd the cowering eagle from above,
And proffer'd, mild, a soft and gentle shade
From its fierce beak of blood, which would have made
Its broad, bright wings a shield from danger nigh,
And, ere the foe pounced, ravenous, from on high,
Have screen'd her hapless little ones, and spread
A covert o'er the undefended head ?

Yes ; Pity wept o'er Salem's falling state,
And prescient Wisdom told the early date
Of that stern hour, when Heaven's avenging blade
Should gleam unscabbarded, in ashes laid ;
When low her desecrated shrine should lie,
Deserted by indignant Deity ;
When God, in wrath retributive awake,
Should vengeance for rejected mercies take,

Inflict the dread anathema decreed,
 Messiah's cause in burning judgment plead,
 Offending Israel to the winds disperse,
 To bear the deep, the long-protracted curse,
 Dry, sever'd branches from the sacred root,
 Nor crown'd with foliage, nor enrich'd with fruit,
 Wide scatter'd o'er earth's dreary wastes to lie,
 Scar'd sport of storms beneath a wintry sky;
 Till Heaven, again propitious, kindly pour
 The genial dews, the vital sap, restore,
 And reingraft rejected Israel's shoots,
 On Abraham's stock to bear unwithering fruit.

Fain humble Love would, sorrowing, tread the ground,
 (But O, 'tis holy where His steps are found!)
 Where gentle babes their meek hosannas pour'd,
 And Israel's King in joyous strains adored.
 Fain with the few the parting banquet share,
 Hear his bless'd lips his last command declare,
 Receive the sacramental pledge, and take
 The mystic symbols for the Master's sake;
 With listening ear his pleading prayer receive,
 With those who loved, and fear'd to lose him, grieve,
 In holy sympathy with them rejoice,
 In hope, ere long, that his reviving voice
 Should reassure their drooping hearts, and tell
 Of glorious triumph o'er the powers of hell.

O'er scenes like these no plume of fancy flies,
 No vagrant muse frequents these mysteries;
 But Faith, with chasten'd step, may humbly go
 Even to the steep whence Kedron's waters flow,
 Amid Gethsemane's dark shadows wait
 The awful issue of that hour of fate,
 When heaven and hell in fearful conflict met,
 Urged the deep groan, the agony, the sweat,
 Whose crimson'd drops bedew'd the' ensanguined ground,
 When praying, pleading, wrestling, prostrate, found,
 While trembling flesh from wrathful vengeance shrank,
 Its bitterest dregs the guiltless Victim drank,
 Embraced the awful Father's righteous rod,
 And languish'd, dark, beneath the frown of God.

Yes; Faith may follow, even from thence, and hear
 The Man of Griefs condemn'd by coward fear,

Behold the Majesty of Truth, descry,
 The judge retiring from the Prisoner's eye,
 Too weak to bear the light, too mean to stand
 And shield the injured from Oppression's hand ;
 May view contumely, insult, hate, and scorn,
 The robe of mockery, the scourge, the thorn,
 The pallid brow, the lacerated cheek,
 The tearful eye, the mien sublimely meek,
 The lofty bearing of triumphant mind
 O'er taunt and torture, earth and hell, combined,
 The grandeur of incarnate God, reveal'd
 Even while his judgment darkling Envy seal'd.

Go, tread with trembling foot the dolorous steep,
 With Salem's daughters smite thy breast and weep.
 Behold the Victim forth to slaughter led ;
 Dark rolls the tempest round his sacred head ;
 See rudely on his bleeding shoulder laid
 The rugged cross. O veil thy face, dismay'd,
 Nor dare on Golgotha's dread scene to gaze !
 For lo, the sun in darkness shrouds his rays ;
 Astonish'd earth with trembling terror shakes ;
 Beneath its load affrighted Calvary quakes ;
 And yawning graves, and sullen thunders, loud
 Proclaim Heaven's wrath, for Him in anguish bow'd
 Beneath the world's accumulated curse,
 Amazement of the pondering universe !

Yes ; there the meek mysterious Sufferer bleeds ?
 Pang urges pang, and groan to groan succeeds,
 Fierce bulls of Bashan furious round him close,
 And ravenous dogs their wrathful rage oppose,
 Wild on his prey the ramping lion roars,
 Its purple current life retiring pours,
 Impervious Heaven returns his piteous moan,
 Messiah drinks the dreadful draught alone ;
 Nor vents his loud, his last expiring cry,
 Nor yields to Death the shrine of Deity,
 Till Love's stupendous ransom price is paid,
 For guilt, the free, the full atonement made ;
 Till round his cross the rays of glory meet,
 And Justice owns the mighty task complete. [cries !
 "'Tis finish'd !" Hark ! that rending groan ! those
 That voice attests the' accomplish'd sacrifice ;

The prison'd spirit quits its mortal shrine,
Surrender'd to paternal Grace Divine ;
Death, sullen, stern, tremendous, grasps his prey ;
Hell, earth, and heaven, recoil in dread dismay ;
With throes convulsive frighted Nature heaves ;
The mountains tremble, and the dark rock cleaves ;
A mystic Presence fills the sacred shrine ;
Bright altar fires 'mid wreathing incense shine ;
A mystic Power, at that expiring cry,
Reveals the dread abode of Deity,
Asunder rends the deep-impending veil ;
While hovering angels, lost in wonder, hail
The' Eternal on his bright cherubic throne,
Propitious through that priceless offering shown.

'Tis done ! the beams of reconciling grace
Flow unobstructed from Jehovah's face ;
The dreadful penalty, the Death, is paid,
Transgression's curse, on Him, its Victim, laid,
Is heaved from guilty man. This wondrous hour
Messiah, in omnipotence of power,
Tramples the direful serpent's venom'd head,
Descends in blood-stain'd vesture to the dead,
Dooms in his own dark realm man's mortal foe,
Dim, dreary Death, to final overthrow ;
Breaks from a captive world Apollyon's yoke,
Bids hell recoil beneath his vengeful stroke,
Prepares the path of life 'mid Hades' gloom,
And triumphs in the precincts of the tomb.

O wondrous conquest of unbounded love !
O depth unscann'd by angel minds above !
Nor mark'd on earth, where dimming flesh and sense
Veil the dread footsteps of Omnipotence.
Yet earth its mystic sympathy displays,
In awe and wonder Gentile legions gaze,
Behold the dire portents, and trembling own
Messiah in that last expiring groan ;—
That groan which vibrates through sepulchral gloom,
Bursts the dark barriers of the silent tomb,
And calls the saintly dead from quiet sleep,
Their vigils at that solemn hour to keep,
To share the triumphs of his glorious rise,
And pass, his earliest trophies, to the skies.

Redemption's price is paid: in captive chains
Not long dread Death the Lord of life detains,
Nor Hades' realm the conquering spirit holds,
Not long his flesh the gloomy grave enfolds.
His quickening power revives the sleeping shrine,
Reanimates with energy Divine;
His own right hand the living temple rears,
Its wondrous frame once more sublime appears;
Jehovah owns his coeternal Son,
Attests Messiah's crown of conquest won;
Attests the Covenant Sacrifice complete,
And bids creation worship at his feet.

The waning moon toward western skies retired;
Morn's earliest blush, dim, darkling twilight fired;
Receding stars before the orient ray
Stole softly into deeper shades away;
Earth's verdant breast a humid veil o'erspread;
And silence reign'd profound. To seek the dead,
To pour Affection's soft and sacred tear,
To heave the sorrowing sigh o'er Friendship's bier,
To seek the Master in his lone retreat,
Anoint his corpse, and kiss his mangled feet,
The Marys, weeping, sought that garden's shade,
Where, late entomb'd, their loftiest hopes were laid.

'Twas the third morn: the Sabbath's sacred day
Had pass'd in solitary sighs away;
Sleep, balmy sleep, their wakeful eyelids fled,
And restless thought held converse with the dead;
Hope's beauteous iris deepening clouds o'er cast,
And whispering Memory told of blessings past.
With pensive step they gain'd the sacred ground;
But all was wonder;—fill'd with grief profound
They saw the cavern's dark recess display'd;
But Death's pale Vicim there no longer laid.
A stranger guard, in glistening vesture bright,
Sat on the massive stone his princely might
Had roll'd from that sepulchral vault away.
His eye is flame; yet mild its lightnings play;
Mild on the meek, yet terrible as death
On the stern sons of pride, whose quivering breath
Flutters upon the pallid lip; whose shield
Falls from the nerveless arm, though taught to wield

The weightiest sword in battle, and to bear
Rome's blood-stain'd eagles through the ranks of war.

How poor earth's prowess to celestial might !
Yet Heaven defends the weak ; that angel bright
Pours kind and gentle greeting on the ear
Of those who seek their Lord ; dispels their fear
With glorious tidings of Messiah's rise ;
In trembling haste, with strange and glad surprise,
At his command their sorrowing friends they seek,
And words of wonder in amazement speak ;
Words in amazement heard, yet disbelieved ;
They mourn'd and wept, nor yet the truth received.
And, strangely dark, nor call'd they yet to mind
The promise by the Master left behind,
Again their solitary hearts to cheer,
To chase their griefs, nor leave them orphans here,
To rise, the victory of his cross to show,
And then triumphant to his glory go.

Yet, anxious, some the scene of mystery sought,
Muse on the tale by trembling transport brought,
But find not whom they seek ; nor long remain,
But turn, perplex'd, to doubt and grieve again.
Not so sad Magdalene : alas ! she weeps,
Spite of an angel's voice ; and sorrowing keeps
Her silent watch beside the lonely cave,
Her hallow'd Master's consecrated grave ;
Nor earthly nor unearthly fears can move
Her steadfast purpose of unchanging love ;
Her steadfast love receives its rich reward,—
Admitted first to see, to own, her Lord ;
His well-known voice, his kindly glance to meet,
To hail his glad return, to clasp his feet,
To bear the message of his grace ; to feel
In her sad breast his wonted power to heal ;
Those kindest, gentlest, strangest words to hear,
That ever love breathed soft on human ear :—
“ Go, tell my brethren, tell my sorrowing friends,
Messiah to his Father's throne ascends ;
His Father, God ; their God and Father too.
Go, bid them haste their risen Lord to view.”

The Lord is risen ! Nor Magdalene alone
His much-loved form beheld. He seeks his own,

His sad disciples in their hopeless grief,
And calms their fears, and chides their unbelief.
Amid the troubled, tearful train he stands,
Shows them his wounded side, his feet, his hands,
Breathes on their souls his peace, renews their joy,
Bids them for him their hallow'd lives employ,
His purchased flock as watchful pastors keep,
'Midst sterile deserts seek the wandering sheep;
Far from the wolf in folded safety hide,
Through devious paths with caution'd wisdom guide;
Then, for the sheep, his mortal suffering share,
With him the cross in groans and anguish bear;
Till, in his glorious power reveal'd again,
They rise to share his everlasting reign;
With him, chief Shepherd, on his throne sit down,
And from his hand receive the bright, unwithering crown.

The work is done, the great Atonement seal'd,
The veil is rent, the throne in heaven reveal'd!
The cherub shrine with lambent glory burns,
The Son triumphant to his seat returns,
The everlasting Priest, with blood Divine,
Prepares to consecrate the eternal shrine,
Bright, in his sacerdotal robes, to bear
His own oblation to the altar there;
To purify the sacred things above,
To pour the all-prevailing prayer of love,
To bid the ever-fragrant incense rise,
Perfuming his accepted sacrifice;
Before the throne, in Mediatorial grace,
To live, the Saviour of the ransom'd race.

Yes! He who, ere the streams of being sprang,
Ere morning stars creation's anthems sang,
Dwelt with the Father in essential light,
Eternal Efflux of his splendours bright.
He, man's pollution purged, his state resumes,
His pristine majesty in heaven assumes;
Sits by Jehovah's side sublimely down,
Receives the radiant mediatorial crown,
The sceptre of eternal rule, the sword
Of bright and burning blade. Jehovah's word
Waits to proclaim Messiah's sovereign sway:
Be still, O earth! Ye heavens, that word obey!

Ye angels, worship! Ye, whose myriad throng
For new-born nature pour'd the choral song;
Ye, who, his twice ten thousand chariots, came
When Sinai glow'd beneath his throne of flame;
Ye, who on Bethlehem's plains descending, bright,
Eclipsed the starry fires of ebon night,
And bade the spheres in loud hosannas ring
Their earliest welcome to earth's new-born King;
Who, ministrant, beside your Lord, were found,
In the lone, sterile desert; on the ground,
The hallow'd ground of agony, were seen
Strengthening his troubled spirit; who, serene,
Yet bright in seraph majesty, appear'd
Beside his broken sepulchre, and cheer'd
Desponding Sorrow with the blissful sound,
That He, once dead, was risen. Come, gather round,
Ye ministers of his, ye fiery flames!
Thrones, or dominions, by what mystic names
Soe'er ye pass in heaven, to Him draw nigh,
Prepare new homage for his majesty.
Come, borne on radiant wing, ye sons of might,
Bear back Messiah's car! His throne in light
Awaits the King of glory: Heaven looks down,
Expectant, its triumphant Lord to crown.
Lo, Death and Hell, beside his trophied car,
Attest the Conqueror's prowess. From the war,
Laden with spoils, behold him glorious come!
Lift high your emerald gates! receive Messiah home!
Lo, heaven's empyreal heights their myriads pour!
All press to gaze, to wonder, to adore;
Nor ever, since his chamber's beams he laid
In the deep waters, ne'er had heaven display'd
Sight so august and glorious. Downward throng,
Like cluster'd stars, the bright, the pure, the strong.
Like lightnings launch'd on midnight's deepest gloom,
Seraphic flames in radiant phalanx come;
And soft, with holy harps, attuned to hymn
Messiah's praise, descend sweet cherubim.
Angels, in sunlike glory, all await
To swell the Conqueror's reascending state;
To watch his parting scene, to hear the sound
Of his last words on earth; then, circling round

To bear his bright humanity above,
Proclaim the triumphs of victorious Love,
Roll back the doors of everlasting light,
And, heralds of his majesty and might,
Before the Eternal Father's throne proclaim
The matchless glories of the Conqueror's name,
To show his high behest fulfill'd ; the Son,
With spoils from hell's usurping legions won,
Ascending to his bright paternal seat,
Till, every adverse power beneath his feet,
All creatures own Messiah's glorious sway,
And shrink in terror, or in love obey.

They throng the steep : but soft, no thunders there
Utter dread voices : through the ambient air
Glances no wing of flame. No, all is still
On sacred Olivet's secluded hill.

Unseen, unheard, intensest watch they keep.
Hush ! mortal footsteps tread the towering steep !
Silent and slow his chosen friends repair
To meet their Lord, his parting blessing share.
Lo, in their midst his well-known form appears ;
He soothes their anxious hearts, dispels their fears,
Unfolds with clearer light his truth Divine,
Sends them as stars throughout the world to shine,
To preach in every land the Gospel word,
Proclaim the truth from him in secret heard.
He bids them wait the promise of his love,
The Spirit's fiery baptism from above,
To seal, anoint, enrich with varied grace :
A Comforter, to fill the Master's place,
To reimpress the lore his wisdom taught,
And show the wonders by Messiah wrought.

Yet not the curious wish, the fond desire,
His parting word resolves. In vain inquire
His eager, frail disciples for the hour
When Israel's horn, renew'd in regal power,
Again shall flourish fair : that hour, unknown,
Lives in the Father's counsels : He alone
Appoints the times, selects the seasons meet ;
Man dwells in dust, a reptile at his feet.

In silence heard, beneath his kind reply,
Their earthly hopes as withering blossoms die,

No kingdom of terrestrial glory now
 Messiah plants: the crown that waits his brow
 Is heaven's imperial diadem.

Behold,
 Even now the regal Shepherd leaves the fold!
 Mark ye his look benign, his hands upraised,
 His eye, as on heaven's inmost light it gazed!
 O hear his parting blessing, breathed aloud
 Upon his kneeling flock!

Yon lucid cloud
 Hovers a moment o'er him.
 Fix'd they gaze;
 But all is gone!

No fiery coursers blaze;
 The herald angels viewless pass; nor sound
 Is in the air, nor echo breathes around.
 Mute, motionless, with lifted hands and eyes,
 Wistful, impatient to transpierce the skies,
 His trembling followers still astonied kneel;
 The raptured awe, the holy transport, feel;
 Till on their ears celestial voices break,
 And forms of light their tranced senses wake:—
 "Ye men of Galilee, O gaze no more!
 Henceforth in heaven your glorious Lord adore!
 There now he triumphs; but, when time shall end,
 Illustrious, shall in flaming pomp descend,
 And bear his saints to bliss."

With silent awe
 The meek disciples from the mount withdraw;
 But prostrate first in holy worship bend;
 For oft the Master did that mount ascend,
 And oft its shades had heard his sacred voice;
 No longer now to bid their hearts rejoice.
 Yet, joyous in his triumphs, glad they go,
 To listening crowds the wondrous scene to show,
 To tell Jerusalem, Messiah slain
 Had conquer'd Death, and risen in heaven to reign.
 From earth withdrawn, he fills his throne above,
 There executes his offices of love;
 There the great Prophet of his Church appears;
 There, as her Priest, the dazzling ephod wears;

There, as her King, controls his subject foes,
Around her walls his shadowing glory throws ;
There, as her Friend, her Intercessor, lives,
And thence the sacred, sevenfold Spirit gives ;
Attends her prayer, regards her deep distress,
Amid the perils of the wilderness ;
Himself a sufferer once, her grief he shares,
A covert from the windy storm prepares,
Cleaves the dark sea, bids mountains sink or rise,
To lend her aid, or overwhelm her enemies ;
For seas and mountains yield to his control ;
And tempest thunders at his bidding roll.

Exalted on his mediatorial throne ;
Messiah rules his Church, yet not alone :
His bride, beloved, rejoices in his sway ;
Heaven's lofty potentates his word obey ;
To hell the terrors of his frown descend ;
Earth's mightiest powers, on Him, their Source, depend ;
Its empires rise, and flourish, and decay ;
Its monarchs rule, its wide-spread realms obey ;
Obedient to His will, whose piercing eye
Pervades all time, and scans eternity.

In softest silence falls the vernal shower ;
Reviving nature owns its genial power.
New, vital influence swells the bursting seeds ;
Maternal earth her embryo blossoms feeds ;
Deep strikes each tender plant its fibrous roots ;
Through fostering soil the slender seedling shoots ;
Its rising stem expansive juices fill ;
Soft on its leaves bright sparkling drops distil.
By gentle breezes nursed, and summer skies,
The lofty oak's incipient glories rise,
Till, broad and fair, its sheltering foliage spreads,
Delightful covert o'er a thousand heads ;
The weary beasts beneath its shade repose,
When high in heaven the sultry sunbeam glows ;
And blithe within its cool recesses sing
Sweet sprightly birds of every note and wing.
Majestic now, the stately forest's pride,
Stands the firm tree, with fruitful seeds supplied ;
Itself an atom once, and raised to light
By suns, and showers, and gales, and dewdrops bright.

Silent and slow its gradual growth, at length
It shines in beauty, as it towers in strength.

Even so, on earth, though unobservant eyes
Nor knew, nor sought, the purpose of the skies,
The seed of life, beneath Messiah's care,
Struck its deep roots, and spread its branches fair;
O'er weary deserts cast its lengthening shade;
By every wind its fragrant scent convey'd;
For every tribe of man's wide wandering race;
Matured the rich, the healing fruits of grace;
With healthful food the humble poor supplied,
And bade the outcasts in its foliage hide;
O'er parched lands distill'd its balmy dew,
And rose like cedar'd Lebanon to view.

Rise, living Tree, in holier beauty rise;
Exalt thy towering trunk, and touch the skies!
Still wide and wider spread thy branches fair;
Let every tribe thy cooling covert share!
On every land thy healing fruits bestow,
And waft thy fragrance by all winds that blow
From borean climes, or southern regions mild,
Where nature smiles, or frowns in grandeur wild.
Rise to his praise! His matchless might proclaim,
Who from unmeasured heights of glory came
In tears and blood thy sacred seed to sow;
From whom, exalted now, still plenteous flow
Thy vital juices, and thy verdure bright,
Thy days of sunshine, and thy dews by night!
Rise to his praise! Mature thy golden fruits;
Through sterile ground still strike thy deepening roots,
Till, bright, transplanted to that happier clime,
Where rage no hurricanes of tempest time,
Thy odorous leaves beside the peaceful flood,
Pure, peerless, 'mid the paradise of God,
To endless ages shall their sweets exhale,
And life, and health, and beauty never fail.

MESSIAH'S KINGDOM.

BOOK VII.

In the day of Messiah the Prince, in the interval between our Lord's ascension and his coming again to judgment, the world was to be gradually prepared and ripened for its end. The apostles were to carry the tidings of salvation to the extremities of the earth. They were to be brought before kings and rulers, and to water the newly planted Churches with their blood. Vengeance was to be executed on the unbelieving Jews, by the destruction of their city, and the dispersion of their nation. The Pagan idolatry was to be extirpated; the man of sin to be revealed. Jerusalem is yet to be trodden down; the remnant of Israel is to be brought back; the elect of God to be gathered from the four winds of heaven.

Horsley.

ARGUMENT.

SALVATION, the great subject and end of the Gospel.—Its ineffable value only fully estimated by Him from whom it flows.—Its nature and results in time and in eternity.—Ascription of praise from all creatures to Christ, its Author.—The disciples, baptized with the Holy Ghost, and endowed with miraculous gifts, are sent forth to preach the Gospel to the world.—Their diverse talents divinely harmonized, and adapted to the several spheres of action assigned them by Christ.—Sketch of the apostolic character and ministry.—The Gospel call given to the Gentiles, after long desertion, on account of their perverseness and idolatry.—Sovereignty of God inscrutable.—St. Paul, an instrument chosen, and specially prepared by Divine wisdom to evangelize the heathen world.—His zealous and extensive labours.—Athens.—Antioch.—Grove of Daphne.—Serpent worship.—Oracles silenced on the reception of the Gospel.—Parched deserts of Paganism refreshed by the waters of life.—Rome.—The apostle's escape from shipwreck, and appearance before Cesar.—His martyrdom.—Establishment of the Church.—Divine appointment of its ministry.—Ordinances.—Laws.—Inspiration of the apostles to complete the volume of revelation, by the sacred records of the New Testament.

MESSIAH'S KINGDOM.

BOOK VII.

Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.—*St. Paul.*

SALVATION! O from what empyreal height,
What fount of living waters, sparkling bright,
Shall sacred streams of inspiration spring,
While mortal muse of thee presumes to sing?
Might cherub lyre its lofty transports lend,
Might holy flame from seraph fires descend,
Might heavenly wind with bright and balmy wing
Sweep the full chord or touch the trembling string,
Nor breath of heaven, nor angel powers sublime,
Could teach thy glories to the sons of time.

Salvation! not of thee the poets sung,
When listening nature on their music hung,
When Fancy, Genius, Beauty, crown'd their lays,
And smiling wreath'd the minstrel's brow with bays.
Far other themes Apollo's sons inspired,
Far other flames the bright enthusiasts fired.
Yet highest, holiest energies belong
To thee, sweet Poesy. Celestial Song,
Why should'st thou love to haunt the flowery way,
With sylphid forms in vagrant dalliance play
Beneath the myrtle shade, the moonlight beam,
Or sport with Fancy in the midnight dream?
Why dim thy wreath, whose amaranthine bloom
In Eden first exhaled its rich perfume,
While man, unfallen, primeval anthems pour'd,
And God, in concert strains with heaven, adored?

Salvation! theme stupendous! when on thee
Thought, meditative, rests, nor energy

Of holy bards, of angel choirs, is meet.
It owns a mightier impulse : softly sweet
Descends the silver Dove ; and, whispering, brings
Acquaintance with unutterable things.
That voice is His : its still, deep tones of power
Breathe on the silent, calm, reflective hour,
Gentler than winds o'er Saba's musky vale.
Come, Guest Divine, ethereal Radiance, hail !
Thou, only thou, canst guide the searching mind
Salvation in its peerless Source to find ;
Dispense those streams which bright and beauteous roll
In rich refreshment to the fainting soul,
And onward, upward, to that region guide,
Where, from the stricken Rock, those living waters glide.
Salvation ! theme Divine, triumphant hope
Of souls redeem'd immeasurable scope
Of mediatorial grace, to purchase thee
Appear'd on earth incarnate Deity !
To bless the world, thy priceless gifts bestow,
Messiah form'd his glorious Church below ;
Sent living waters forth, and tongues of flame ;
Bade prophet-bards, and holy seers proclaim
Thy solemn splendours, dimly seen from far,
Or rising radiant in the Morning Star.

Salvation ! as the cheering beams of spring
Fall on dark Nature, sad, and withering
Beneath the sullen gloom of Winter's shade,
So comes thy message to the heart dismay'd :
So, on the soul thy quickening rays descend,
When Heaven's bright Day-Spring bids its darkness end ;
So from the dust man's buried hopes arise,
When Mercy bears thy blessings from the skies.
Yet O, less fair reviving Nature's bloom,
When vernal beauty chases wintry gloom,
Than darkling man, restored by Grace Divine,
His Maker's transcript in his light to shine.

What is Salvation ? To what gulfs below
Shall Mercy stoop, its soundless depths to show ?
How far above Heaven's dazzling arch ascend,
To mark the boundary where its blessings end ?
How distant, through illimitable space,
Urge her swift flight its lengths and breadths to trace ?

Nor length, nor breadth, nor depth, nor height is known,
 But to His eye who fills the sapphire throne ;
 To Him, Omniscient, who at once descries
 Immortal being's vast capacities ;
 The fiery gulf that burns in central gloom,
 The untold pangs of sin's tremendous doom,
 The bliss, the ecstasy prepared above, -
 The boundless treasures of the Father's love,
 The light, the glory of the Saviour's face,
 The Spirit's riches of redundant grace,
 The brightness of the Triune Form impress'd
 In spotless radiance on the ransom'd breast :
 He only to its utmost bounds can trace
 Salvation in his own unfathom'd grace.

Yet, happy saints, who, once by sin defiled,
 Are rescued now, and saved, and reconciled ;
 From Hell and Death's infernal bondage brought,
 The whirl of passion, and the maze of thought ;
 The stings of conscience, the o'erwhelming dread
 Of judgment bursting on the guilty head ;
 Ye, wanderers once amid the realms of night,
 Now, bless'd copartners with the sons of light, :
 Say,—for to you the sacred pledge is given,
 The seal, the earnest of your future heaven,—
 Is not salvation in that Voice of Love
 Which breathes in gentlest whispers from above,
 And bids the prostrate spirit calmly rest
 In meek affiance on the Saviour's breast ?
 In that bright hope, that faith which soars on high,
 That tranquil joy, that holy energy
 Which fills, and prompts, and purifies the soul,
 And bends its powers to Heaven's supreme control ?

Yes, 'tis the Spirit's reconciling sign,
 'Tis the heart sprinkled with the Blood Divine,
 'Tis cancell'd guilt, 'tis fear and sin subdued,
 'Tis the purged conscience, and the mind renew'd ;
 It is the image of the Son impress'd,
 The Spirit's fellowship, the hallow'd rest
 That preludes an eternal Sabbath near ;
 The kingdom open'd in the heart sincere,
 The heaven of peace, of righteousness, of love,
 Where thoughts, desires, affections mount above ;

'Tis charity, in gentle grace benign,
Diffusive as Benevolence Divine.

But sons of God, awhile in flesh confined,
Know but in part ; to them the' Eternal Mind
Reveals not those beatitudes above
Where Beauty reigns, and Harmony, and Love ;
Where sin and sorrow come not, nor the cry
Of wailing pain, nor Death's dread agony.
But man's pure spirit, in its glorious shrine,
Revivified by Energy Divine,
Shall beam with ever-during radiance bright,
Act with new powers, expand with new delight,
Pant to explore immensity, and climb
The' ascending scale of being's height sublime ;
With plume unruffled, onward, upward soar,
And Him, its awful, viewless Fount adore ;
Him, in his works, all perfect, glorious, see,
And feel that all around is Deity ;
That all is wisdom, virtue, glory, bliss,
That heaven is love, its loftiest ecstasies
But the full influx of that streaming tide
Whose mighty circles, strong, and vast, and wide,
Still-deepening joys, expanding glories spread,
From God, the Interminable Ocean, fed.

All hail, Eternal Word, exalted Son !
The gift is thine ; 'tis thou the work hast done.
To man, fallen man, through thee salvation flows,
Thy bounteous hand the wondrous boon bestows.
Be thine the praise, the worship ; every knee
Bend lowly down before thy Majesty.
Let angel hierarchies the chorus raise,
And saints, enraptured, swell their loftier praise ;
From all on earth, in heaven, ascend the song :
Bright, silver floods, deep billows, hoarse and strong,
Wild, waving woods, loud winds, whose boisterous notes
Murmur hoarse music ; clouds, whose vastness floats
In heaven's clear hyaline, who rush to bear
Tempestuous thunders through the hurtling air,
Join Nature's gentler powers ; each tuneful voice,
With man, in milder melodies rejoice ;
Let every creature swell the song to thee.
Dominion, glory, blessing, majesty,

To thee, the Sacrificial Victim, slain !
 The Lamb, revived to endless life again !
 The King, exalted to thy throne on high !
 Let heaven extol thy Name, let earth reply !
 Through nether spheres, reverberant, roll the sound,
 Through shining orbs that wheel their nightly round ;
 From all one echo rise, one strain be heard,
 "Glory to God on high, to Christ the' Eternal Word !"

Messiah reigns, where'er through ample space
 Stars sphered on stars, primeval darkness chase ;
 All own his hand, beneath his order move,
 All hang suspended from his throne above ;
 He form'd and rules creation ; yet on high,
 Bright in his Mediatorial Majesty,
 His Church, the purchase of his blood, he guides,
 And, ever watchful, o'er her weal presides.
 Though upward in his lucid chariot borne,
 Awhile the flock their Shepherd's absence mourn,
 Yet pastors for his fold Himself supplied,
 Form'd by his care and nurtured by his side.

He call'd not on the mighty, nor the wise
 Intrusted with salvation's mysteries ;
 The humble for his friends Messiah sought,
 With them conversed, by them his Gospel taught ;
 Their minds with light, their hearts with grace endued,
 And sent them forth amidst the multitude,
 By truth, by meekness, to subvert the sway
 Of ancient forms ; to rend the veil away
 From purblind Prejudice, from zealot Pride,
 To stem Corruption's dark and turbid tide,
 To preach to all mankind one law sublime ;
 Jehovah's ordinance through revolving time,
 Alike to Israel's sons, to Gentiles given,
 Acceptance here, inheritance in heaven,
 To all who sue, in humble faith, for grace,
 And on the changeless Rock meek hopes of mercy place.

He sent them forth ; but not unclothed with power ;
 Himself sustain'd them in that arduous hour,
 His agents for his hallow'd work prepared,
 And, copious, each the Spirit's effluence shared,
 The Spirit's rich variety of grace ;
 The gifted speech, the rod of power, to chase

Dark demons from tormented souls ; to heal
All sicknesses man's tortured frame can feel ;
To drink, unharm'd, the deadly draught ; repel
The venom'd serpent's fascinating spell ;
To bid pale Death restore his senseless prey ;
Rend foul Hypocrisy's dark veil away ;
On fraudulent Craft the scourge of Heaven to bring,
And, stern, confront the wiles of hell's infernal king.

Commission'd thus, and sanction'd by his word,
Messiah yet the mightier grace conferr'd.
Lo, mindful of his promise, quickly came
The Paraclete, in cloven tongues of flame,
And sat, resplendent, on each chosen head,
Illumined, purged, refined, and comforted,
The servants with the Master's form impress'd,
His zeal enkindled in each burning breast,
His light, his grace, his energy conferr'd,
To work his miracles, to preach his word,
To share his cup of bitterness and shame,
To seal with blood their witness to his Name.

As purest gold, by searching fires refined,
Leaves the dull ore and dimming dross behind,
So, from the mystic tongue's baptismal flame,
The chosen twelve in holy lustre came.
No longer now, by timid fears oppress'd,
They linger, doubtful of their high behest ;
But, calmly bold, assume the charge Divine,
Declare Messiah, Prince of David's line,
With Him, the Man of Nazareth, the same,
And preach salvation through his only Name ;
Preach, unappall'd, though zealot rage withstand,
And grasp the scourge, and smite with ruthless hand ;
But menace, scourge, and death in vain affright,
Still firm in faith, and strong in heavenly might,
Their loosen'd tongues the Crucified proclaim,
And ask the world's subjection to his Name.

They spake with power : The listening nations heard,
In varied phrase, the glorious Gospel word,
Ponder'd with transport on the wondrous sign,
And felt the present Energy Divine ;
To thousand hearts the keen conviction came,
In thousand bosoms glow'd the kindling flame ;

Around the cross, in suppliant grief, they knelt,
And pardon there, and peace, and mercy felt ;
Whom late they spurn'd, adored with prostrate awe,
And God, Messiah, in that Victim saw.

Proud zealots murmur'd ; impious heathen raged ;
The world's dark rulers against Heaven engaged.
Yet, what is pride, when God in power appears ?
Vain man ! canst thou restrain the rolling spheres ?
Canst thou confine the ocean's foaming flow,
Bind his huge billows with thy cords below ?
Say, canst thou mount the lightning's wing, or fly
On stormy thunders through the threatening sky ?
As soon shall nature bend to thy control,
Yon heavens obedient at thy bidding roll,
Thy puny hand restrain the rushing sea,
The lightning's wing thy fiery chariot be ;
Sooner shall muttering thunders stoop to bear
Thy mortal weakness through the dissonant air,
Than thou, all impotent, in rage and pride,
Turn the firm purpose of high Heaven aside.

Weak man contemn'd ; but strong in Might Divine,
In work stupendous, and in word benign,
Forth march'd the chosen apostolic band,
Messiah's messengers, from land to land ;
To Israel first proclaim'd the Gospel grace ;
Then, as the lights of heaven, their distant race
Through varied climes in glorious circuit ran
To bless the scatter'd progeny of man.

Soft from yon o'erfraught cloud the genial shower
Distils sweet moisture on each opening flower ;
There scents the rose upon its thorny stalk,
There bids the violet grace the enamell'd walk ;
The tulip here disclose its thousand dyes,
And there the lily's stainless beauty rise ;
All from one source the crystal drops descend,
Alike their nature and the same their end ;
Each blooming plant, one fostering store supplies,
Enriches all, yet each diversifies.
So on the Church, that garden seal'd below,
Where living trees in holy beauty grow,
In varied forms the Spirit's gifts descend,
Yet all on him, their bounteous Source, depend ;

He sheds the light, the energy, the grace,
All works in all, to each assigns his place,
In beauteous order blends each diverse power
To bless the whole ; then bids the copious shower
In reascending incense, glorious, rise,
Exhaled by Heaven's own light, an offering to the skies.

To publish mercy to man's rebel race,
To bear Messiah's embassy of grace,
Himself his heralds chose ; by each he wrought,
By all his truth's stupendous mysteries taught ;
Yet cast in various moulds each pliant mind,
To differing talents, different tasks assign'd ;
Call'd veteran Firmness forth to meet the eye
Of scowling Pride and dark Malignity ;
Bade holy Zeal the prompt instruction bear,
To meet the proselyte's inquiring prayer,
To wipe the tear of penitence, present
The Lamb, to Faith's uplifted eye intent.
Some, mild evangelists, his form express'd,
- Embued with love upon the Master's breast,
Amid those starry spheres, serenely bright,
Shone, like heaven's cresset on the brow of night,
Or that pale fire which gilds the ethereal blue
When evening falls, or morn with orient dew
Empearls the silent earth ; ensphered so nigh,
They caught the Day-Spring's earliest energy,
Lived in its glory's emanating light,
Reflections of Divine Effulgence bright.

Yes ; cheer'd themselves by wisdom's sacred beams,
On other minds they pour'd its gladdening streams ;
Nor spake of truths unfelt, nor, calmly cold,
In Stoic garb, their frigid maxims told ;
But, sharers in the benefits of grace,
Themselves redeem'd, they sought the ransom'd race,
And show'd, with all the energy of love,
With ardour, kindled from its Source above,
Whate'er the Spirit's glorious light reveal'd,
Whate'er his signet on their conscience seal'd,
Whate'er their eyes had seen, their hearts had felt,
Since, contrite suppliants, at the Cross they knelt ;
Since, at His call who meekly suffer'd there,
They came, his conflicts and his crown to share.

That crown they wear in fadeless glory now ;
 Bright wreathes the laurel round the victor's brow ;
 But dark, and fierce, and desperate was the fight ;
 Against Messiah warr'd the hosts of night,
 And earth's impetuous powers, by fraud, by force,
 Essay'd to stop the Sunbeam's glorious course.
 Lo, panoplied from heaven, those warriors bore
 The blood-stain'd standard to each distant shore ;
 No tangling toils of earth-born care restrain'd,
 Nor hope, nor fear, their eager steps detain'd ;
 One only impulse ruled their hearts, one flame
 Of loyal love to that redeeming Name
 Which, broad and bright, their blazon'd ensign show'd, '
 In each unconquerable bosom glow'd.

Come ye, who press with eager step to bear
 The churches' weight of glory and of care ;—
 Come, view these models of primeval days !
 Behold the minister of Christ, whose praise
 Is register'd among the highest names
 That earth's proud heraldry for mortals claims !
 Come ye, whose anxious, ardent souls aspire,
 Whose spirits glow with more than seraph fire
 To climb the highest steep by Virtue trod,
 To bear unfurl'd the banner of your God,
 Through Infamy's ignoble path, or, bright,
 To plant it glorious on the mountain's height !
 Come, patient trace the high exemplars given,
 And stoop with them, and rise with them to heaven !

Behold the minister of Christ ! He stands
 A mystery to the world, whose wisdom brands
 His name, his work, with folly, and decries,
 As vain deceits, the counsels of the skies !
 He glories,—but in what ? In labours borne,
 In weakness felt, in flesh by scourges torn,
 In prison glooms, in Death's terrific shade,
 Presented oft, in direst forms array'd,
 In more abundant griefs, in perils more,
 On the deep seas, the dreary, dangerous shore,
 In perils from ferocious spoiler bands,
 From murderous Heathen, from the treacherous hands]
 Of fierce compatriot rage, from glozing guile,
 Concealing hatred by the specious smile,

The brotherly embrace ; in painful care,
In weary watchings, 'mid the desert air,
Or tempest-beaten main ; in hunger, strife,
In all the dark vicissitudes of life ;—
In these, his strange pre-eminence he claims,
While zeal, and charity, with blended flames,
Glow in his fervent breast, which, labouring, bears
Its deep, full burthen of the churches' cares.
Beneath the weakness of the weak he bends,
And yearns o'er those the stumbling snare offends.

Behold him stricken, scourged ! He meekly stands,
And, patient, lifts to heaven his fetter'd hands
In prayer for the injurious, while his mind,
By pureness, knowledge, charity refined,
Rejoices in the Spirit's light, and sheds
Reflective lustre, as the sunbeam spreads,
Divergent, from the mirror's lucid sheen,
On whose bright bosom glows his orb serene.

Behold him, in his walk of blameless love,
Contemn'd, dishonour'd ! No reproach can move,
No proud revilings shake, his steadfast soul,
By meek long-suffering held in sweet control ;
No weapon but the Spirit's sword he bears ;
No armour in that mighty conflict wears
Save righteousness and truth : in these complete,
He comes, his darkest, sternest foes to meet.

By man, proud man, despised, defamed, unknown,
Yet all unveil'd before the' Omniscient Throne,
He lives, though death in thousand forms surround ;
Rejoices, though in floods of sorrow drown'd ;
Endures, nor faints, while yet the chastening rod
Attests his filial fellowship with God ;
Though poor, yet wide his liberal hands dispense
The richest gifts of Heaven's munificence.
Renouncing all things, yet of all possess'd ;
Of all, in Him whose glory fires his breast,
For whom earth's treasured stores he counts but loss,
Its praise, a vapour, all its honours, dross,
Whose shame his glory and his crown he deems,
Whose cross embraces, while the world blasphemes ;
Exalts it, even while fetters bind his hands,
While ruthless Death with well-poised javelin stands

And marks his destined prey ; unmoved, resign'd,
In loftiest bearing of a lofty mind,
Nor life, nor freedom, claims his thought, his care,
Let hell oppose, let Death his shaft prepare,
Nor Death, nor hell, his steadfast soul can move ;
Resolved the Spirit's temper'd sword to prove,
Resolved his arduous course untired to run,
Nor leave the combat, but with conquest won.

Was such the ministry of elder days ?

The master-builders, sent by Heaven to raise
The temple of the Lord ? How purely bright
Shines on the Church their meek and mellow'd light !
How glorious on her sacred threshold stand
Messiah's holy apostolic band !
Ordain'd his chosen witnesses below,
The splendours of her inmost shrine to show,
To teach those truths the Master's grace withheld,
Ere yet the living Light those shades dispell'd
Which o'er their minds in dubious darkness spread,
Till heavenly flames their lambent lustre shed ;
Infused the Spirit's pure baptismal fires,
And strung to themes Divine their consecrated lyres.

Yes ! such they were who first laborious wrought
By works of power, by prayerful, painful thought,
By words from heaven received, on earth to raise
A holy temple to Messiah's praise.
'Mid scoffing foes, a proud and treacherous band,
Patient, they rear'd it in Judea's land ;
In Gentile wastes the Stone of Zion laid,
Pierced the deep gloom, the bleeding cross display'd ;
With quenchless zeal their arduous task pursued,
Till living stones, amid the desert rude,
Sprang beauteous forth, though formless once, to grace
With rising symmetry the sacred place,
Where light from heaven in holy radiance fell,
To bless the shrine where God vouchsafed to dwell.

Yes ! then the nations heard the joyful sound !
Yes ! then, the prodigal, long lost, was found !
The wanderer from the kind paternal dome
Was welcomed then, with liveliest greetings, home,
Met the soft yearnings of a Father's love,
Received the pledge of mercy from above,

Was clothed and beautified with robe and ring,
Call'd to partake the sumptuous feast, to sing
With those who triumph on the festal day,
For sorrow chased, and anger turn'd away ;
For love renew'd, and amity, and grace ;
For generous Reconcilement's kind embrace.

It was an arduous task ; for proud and vain
Was the dark world without ; Delusion's chain,
Fast riveted, the Gentile nations bound ;
In Death's dim precincts, wrapp'd in gloom profound,
Cheerless, they sat ; for He whose proffer'd grace
Their fathers slighted, long had veil'd his face ;
To Error's mazy labyrinth consign'd
The feet that sought not truth ; the darkling mind,
That turn'd from Wisdom's glorious orb aside,
He left to the obscurity of pride ;
To wild imaginations, strange and vain,
Form'd by unjudging Folly, on the brain
Of self-complacent Ignorance, whose eyes,
Averted from the splendour of the skies,
In blindness seal'd, pursued their dreary way,
In endless wanderings from the Source of day.

Who choose delusion God in wrath forsakes.
By Him deserted, hell's foul spirit makes
The tenantless abode his awful home,
And thither all his wandering legions come,
And there with strange infernal fetters bind
The darken'd conscience, the perverted mind ;
The harden'd heart to deadlier deeds dispose ;
With subtler webs of vanity enclose
The erring thought, the subjugated will,
Constrain to an intenser choice of ill,
Till light, resisted, yields to darkness dire,
And, good repell'd, fierce evil reigns entire ;
Reigns, by the daring, desperate mind approved,
Even for deformity itself beloved.

Thus, for neglected light, for grace despised,
Love unreturn'd, beneficence unprized ;
For vain conceits of self-exalting pride ;
For Deity, dishonour'd, scorn'd, belied ;
For glory, worship, from Himself transferr'd
To creatures, call'd from nothing by His word ;

For truth abjured, for hell's accursed lie,
Device of fiends, abhorr'd Idolatry ;
For these Jehovah Gentile lands forsook,
Indignant turn'd with stern, averted look,
From tribes immersed in crime, and left to stray,
Each in his dreary, dark, and devious way,
Unvisited by Heaven's supernal light,
To track his journey through involving night.

Justice and grace uphold Jehovah's throne !
His pitying mercy even in wrath is shown !
Though dark his anger o'er the nations lower'd,
And bursting clouds the arrowy tempest shower'd ;
Though oft his vengeance drew the glittering blade,
And, keen, its edge on proud apostates laid ;
Yet still his Spirit taught the docile mind,
His goodness still beneficently kind,
Witness'd by genial showers, by sunny beams,
By ceaseless blessings, pour'd in thousand streams,
That Deity, all-powerful, gracious, wise,
Whose bounteous hand each varied want supplies,
From all returns of grateful worship claims,
Though idol fiends usurp His awful names,
That He, sole, self-existent, ever lives,
And bliss and being from his fulness gives.

Profound, inscrutable, what eye can trace
Jehovah, in his sovereignty of grace ?
No finite force may scale that fearful height ;
No wing but droops in that stupendous flight !
Veil'd in impenetrable clouds, His throne
He fills sublime, and works and reigns alone,
Nor even to angel minds His purpose shows.
How, then, shall man, whom darkling mists enclose,
Presume, with lisping tongue and thought confined,
To scan the counsels of the' Omniscient Mind,
Draw, with unhallow'd hand, that veil aside,
And search the secrets God resolves to hide ?

How shouldst thou know, why primal virtue fell ?
Why Eden wither'd in the blast of hell ?
Why Gentile nations, long the tempter's prey,
Uncall'd, beneath the frown of judgment lay ?
How shouldst thou know why HE whose zealot mind,
Convulsed with rage, in frantic fury blind,

Whose reeking hands ensanguined tokens bore,
Whose uncleansed raiment blush'd with martyr's gore,—
Whose ravening cruelty, whose breathless haste
(As famish'd wolves the dam and younglings waste,
Or eagle pounces on the fluttering brood)
With savage ire the infant Church pursued,—
How shouldst thou know, why sovereign Mercy rush'd
To thwart the murderer's path, while anger flush'd
His burning cheek, and from his ardent eye
Shot flames of zeal? Hath God inform'd thee why
Himself, array'd in robes of dazzling light,
'Mid roar of thunders, gleam of lightnings bright,
Stood forth, to check the persecutor's course,
And bend the rebel by almighty force?
Suffice for thee, the work he wrought. Behold
The ravening wolf, that havock'd wide the fold,
Transform'd, the Shepherd's gentle charge to bear,
To feed the flock, to make the fold his care!
Behold the zealot's fiery wrath repell'd!
Behold the storm of rage and hatred quell'd,
The self-complacent Pharisee subdued,
The proud opposer rise a saint renew'd,
Messiah's foe the sacred sign embrace,
And SAUL of Tarsus preach the Saviour's grace.

God works in sovereign wisdom: He combines
All agencies to perfect his designs;
Prepares his ministers amid the flames
That kindle round his burning throne; or claims
The meanest effort of creative skill,
To show his glory, or perform his will.
Alike, beneath his hand, beneath his eye,
The worlds of intellect, of nature, lie
In elemental separateness display'd,
As matter, ere those shining heavens he made,
Or this revolving earth: nor works he less
His own sublime, eternal purposes,
Whene'er his sovereign wisdom wills to bind,
Concentring splendours in a single mind,
'Than when from rude, chaotic night, and all
The grossness of this dark terrestrial ball,
He sever'd, by his word, the glorious light,
And form'd the sun in full-orb'd radiance bright.

Yet not from grosser elements withdrawn,
 Shines for itself the giant star of dawn;
 But, broad and bright, dispreads its beams of power
 O'er the tall cedar, and the tender flower
 That blossoms in its shade. Creation sings
 Its earliest chant, beneath the fostering wings
 Of Deity's pure image; in its course,
 Beneficent, unsullied, as the Source
 Which gave expansion to its gladdening blaze;
 Bright, in meridian altitude, its rays
 Dispense their largest blessings; gild with fire
 The gorgeous crest of evening, then retire;
 Retire to reascend.

So God ordains;
 Nor less o'er man, in grace and wisdom, reigns.
 The gifts vouchsafed to one, for all design'd,
 Nor form'd a Day-Spring but to bless mankind.

Such was Heaven's chosen instrument of grace;
 A sun ensphered to guide the wandering race;
 Himself emerged from twilight's darkling shade;
 By Power Divine an orb of glory made;
 His lucid course through every clime he ran,
 To bless the scatter'd progeny of man.
 Such was Messiah's herald, train'd to bear
 His holy charge, with more than mortal care.
 Alike by nature and by grace endow'd,
 Who peerless stood, amid the listening crowd,
 In heathen lands proclaim'd the Gospel day,
 And bade admiring potentates obey.

Yes! such was he, who track'd, with dauntless mind,
 His blood-stain'd path to glory; who resign'd,
 In steadfast faith, to Christ, his life, his all;
 Whose burning bosom own'd the Master's call,
 And sprang with seraph zeal, from land to land,
 The fearless witness of his truth to stand.
 Yes! such was PAUL! the man of loftiest mood!
 Unawed by threats, by sufferings unsubdued;
 Who, arm'd with holy energy, appear'd
 The champion of the Cross, where Falsehood rear'd
 In proud colossal fabric, to the skies,
 The Babel shrine of hell's idolatries;

Where Vice, to Superstition's cause allied,
In gorgeous purple, propp'd the throne of Pride ;
Where Pleasure, trick'd with meretricious art,
Spread silken toils for Folly's thoughtless heart ;
Where vaunting Science show'd his treasured lore ;
Where proud Philosophy her chaplet wore ;
Where Valour bared his sword to guard the pile
Of old ancestral gods ; where, stern, the smile
Of skeptic Scorn, or cold Indifference met
The angel form of Truth ; or ruder threat,
Or arm of Violence, repulsed the light,
Her torch reflected on their deeds of night.

Dark on the world the veil of covering lay ;
Love, ardent Love, resistless urged his way.
He heard a voice from Macedonia's shore :
Saw Thracia's snow-crown'd heights his aid implore ;
Europa's isles and Asia's cities knew
The angel herald, as sublime he flew ;
They saw him on their idol shrines alight,
And urge dark demons to inglorious flight ;
They saw the dying live, the dead arise,
Ethereal splendour pour'd on sightless eyes ;
They saw, and, wondering, own'd the Power Divine ;
They felt, and bless'd the saving grace benign.

Bear witness, far-famed Athens ! For to thee
He brought the pure, the true philosophy ;
The wisdom which thy sons could never find,
The knowledge of the One Eternal Mind.
Come, with thy pride, before the stranger bow ;
Unbind the laurel from thy lofty brow ;
Confess thy boasted science wildering dreams,
And bend thine ear attent to sacred themes,
Which soaring Reason strives in vain to reach,
Which learned lore of schoolmen cannot teach.
Come, learn of him, though skeptic Pride deny,
That earth and heaven, the work of Deity,
Subsist, but by his will ; that he controls
The world he made, sustains each orb that rolls
O'er the blue vault above : nor fate, nor chance,
Nor atoms, wheeling in incongruous dance,
Nor powers of earthly or celestial mould,
His glory share, with him communion hold.

He dwells on high, uncircumscribed, supreme ;
On man his bounteous gifts perennial stream ;
Nor offering seeks, but worship of the mind,
Devoted homage from the soul design'd
Alone for heaven and bliss. O then how vain
His pure, incorruptible light to stain
With earth's similitudes, by art impress'd
On Matter's dark, inert, corporeal breast !
Of God, of man, the sacred preacher spoke ;
With kindling zeal his holy accents broke ;
While, with authority of Heaven endued,
Sublime, he taught the wondering multitude
The fearful terrors of that day of ire,
When Judgment, folding the wide world in fire,
Shall sit on human souls ; when, clothed with shame,
Or bright in glory, every mortal name
A voice of thunder to that bar shall cite ;
When Death, stern Death, beneath superior might
Vanquish'd and spoil'd, no more shall hold the slain
In dark subjection to his iron reign.

Intense they gazed, while on his burning tongue,
Like altar fires, his fervid accents hung ;
Yet softer sounds with gentler impulse came,
When melting Pity spoke Messiah's name ;
The sacred story of his love rehearsed,
Of Sin's tremendous penalty reversed,
Of cancell'd guilt, of endless life, design'd
The purchase of his death for all mankind ;
Of Gentile tribes, a dark and wandering race,
Invited now to Heaven's eternal grace ;
Commanded, warn'd, Delusion's paths to leave,
And wisdom from the Fount of light receive.

Not soon to heavenly teaching bends the mind
Where Knowledge, self-complacent, dwells enshrined ;
Where lofty Pride, voluptuous Pleasure reign,
And Vice and Vanity their rule sustain.
Too happy, or too wise, with skeptic sneer
It turns from truths which angels list to hear.
So turn'd thy philosophic sons away,
Proud Athens, on that memorable day ;
Yet soon that memorable day shall rise
Bright on eternity's unclouded skies.

Shall they not then the slighted boon lament?
Shall they not then the cool disdain repent?
Go, child of vanity, renounce thy pride;
Lay thy false estimates of self aside;
Conform thy reason to the Truth Divine;
At Heaven's own Day-Spring light that torch of thine:
So shall it yield a calm and temper'd ray,
No ignis-fatuus, glittering to betray,
But broader, brighter, purer beams extend,
Till with essential Light its hallow'd radiance blend.

Yet some of humbler mood the truth received,
And, even at Athens, senators believed!
Stoop'd to the bleeding Cross, nor fear'd to brook
The taunting lip, the cold disdainful look,
But, singly bold, the Gospel's power confess'd,
And felt its signet on their souls impress'd.

Yet ruled Apollyon o'er those regions fair;
Proud tower'd his temples; round his altars there
Hell's demon hosts, in flowery garb array'd,
Call'd Beauty, Genius, Science to his aid;
Bade every Muse his gorgeous chaplet weave,
Wit, Taste, Philosophy, his yoke receive;
Bow'd even sublimest Reason to his sway,
And shrouded nature from the light of day;
In various climes his mighty empire laid,
With various arts the subject world he sway'd.
'Mid roseate bowers, supine, in slothful ease
He left the sons of Indolence; no breeze
Of rising thought disturb'd the stagnant mind
In Pleasure's lap, on mossy banks reclined;
He roused them not from dreams of soft repose,
Save to delirious passions, wild as those
Which haunt fierce Fever in his fiery pain,
Or, furious, revel in the maniac's brain.

Was Greece, proud Greece, for arts, for arms, renown'd,
With dire Delusion's iron fetters bound?
Thou, too, luxurious Asia's splendid queen,
Bright Antioch, captive by her side wast seen.
Deck'd with her spoils, and swollen like her with pride,
Within thy soft domain gay Pleasure vied
With loftier passions, for the passing hour;
Beneath her potent spell the hero's power,

Decaying, droop'd ; while Virtue's gentler grace,
 With veil dependent, sought a holier place.
 With her, 'mid Daphne's myrtle shades reclined,
 Thy sons, voluptuous, wooed the fragrant wind ;
 In strange deliquium of dissolving thought,
 Their dreary bliss in sense, in fancy, sought,
 Where silvan nature Beauty's hand array'd,
 Train'd the bright laurel, arch'd the cypress shade,
 Led the clear streamlet down the verdant hill,
 The charmed ear bade sounds harmonious fill,
 And odorous shrubs their spicy balsams weep,
 In soporiferous dream the enchanted sense to steep.

There, as in Eden erst, the serpent lay ;
 Bright gleam'd his scales beneath the sunny ray,
 And wide his coils inextricable spread,
 And fell the venom'd shaft that arm'd his head ;
 And deep and dire his guileful arts, to bring
 His heedless prey beneath his deadly sting ;
 And myriad victims, in that spell-bound shade,
 Within the monster's dreadful toils were laid.

Yes, there, 'mid sumptuous offerings, bright enshrined,
 Dwelt Python, earliest troubler of mankind ;
 And there, as erst in Delphic caverns heard,
 Gave murmuring forth the dim, deceitful word ;
 His frantic priestess fill'd with transport wild,
 And suppliant crowds, to worship vain beguiled.
 On him, false spirit, though in specious guise
 Lurking unseen by unanointed eyes,
 Awaited priestly pomp, and victims crown'd,
 Virgins and youths who wheel'd in mazy round
 The dance unhallow'd, while mellifluous song
 Led the light train with heedless steps along.

'Tis past ! the word of power dissolves the spell ;
 Messiah's cross confounds the fiends of hell ;
 His herald speaks ; the voice of Heaven is heard ;
 Pale Grief looks up ; and Misery, at his word,
 Desponds no more ; foreboding Guilt draws nigh,
 To catch sweet sounds of peace ; Idolatry
 Sits trembling on his ancient gorgeous throne ;
 From darkling caves no demon's direful moan,
 Or voice delusive, meets the startled ear.

'Tis past ! hell preludes its destruction near !

A mightier Presence in this awful hour
Arrests the dragon, and controls his power.

Parch'd is the desert ground beneath the blaze
Of torrid skies ; no cooling mist allays
The glowing fierceness of that arid wild,
Nor gentle rain, nor breath of zephyr mild ;
But wide fell Simoom's fiery wings expand,
And sport with Death 'mid clouds of scorching sand.
Such is the land of idols ! Dread domain,
Where hell's foul spirit holds his dreadful reign !
Unverdant, unrefresh'd by rill or shower,
Blasted and sear'd beneath the baleful power
Of that infernal orb, whose rayless heat
Bids fever'd life with throbbing pulses beat,
Ignites with demon fires the darkling sphere,
And rules in dimness, agony, and fear.

As Moses, when from Horeb's rifted side,
At Heaven's command, he called the gushing tide,
Rejoicing saw new life inspire the frame,
As eager to the crystal current came
Myriads of parched lips ; so, joyous, stood
The messenger of grace beside the flood
That roll'd translucent o'er that desert ground.
He saw salvation's healing streams abound ;
He saw the living draught by Heaven applied ;
Saw nations rushing to the silver tide ;
Then onward flew, with herald trump, to call
A world to taste the stream that flows for all.

Heaven gave a vast circumference to his flight ;
Pour'd on his mind its own resplendent light ;
Endued with gifts of knowledge, gifts of grace,
With varied powers to teach man's varied race.
To realms where science beam'd the truth he brought,
'Mid Pleasure's bowers its holy maxims taught ;
He taught it where the stormy, sea-girt coast
Sustain'd its veteran sons, a martial host,
Unconquer'd by the iron hand of Power ;
But yielding, in that strange, impressive hour,
As melting snows, beneath the solar beam,
Glide copious down to swell the mountain stream.

The world, its wisdom, folly, rudeness, guile,
He had not fear'd to meet. Beneath the pile

Of Superstition's towers that train had laid
Which made earth tremble, hell look on dismay'd.
Still was his utmost labour unachieved,
His fiery baptism but in part received ;
He waited yet the hallow'd cross to bear ;
With Christ conformity in death to share,
Assured his resurrection's power to prove,
And wear the martyr's brightest crown above.

Rome, proud, imperial Rome ! not yet to thee
Had Paul fulfill'd his sacred ministry ;
Yet stood thy name upon the scroll he bore ;
And, heaven-directed, to thy distant shore
Behold the stranger comes !

Look up, and see !

Thou, who art wont in gorgeous embassy
To gather round thee on thy throne of pride
The loftiest names to pomp and power allied !
O say, will thy imperious purple own
That weary, wo-worn, fetter'd man, unknown,
Meet herald for its stately presence ? where
Neglect or scorn even crowned monarchs share ?
Where self-sufficient Glory, deified,
Sets his stern foot on diadems of pride,
And spurns or crushes, as caprice or power,
Ascendant, triumphs o'er the passing hour ?

Yet, look again upon that stranger's mien ;
There is a majesty thou hast not seen
Even in the eye of Victory, when crown'd
With laurels newly wreathed, and gazing round
From trophied car, triumphant on the crowd
Lifting the clarion trump in praises loud.
Nor sits such lofty grace on Cesar's brow,
While at his feet obedient senates bow,
As marks that reverend face, that beaming eye,
Bright mirror of reflected Deity,
Whose Spirit animates the lowly frame,
And claims thy homage, though the marks of shame
Scar his dishonour'd limbs.

He hath outrode

The tempest, when Euroclydon bestrode
The rushing meteor in the eastern sky ;
When fierce and angry billows, vaulting high,

On their dark tops, like Alpine mountains, bore
Bright wreaths of snowy foam ; when, rude, the roar
Of clashing thunders swell'd the dissonant blast,
And forked lightnings round the straining mast
Glanced their keen fires, and flash'd with flaming sweep
Down the dark furrows of the yawning deep.

Dauntless he gazed on that tempestuous sea ;
He saw the hand that set the whirlwind free,
With Heaven's dread angel converse held, sublime,
Look'd forth on scenes beyond the bounds of time,
And holy words of grace and comfort spoke,
Though wild winds strove and waves impetuous broke,
And shelving rocks in treacherous ambush lay,
And Death, expectant, gorged his trembling prey ;
For powerful rose the prophet's voice on high,
Benignant Mercy heard his wrestling cry,
And angels, ministrant, descending flew,
Forth from the deep each struggling victim drew,
And to the prayer of faith triumphant gave
That prisoner's trophies from the yawning grave.

He comes, in venerable age, in chains,
To stand at Cesar's bar ! yet there sustains
The glory of the cross. His herald there,
He comes, Messiah's amnesty to bear,
Even to the throne of kings ; nor fears the might
Of tyrant rage, nor Envy's baleful blight ;
But, bold, empanoplied in strength Divine,
Unfurls aloft salvation's sacred sign ;
That sacred sign its wonted power sustains,
Nor earth nor hell Jehovah's might restrains ;
Awhile infernal wrath its stroke suspends,
The firebrand from the grasp of rage descends ;
Awhile the furious lion leaves his thrall,
And Rome's proud palace hears the Gospel call ;
That kindly call a thousand hearts embrace,
And myriads own the energy of grace ;
While truth and goodness, with sublime control,
O'erawe the proud, subdue the abject soul.

To him, whose sacramental pledge was given,
To live and die for Christ ; who once in heaven
Had seen the blaze of empyrean light,
And at the groves of Eden, in his flight,

Had rested to converse with angel powers
And sainted prophets in those blissful bowers ;—
To him, whose spirit soar'd and breathed above,
Death had no form of terror ; only love
Inspired one fervent wish,—awhile to bear
The Saviour's cross, his Churches' griefs to share,
Or, glad, conclude his mortal course, and rise
At once to nearer converse in the skies.

At length, his work complete, his conquests won,
His griefs endured, his glorious circuit run ;
At length, resplendent, from the opening skies,
Beam'd in Messiah's hand the martyr's prize.
With unfilm'd eye that glittering crown he view'd,
Through pain and death his onward course pursued,
Victorious sprang the gladdening smile to meet,
To lay his banners at his Captain's feet.
Transcendent triumph closed the glorious fight,
And seraphs throng'd with coronals of light
To watch the scene, to catch the parting breath,
To bear the spirit from the grasp of death ;
To scatter radiance round the crimson'd tomb,
And redolence of heaven's immortal bloom.

Rome, blood-stain'd mistress of the world, 'twas thine
To quench in death this flaming Light Divine !
Yet still thy cruel, keen, unglutted sword,
From martyrs' veins the purple current pour'd ;
Beneath thy murderous steel in faith they bow'd,
And left on thee, presumptuous, ruthless, proud,
The stain of holy blood, the direful curse
Denounced by Him who sways the universe.
That curse, beneath thy trophied arches laid,
Beneath thy frowning bulwarks' ample shade,
Beneath thy towers of strength, thy temples proud,
Insidious wrought, till crumbling ruin bow'd
Each mighty structure to the blasted ground,
And Nature wept, while Heaven in anger frown'd.

Establish'd on the Rock, the Stone of might,
Now rose the Church in holy beauty bright ;
Against it hell in vain its strength essay'd ;
Each living stone on that Foundation laid,
With noiseless art, by heavenly skill prepared,
The temple's symmetry and glory shared ;

Bask'd in the beams of Truth's transcendent light,
Which, there unveil'd in stainless splendour, bright,
Disclosed the lengths and breadths of Love Divine,
The Godhead, glorious in his mystic shrine.

He form'd the Temple ; He its guest became ;
His quickening Spirit breathed the living flame,
Kindled sweet incense on his altar there,
Perpetual sacrifice of praise and prayer ;
Himself its sacred services ordain'd,
Its lamps in undiminish'd light sustain'd ;
Upheld its stars in his right hand, and moved
Amid the glory which his soul approved.

He form'd its ministry, to feed, to teach ;
He gave the apostolic charge ; to each,
Discernment, wisdom, miracle, supplied,
The power to rule, the gentleness to guide ;
The high commission in his awful Name,
His terms of peace, of pardon, to proclaim ;
To minister the sacramental sign,
The cleansing water, and the mystic wine ;
His impress on the sainted mind to bear,
His work fulfil, his cup of suffering share ;
His bright exemplar to his Church to show,
Walk as he walk'd, and live like him below.

He fix'd its laws ; his teaching Spirit came,
As erst to prophets, in refining flame,
And bade inspired evangelists record
The sacred words of their incarnate Lord ;
Retraced his lessons on the' illumined mind,
And stamp'd them as the charter of mankind ;
His life, his death, his wondrous works declared,
The rich rewards for humble faith prepared,
Unfolded mysteries angels sought to know,
Secrets of heaven, which only He could show
To whose omniscient eye, in stainless light,
Salvation, in its depth, and breadth, and height,
Stands all unveil'd ; the meed his sufferings won,
The glorious triumph of the' exalted Son.

Nor these alone the mystic Spirit taught,
But future scenes from distant ages brought,
Disclosed the march of Providence on high,
Through paths perplex'd to all but Deity.

Reveal'd the kingdom of the Man of Sin,
 The Church, by foes without, by fears within,
 Perturb'd, oppress'd, till that transcendent hour,
 When, bright in majesty and strong in power,
 Messiah's arm shall all her foes subdue;
 The earth, the heavens, in glorious light renew,
 His purchased, spotless bride, triumphant, own,
 And raise, illustrious, to his heavenly throne.

'Tis done! the teaching angel's charge is o'er;
 The Voice oracular instructs no more;
 No visions now prophetic seers engage:
 But truth, transmitted through the sacred page,
 With perfect, constant, heaven-descended ray,
 Instructs the Church to track her devious way;
 Completes in Patmos Eden's earliest beam,
 Celestial efflux of the Light Supreme;
 Transcript of Him whose grace the gift bestow'd,
 From whom the Spirit to the Churches flow'd;
 Who erst in elder prophets spake, sublime,
 And taught the origin of earth and time;
 Nor ceased to whisper to the tutor'd ear,
 Nor ceased in trance to meet the gifted seer,
 Nor ceased the figured mystery to show,
 To bid the streams of inspiration flow,
 Till doctrine, precept, prophecy, complete,
 In one concentrating orb of glory meet,
 And God's eternal oracles dispense
 The finish'd counsels of Omnipotence.

Hail, Holy Record of supernal love!
 Thy living lines even seraphs search above,
 And saints below with holy wonder trace,
 Intent to learn thy mysteries of grace.
 Stupendous register of truth sublime,
 'Tis thine to chase the darkling mists of time;
 To cheer the mariner with friendly light,
 Through shelving rocks to guide his course aright;
 To show, beyond the deep, that peaceful shore,
 Where waves subside, and tempests rage no more;
 But heaven's unsetting splendours radiant glow,
 Nor season's change, nor night of sorrow know.

Eternal Oracle of Truth, thy voice
 Bids Misery hope, and holy Faith rejoice;

The wayward step of thoughtless youth restrains ;
Soothes hoary age, amid its cares and pains ;
Pours heavenly music on the raptured ear,
When Death's dread angel draws in stillness near ;
Proclaims, beside the grave, that destined hour,
When, strangely quicken'd by all-conquering Power,
Each captive, from its dark recesses brought,
Shall share the victory by Messiah wrought,
Emerge from Hades' deep sepulchral gloom,
And wave his palm of triumph o'er the tomb.

Hail, Holy Book ! While time its course pursues,
And earthly lights their transient splendours lose,
While earth-born streams to trickling rills decay,
The Spirit's flood, with broad and beauteous sway,
Shall through thy consecrated channels pour,
Bless the wide world, and spread from shore to shore ;
Circumfluent roll, with still augmenting sweep,
Its mighty volume to the boundless deep,
Till every wave its vital influence feel,
And ocean tribes confess its power to heal ;
Till cluster'd islands raise the joyful song,
And sea-girt rocks Salvation's strains prolong ;
Messiah's law with thankful hearts receive,
Adore his mercy, and his truth believe.

MESSIAH'S KINGDOM.

BOOK VIII.

With regard to the destruction of the Jewish nation, and the consequent downfall of their religious institutions, which they all along opposed to Christianity, it may be observed, that no events whatever could have contributed so effectually to the conversion of both Jews and Gentiles. For it is a known fact, that while the Jewish constitution subsisted, the spreading of the Gospel was hindered, both by the believing and unbelieving Jews; the former disgusting the Gentiles, by endeavouring to subject them to the law of Moses; and the latter terrifying them, by the persecutions which they raised against the disciples, even in heathen countries. But the abolition of the Mosaical institutions confuted the error of the one, and the destruction of the nation broke the power of the other.

Benson.

ARGUMENT.

PORTENTS of the fall of Jerusalem.—Awful nature of an appeal to heaven.—The obstinate rejection of Messiah by the Jews avenged, and their fearful imprecation fulfilled, in the destruction of their city and temple, and in their own unparalleled sufferings.—God's especial care over his people, and his providential interpositions for their deliverance in seasons of general calamity and judgment.—The dissolution of the Jewish polity, and consequent abolition of the Mosaic ritual, a dispensation of mercy, as well as of justice; removing entirely the typical and representative system, and thus making room for the reality which it prefigured.

The glory, fall, and restoration of Jerusalem: An ode.—Part I. Righteousness and Peace its early designation under the reign of Melchisedeck.—The abode of the patriarchs.—Visited by angels, especially the Angel of the Covenant, the Leader and King of Israel.—Its regal glory.—Solomon's temple.—The prophets.—The law.—God manifest in the flesh.—Its fall, under the stroke of Divine wrath.—Part II. Prophetic annunciations of the renewed glory and prosperity of Jerusalem, on the repentance of Israel, and their embracing Christ as the Messiah.

MESSIAH'S KINGDOM.

BOOK VIII.

A day of wrath and recompense.—*Horne.*

VAPOURS load the murky air,
Darkness sails on sullen wing,
Lightnings gleam, and comets glare,
Moaning sounds hoarse night winds bring!
Vultures swoop, and ravens scream,
While o'er the sky
Tempestuous fly
Swift steeds of fire,
And warriors dire,
Whose clashing swords ensanguined gleam.

Stern the clangous trumpet's sound
Comes, in fitful echoes borne,
Earthquakes cleave the solid ground,
Cities from their bases torn
Augur Ruin's march of Death;
While close behind,
On tainted wind,
Twin demons sail,—
Gaunt Famine pale,
And Pestilence with poison'd breath.

Hark! at midnight's solemn hour,
Hoarse those ponderous hinges grate!

Yielding to unearthly power,
 Lebanon† unfolds its gate!
 Cedars, on its lofty brow,
 As aspens shake,
 Tall fir-trees quake,
 And howl for fear
 Of judgment near,
 While low the oaks of Bashan bow.

Priests, who on the altar wait,
 Tend by night the sacred fire,
 Hear ye not the voice of Fate,
 While the viewless guests retire?
 Whence that sound of rustling wings?
 That silent tread,
 Those accents dread,
 That wound the ear
 With boding fear,
 Portentous of unutter'd things?

Worshippers, whose wakeful prayer
 Swift prevents the morning ray,
 While your offer'd gifts ye bear,
 While your plighted vows ye pay,
 See ye not that dazzling light,
 Which spreads and streams
 In dismal gleams,
 And dims the fire,
 Whose flames aspire,
 From sacrificial altars bright?

'Tis Jehovah's wrath that burns!
 Judgment bears the sulphurous brand!

† "By Lebanon most interpreters understand the Temple, whose stately buildings resembled the tall cedars of that forest. There is a remarkable story mentioned by the Jewish writers to this purpose:—Some time before the destruction of the temple, the doors of it opened of their own accord; a circumstance attested by Josephus. Then R. Johanan, a disciple of R. Hillel, directing his speech to the temple, said, 'I know thy destruction is at hand, according to the prophecy of Zechariah: *Open thy doors, O Lebanon,*' &c. By the several sorts of trees are meant the several orders and degrees of men who shall be sharers in the common destruction."—*Lowth on Zech. xi. 1, 2.*

Lo, his face in anger turns
 From devoted Zion's land !
 Vengeance draws his glittering blade,
 And, furbish'd bright,
 Its lurid light
 Portentous falls
 On Salem's walls,
 On Judah's leaguer'd towers dismay'd.

Whence proceeds that doleful cry,
 Burthen'd with the wail of wo ?
 Hark ! the voice of Destiny
 Moans a nation's overthrow !
 Hush ! with melancholy sweep,
 O'er tower and fane
 That boding strain
 Re-echoing falls,
 And plaintive calls
 A reprobated land to weep !

Whence these fearful sights and signs,
 Heaven perturb'd, and earth dismay'd ?
 What in Judgment's mystic lines
 Stands on Zion's walls portray'd ?
 What ? 'tis Zion's hour of doom !
 Her cup o'erflows !
 The curse she chose
 Assails her towers,
 Her hosts o'erpowers,
 And famine, fire, and sword, consume !

Yes ! that curse in heaven was heard !
 Vengeance placed its record there ;
 Justice weigh'd the dreadful word
 Murmur'd in the murderer's prayer !
 Now the dire response descends,
 For Calvary !
 Yon lurid sky
 Portentous glows ;
 To Zion's foes,

Stern his sword Jehovah lends,
 And o'er her guilty head his righteous wrath impends !

O 'TIS a fearful thing to pour the prayer
To Him who meets the spirit everywhere ;
From whom no deep, deceptive veil can hide
The arts of sophistry, the thoughts of pride ;
Who seals the grace by lowly faith implored,
And marks the curse by impious rashness pour'd ;
That dread appeal no light-wing'd winds disperse,
No dews dissolve, no powers of earth reverse.
Jehovah grasps his thunders ! Who shall stand
Against the terrors of his outstretch'd hand ?
What shield avert the imprecated stroke ?
What worm Omnipotence to wrath provoke ?

Judea ! had thine eyes His hand beheld,
Then had thy rash blaspheming lips repell'd
That cry of blood, whose wild and clamorous sound,
With tempest murmurs roll'd its echo round,
And bade each minister of wrath prepare
His furbish'd sword ; the deep, the earth, the air,
In hoarse vibrations to that voice reply,
While angry thunders shook the distant sky,
As, stern, his bow the dread Avenger drew,
And round thy reckless head his fiery arrows flew.

Close of a host of wrongs, that ruthless cry
From thee, Jerusalem, was heard on high !
Ah ! how thine eyes were closed ! Thou wouldst not see
The wing of Mercy spread to shelter thee !
Thou wouldst not hear the tender plaint of Love,
Who watch'd the vulture pouncing from above ;
No ! to that fostering screen thou wouldst not fly,
Till Rapine seized thy fluttering progeny,
Drank the warm life-blood from their reeking veins,
And strew'd their crimson'd plumage o'er the plains !
No, not from thee the Stem of Jesse's line
Received meet homage. Israel's Star Divine
Illustrious rose ; but thine averted eyes
Refused the lambent glory of the skies.
Messiah sought his own ; but found in thee
A wilful, proud, and stubborn enemy,
Whom neither grace could win, nor goodness charm,
Nor pity sooth, nor charity disarm,
Nor miracles convince, nor love persuade,
Nor truth admonish, nor long suffering aid.

Thy impious hand the cup of blessing spurn'd,
 Till slighted balm to gall and wormwood turn'd,
 Till to thy lips its bitterest dregs applied,
 Constrain'd thee, loathing, in the dust to hide
 The tortures of thy perfidy and pride.

It was a fearful hour when, stanch and true
 To Heaven's command, Rome's mighty legions drew
 Around thy walls their fierce and proud array;
 When their plumed eagles to the dreadful fray
 Of faction, envy, strife, and fury came,
 Of guile, revenge, and every hateful name
 That wars with human peace, with human kind;
 When each fell passion of the darkling mind
 Grappled within thy breast, and fixed the brand
 Of infamy on thy devoted land;
 When thou, as heaven, exalted once, wast laid
 In hell's dim precincts of unhallow'd shade,
 A guilty outcast from Jehovah's face,
 A dread exemplar of rejected grace.

It came in clouds! That dark, that wrathful day,
 Which He who travell'd once thy steepy way
 With tearful eye beheld. He saw it lower,
 With gathering blackness, o'er the fane, the tower,
 The peopled walks beneath. He saw, and wept,
 While yet the storm in lingering stillness slept!
 O hadst thou melted in those tears of love!
 O had that sympathy had power to move!
 Even then, perchance, the tempest blast had stay'd,
 Nor Zion's beauty been in ashes laid;
 Even then the yearning tenderness of grace
 Had yielded still some transient moments' space,
 Had lengthen'd thy tranquillity, and turn'd
 The shaft aside that bright in anger burn'd.

But—no! In vain those copious sorrows flow'd!
 In vain that warning voice thy sentence show'd!
 Suffusing blindness seal'd thy closing eye;
 Thy heart of adamant no sympathy
 Could wake to tenderness or shame; thine ear
 Shut up its foldings, and refused to hear.
 And now the day thou wouldst not use is past;
 Thy marshall'd enemies entrench thee fast;
 Beside thy towers their ponderous shields they raise,
 Scale thy broad walls, possess thy public ways,

Lay thy proud bulwarks prostrate on the ground,
Thy children in promiscuous wrath confound.

Alas! what tearful muse her lyre shall string
To Zion's wail of wo! What colouring
Of deepest tint that dismal scene portray,
When, crush'd by wrath Divine, sad Salem lay!
Ah! not the weeping minstrel's saddest wail,
Nor darkest, deadliest poison of the vale,
Nor hues by Fancy in her moodiest vein
Thrown wild and lurid o'er the maniac's brain,
Can tones of grief, can tints of terrors yield,
So deep, so dire, as that dread hour reveal'd!
'Twas suffering earth's excess of ill; the shade
Of Nature's throes in dissolution laid.

Lo, Death's dread angel takes the charge Divine;
The war, proud Cesar, is not Rome's, nor thine;
Jehovah bids thy veteran legions close
Around those walls his angry wrath o'erthrows.
No line of golden shields, empyreal sent,
Now guards those towers, that temple's battlement.
The glory is departed! Far, O far,
Retires the light of Zion's guiding Star.
He, erst the Captain of her hosts, in ire
Confronts her now; no swift-wing'd steeds of fire
The thunders of the' invader's might withstand;
But Heaven's own arm o'erwhelms a guilty land.

Go, mount the breach, the massive gates unfold;
Be war's tempestuous tide still onward roll'd!
Go,—gasping Famine has prepared thy way,
Plague calls thy hovering eagles to their prey,
And there the desecrated carcase lies,
Abhorr'd of earth, abandon'd by the skies,
Devoted to each foul and ravenous beak,
That blood allures obscenest food to seek.

Hark! 'tis the rush of battle! Loud and strong
The wild wind bears its echoing shouts along;
Trumpets, and clashing arms, and boisterous cries,
And snorting steeds, and thundering batteries,
Roar in commingling tumult wide and far,
And drown the deadlier dissonance of war;
The shriek, the dying groan, the wailing cry,
The wretches' curse, the prayer of Misery,

Breathed in extremest need to Him whose ear
Amid the ravings of the storm can hear,
Whose pity, even for those condemn'd to die,
Disdains not Mercy's still imploring cry.

Back rolls the tide from ocean's cavern'd shore,
On moveless rocks returning billows roar ;
So Zion's sons the desperate shock sustain,
The stream of carnage ebbs and flows again,
Till heaven's wide concave glows with wasting fires,
From tower and dome the vaulting blaze aspires,
Encircling flames her spacious courts consume,
Her cedar'd roofs exude their rich perfume,
Her marble floors in crackling fragments fly,
Her golden gates in molten ruin lie,
Temples and towers, and palaces descend,
With peasant homes in stern destruction blend :
And thou, even thou, whose venerable state,
Magnificent, amid the frowns of fate,
Like Sinai, 'mid Arabia's desert sands ;
Even thou, assail'd by sacrilegious hands,
Imperial Salem's pride, Jehovah's shrine,
The sacred dwelling of the Guest Divine,
Even thou, to wrath in this decisive hour
Must bend, stern trophy of the Gentile's power.

Yes, 'tis the day of vengeance long foretold !
The foes of Zion triumph ; fierce and bold
The Heathen plants his standard on that throne
Where dwelt, in light, the' Invisible, alone !
Rome's blood-stain'd eagles there their pinions spread,
Where once the Ineffable his glory shed ;
Jehovah's house, polluting idols stain,
And proud idolaters his name profane ;
Intrusive, to that dread arcanum press,
Where erst enshrined in fearful holiness,
He veil'd his awful Majesty from view,
And round his throne the mystic curtain drew.
Yet stay, presumptuous Heathen ! own his power,
Revere his judgments in this dreadful hour !
Lo, Zion faints beneath the frown of God !
And what art thou ?—the sword, the scourge, the rod.

'Tis done ! thy glorious heavens are wrapp'd in night ;
Thy sun is dim ; thy moon's resplendent light

A sanguine shade invests; thy stars are cast
Down to the ground, as, by the whirlwind's blast,
Fall the sear'd fig-tree's leaves. Jerusalem!
When men recount calamities, condemn
Outcasts to execration, then of thee
Shall their thoughts ponder; then thy misery,
The acme of all human ills, shall rise,
Their sum of vengeance, horror, and surprise.
Nay, righteous Heaven itself hath given in thee
Exemplar of its terrors. Soon shall flee
Before the coming Judge this mortal scene;
And sinners, visited as thou hast been,
Shall writhe beneath the vengeance of his rod,
Who spurn'd the gracious clemency of God.

Yet, ever on the faithful rests his eye,
A nation's wreck, a world in agony—
Turns not from them his tenderness, his cares;
His love a covert from the storm prepares;
Bids War his adamantine links uncloze;
Suspends dissolving Nature's final throes:
By them, amid the tempest clouds, are seen
Seraphic sights, and forms of heavenly mien;
And angels, ministrant, in glorious band,
Descend to save them from the spoiler's hand;
Nor falls the fiery deluge on the plain,
Nor Cesar's legions Zion's ramparts gain,
Nor reels creation to its destined fall,
Till God's elect his clarion trumpets call,
Till sainted feet the appointed refuge find,
And leave the sulphurous storm, the sword of war, behind.

Type of a world destroy'd, prelude sign
Of Guilt's excision from the peace Divine,
By Heaven set forth, devoted Salem lies;
Yet mercies from the depths of judgment rise,
Jehovah's ways man's labour'd thoughts transcend,
By wisest means he works the noblest end,
And still inscrutable in counsel shines,
While power and love effect his vast designs;
While justice vindicates his awful throne,
And truth and goodness make his nature known.
'Twas he, incomprehensible, who fought
Against offending Israel, and brought

The Gentiles to his fold: He scourged their crime,
And swept aside that institute sublime
Which shadow'd mercy's mystery to the world;
His glorious house from Zion's height he hurl'd,
His ploughshare o'er her desolations drove,
Sent forth her unbelieving sons to rove
As outcasts from his face. 'Twas wrath Divine,
For guilt's rejection of the grace benign,
Messiah's slighted love. 'Twas Mercy, too,
Whose hand the ceremonial sign withdrew;
Hid types and shadows obsolete; declared
The mysteries of that elder age, prepared
But as the vestibule of Glory's shrine,
Abolish'd now by ordinance Divine;
Proclaim'd the temple's sanctities complete,
The pale removed, the radiant mercy-seat
To all accessible, who plead the grace
Messiah purchased for a guilty race;
Renounce the righteousness of self and pride,
And only live through Him who for their ransom died.

JERUSALEM.

HER GLORY, FALL, AND RESTORATION.

A LYRIC EPISODE.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

You only have I known of all the families of the earth: therefore I
will punish you for all your iniquities. Amos iii, 3.

How hath the Lord covered the daughter of Zion with a cloud in his
anger! Lam. ii, 1.

DAUGHTER of Heaven, fair Solyma, from far
Thy glory, like the morning star,
Upon the solemn brow of night,
Precursor of approaching light,
Amid surrounding shadows beam'd,
Ere yet the dawn with orient splendour stream'd.
Kings were the guardians of thy infant hours!
Peace strew'd thy way with flowers,
And Righteousness,
With lifted hands, benign, came forth thy youth to bless!

Beneath thy palmy shade,
The pilgrim patriarchs stray'd;
Drank from thy vine
Refreshing draughts of pure nectareous wine;
Received thy regal bounty spread
Before the weary warrior band,
While blessings on the anointed head
Flow'd through thy sacerdotal hand.

Thou, with thy subject woodland, hill and plain,
 A smiling land, where rills of sweetness flow'd,
 Didst spread thy shadowing wings to entertain
 That stranger, to whose faith Jehovah show'd,
 That in revolving time
 His myriad sons should climb
 Those mountains' mossy summits, and command
 Vales, plains, and cities, with their sceptred hand.

Soft on thy twilight shade,
 Or when Creation laid
 Its weary head upon the breast of Sleep,
 Thy whispering breeze its sighs suspended ;
 Thy hush'd harmonious spheres attended,
 While some celestial seraph, bright,
 Furl'd up his wings, and deign'd to light
 Beside the sainted pilgrim's tent,
 On heavenly ministration sent ;
 Or, fond, the midnight watch to keep
 With those beloved ones,
 Creation's younger sons,
 Above the elder born, who Mercy's favours reap.

Yes ; and ere yet enshrined
 In semblance of mankind,
 To thee the Covenant Angel frequent came ;
 In converse sweet, as friend with friend,
 Did faithful Abraham's steps attend ;
 Reveal'd his incommunicable name,
 The oracle of mystic mercy gave,
 Promise of him, who, strong to save,
 Should on Moriah's mount appear ;
 He brought the distant day of glory near,
 The rich reward of faith bestow'd,
 Messiah in his sufferings show'd,
 Messiah, risen triumphant from the grave.

To thee, too, came the Word,
 Girt with his warrior sword ;
 Thy valiant hosts to conquest led,
 His ensign bright before thee spread,
 The Captain of the army of the Lord :

King o'er Jeshurun's tribes he reign'd,
 Amid them placed his throne of power,
 'Their foes by miracle restrain'd,
 And shielded in temptation's hour.

Kings in thy stately halls
 Furl'd up their banners ; hung upon thy walls
 The gorgeous shields of vanquish'd enemies ;
 Thy mountain heights the fortress crown'd,
 Where Judah's lion stood and frown'd,
 Lord of the subject forest round ;
 While glistening in the purple skies,
 Thy ivory throne was seen to rise
 Like Lebanon, whose drifted snow
 Returns the sunbeam's early glow
 In thousand haloes bright, in thousand rainbow dyes.

Yet, not thy warriors, proud, renown'd
 For triumphs o'er the uncircumcised,
 Nor diadems of monarchs crown'd,
 Nor golden shields of foes chastised,
 Nor cedar'd domes of stately height,
 Nor lucid sheen of ivory bright,
 Conferr'd on thee, illustrious queen,
 Thy peerless dignity of mien :
 No ; 'Twas from Him who claim'd thee for his bride,
 And came to' abide
 In fellowship with thee ;
 Who deign'd to be
 Acknowledged as thy Lord ; and by his side
 To seat the chosen Grace his love had magnified.

'Twas then, when to his house
 Thou camest with plighted vows.
 And holy promises, to consecrate
 To Him thy earliest and thy latest hours ;
 On him in duteous faithfulness to wait,
 Bend to his will submissive, and thy powers
 For him alone employ.
 Yes, then did joy
 Present it richest, fullest cup ;
 Then were thy purest splendours kindled up

By bright irradiations from his eye ;
 He cheer'd with smiles of graciousness and love
 Thy meek, confiding heart ; and from above
 Came forth to shrine his Majesty
 In temple rear'd by mortal hands.
 Hail, Solyma, resplendent from afar,
 Fair morning star !
 Unrivall'd stands
 Thy glory to remotest lands !

Yes, graven in immortal lines
 The holy record shines
 Of that illustrious morn
 When Israel's joyous land awoke,
 And cymbals, trumpets, timbrels, broke,
 And lute, and harp, and horn,
 At once, upon the ravish'd ear ;
 When swell'd the loud adoring hymn,
 As on the wings of seraphim,
 Jehovah to his shrine drew near ;
 While princes, priests, and prophets bow'd
 Beneath that dazzling cloud,
 Whose rolling volume spread
 Throughout the trembling shrine
 Where prostrate worshippers, in wondering dread,
 Confess'd the incumbent Majesty Divine ;
 Where David's regal Son
 Pour'd suppliant forth the hallow'd orison ;
 While bright, as erst from Sinai's smoke,
 The flame, insufferable broke,
 Retiring priests confess'd the sign,
 Beheld the dreadful glory shine ;
 And Israel's God, adoring, saw
 Ascend his throne, in silent awe.

Thine was the mount of vision ; and to thee
 Was given the lyre of prophecy.
 On thy illumined eyes
 Rose wondrous scenes, celestial mysteries.
 Beyond the dimming vale of time,
 To thee was shown a world sublime ;

A world from all but thee conceal'd,
When, conversant with God alone,
His Spirit to thy sons reveal'd
Unutter'd secrets, things unknown.
His stormy path they view'd,
'Mid clouds and tempests dire,
His chariot, borne by whirlwinds rude,
Or lightning steeds of fire,
Or, rolling calm in tranquil might
Diffusing joy, and life, and light.

The' Adoption was thine own ;
For thee the glory shone ;
To thee the law its awful sanctions gave ;
And thou, by solemn ritual bound,
With covenant privilege wast crown'd.
To thee was given
Exemplar of the hallow'd things in heaven ;
Of service acceptable there,
Propitiation, praise, and prayer.

Emmanuel came to thee !
The mystery
Of Godhead veil'd in flesh thine eyes beheld !
Yes, Abraham's holy Seed was thine.
The Heir of David's regal line,
By boundless grace impell'd,
A stranger to his brethren came ;
Reveal'd the eternal Father's name,
Before thine eyes his power display'd ;
The midnight tempest sway'd,
Trode the rough billows of the raging sea ;
Through Death's terrific shade
Sent the stern mandate of authority :
Yea, in thy view,
Climbing yon mountain's rugged height,
His arm hell's adverse powers o'erthrew
And, conquering by resistless might,
The dragon's sting he drew ;
Victorious, with majestic tread,
There crush'd the scaly monster's head.

Where is thy glory now,
 Queen of the lofty brow?
 Fallen is thy diadem of pride;
 And Desolation's drear and ruinous tide
 Hath beaten on thy shores!
 Round thee the wild wind roars,
 And o'er ungenial climes thy children wander wide!

God hath despoil'd and brought thee low,
 Beneath whose tread the kindling mountains glow;
 Who, o'er the young and orient light
 His curtain spreads, and nature mourns in night;
 Whose mighty hand
 Grasps the dark billows of the deep,
 Pours rushing cataracts down the rugged steep,
 And o'er the cultured land
 Bids desolating torrents sweep.

Yes, He, who, when a dark and wondering world
 Had, unrepentant, run its course of crime,
 Forth from his throne sublime,
 The bolt of threaten'd vengeance hurl'd;
 Ruptured the channels of the central deep,
 Unzoned the ambient firmament,
 Earth's massive bars in sunder rent,
 And bade wide-wasting waters sweep.
 He frown'd in wrath on faithless Israël;
 Beneath that frown devoted Zion fell.

'Twas dark and terrible!
 It left thee, Solyma, a lurid star,
 A meteor, in a wild and turbid sky;
 A beacon, seen in stranger lands from far,
 The dread portent of hastening destiny.
 The pilgrim, traversing thy mountains drear,
 Looks on the scene of wrath;
 He feels vibrations shake the tremulous sphere,
 Confusion veils the earth;
 To heaven he turns, and, pale with fear,
 Beholds its dazzling glories fled;
 No birds on cheerful wing are near,
 Nor man; 'tis solitude and dread!

Creation bears that frown impress'd
Upon its withering breast.

The pilgrim, as he turns his steps and sighs,
Hears the lone wailing of a voice that cries,
"Ah! wo is me! for whom the murderers wait!
Ah! wo is me! my soul is desolate!
Me! whom no eye regards in sorrow's sad estate!"

JERUSALEM.

HER GLORY, FALL, AND RESTORATION.

A LYRIC EPISODE.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

Hear the word of the Lord, O ye nations, and declare it in the isles afar off; and say, He that scattered Israel will gather him, and keep him as a shepherd doth his flock. Jer. xxxi, 10.

They also that erred in spirit shall come to understanding; and they that murmured shall learn doctrine. Isaiah xxix, 28.

The children of Israel shall abide many days without a king, and without a prince, and without a sacrifice, and without an image, and without an ephod, and without teraphim:† afterward shall the children of Israel return, and shall seek the Lord their God, and David their king; and shall fear the Lord and his goodness in the latter days. Hosea iii, 4, 5.

The Lord will comfort Zion: he will comfort all her waste places, and he will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord: joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody. Isaiah li, 3.

MOURNER, hush! What soothing voice
Speaks of comfort, speaks of joys?
'Tis the bard, whose burning hymn
Glows like strain of seraphim;
He who beheld Jehovah on his throne,
Heard the veil'd hosts proclaim
Thrice the' unutterable Name:
"Holy, holy, holy," cry,
"Is God, the Lord Most High!"
His glorious Majesty in all his works is shown.

† Divine Manifestations.—*Bishop Newton*.

Mourner, hush ! the bard that sings
 Heard the seraph's rustling wings ;
 Saw him to the altar turn,
 Where celestial ardours burn ;
 Felt the flame his lips impress,
 Felt the quickening holiness,
 Felt the Spirit fire his breast,
 Fearless claim'd the high behest.

Baptized in flame,
 The prophet's name,
 The prophet's charge he sought ;
 To themes unsung
 His sweet harp strung,
 And heavenly mysteries taught.
 Bright on his soul,
 With rapture fraught,
 Strange visions roll
 And fire his thought.

He saw the glory and the grace,
 The wo, the weal of future days ;
 Beheld in dim perspective view,
 The sight from which the sun withdrew ;
 Beheld his people scatter'd, peel'd,
 For mercy spurn'd, to judgment seal'd ;
 Beheld the tempest cloud remove,
 And awful Justice yield to love.

Who is this that mournful sits
 Beneath the palm-tree's shade ?
 To the conqueror stern submits,
 In trophied pride array'd ?
 None sustains the head depress'd,
 None the word of comfort speaks !
 Lo, her sorrows soil her breast,
 Her tears are on her cheeks !

Ye who weep with those that mourn,
 Regard her plaintive strains ;
 From her mate the ringdove torn,
 Less piteously complains.
 A mother's grief,
 That spurns relief,

Of all her darling sons bereft ;
A widow's tears,
And untold fears,
Are hers in desolation left.

Ah! it is Zion in captivity
That thus sits desolate !
Her sad estate

A minish'd band of trembling elders see.
Silent, beneath her ruin'd towers they stand ;
Or, lowly, on the ground,
In floods of sorrow drown'd,
Bewail Jehovah's hand,
In judgment resting still on their once-favour'd land.
Their wither'd frame rude sackcloth seeks to hide,
And on their age's pride
Defiling dust appears.
What eye can look on thee
In thy captivity,
Sad Zion, and not wet his cheek with tears?

Who but must weep? For where,
Above thy bulwarks, fair,
Once floated Judah's standard in the breeze,
Shadowing thy fanes and palaces,
Now, with malignant beams,
The lurid crescent gleams,
And chills and blasts the springing sap of life :
O'er hordes of abject slaves
The banneret of Mecca's prophet waves,
And holds with truth and virtue ceaseless strife.

Yes! o'er thy holy walks,
Sad Solyma, the barbarous spoiler stalks !
No dew is on thy mountains ;
And from thy unfed fountains
No living waters flow.
Carmel and Sharon languish,
All nature mourns in anguish
The bitterness of thy sad overthrow.

Who but will join in deep lament
With thy sad sons in banishment?

Who will not mingle tears with thine,
Defiled, deserted Palestine?
While o'er the scene of thy solemnities
They turn their wondering eyes,
And see the Gentile there,
Where once thy house of prayer
Received the radiance of the orient skies;
Where incense rose
At evening's close,
And pure and bright
Heaven's lambent light
Kindled the hallow'd morning's sacrifice.
Where, on the outstretch'd wings of cherubim,
Appear'd the fiery throne of Him
Who there in shrouded glory deign'd to rest;
There with the mitred priesthood spoke,
By Urim and by Thummim show'd
The mind of God;
In light and in perfection broke
Upon the dazzling gems of Aaron's sainted vest.

Ye who love the sacred land
To ancient Israel given,
Ye who seek to understand
The mysteries of heaven,
Listen to the raptured tones
Of Zion's loftiest lyre,
Form, with Abraham's favour'd sons,
One sweet, harmonious quire.
From the dust the captive queen
Shall yet majestic rise,
On her ivory throne be seen,—
While subject enemies
In suppliance meek
Her favour seek,
And look with strange surprise
On her, though late
So desolate,
Yet bearing now
A blazing circlet on her radiant brow,
And scattering lucid glory from her eyes.

Ye who on the watchtower stand,
 To hail approaching light,
 See ye yet the dawn at hand?
 Retires the darkling night?
 Hark! the watchmen loud reply,
 "The shades of night retire!
 Beams of glory tint the sky,
 The hills are tipp'd with fire!"
 Watchmen, while the morning breaks
 Upon the mountain's brow,
 While the curling mist forsakes
 The sleeping vales below,
 See ye, by that beam so bright,
 The beauteous feet draw nigh?
 Say, does Israel wait for light?
 Ascends to heaven the cry?
 "Not from Israel's thousands yet
 Ascends the voice of prayer;
 But the herald's beauteous feet
 Messiah's way prepare.
 Soon the supplicating grace
 As mountain showers shall fall;
 Then the long-deluded race
 Shall on their Saviour call."

Hark! on the troubled air
 Breathes not even now the voice of prayer!
 What means that plaintive cry,
 Which trembling, quivering, mounts on high?
 "Return, return, offended Lord!
 Righteous Judge, forego thine ire,
 Let thy temple rise restored,
 Quench the still consuming fire:
 All our bones to blackness burn'd,
 Wasted all our shrivell'd skin;
 Let thy wrath aside be turn'd,
 Cease thine ire, forgive our sin!
 God of Abraham, build thine house!
 Reunite its scatter'd stones!
 Isaac's God, regard our vows!
 Hear afflicted Israel's moans!"

Ah ! widow'd Palestine,
Were but these sorrows thine !
Then should the vivifying breezes blow
O'er that dark charnel vale, where low
And long thy children's whitening bones have lain ;
Then should the voice of prophecy go forth,
And from the earth
Raise up the slain,
And bid them live, and breathe, and stand again,
An army of the Lord,
To high and holy privilege restored.

Yes ! when the Sun of Righteousness shall rise,
Thaw and dissolve the icy heart of stone ;
When the swollen bosom heaves with contrite sighs,
And tears of shame and grief flow mingled down ;
Yes ! when the eyes long closed shall see,
The sealed lips their Lord confess ;
Then shall thy rude captivity
Return, in sevenfold streams of peace ;
Then shall the Lord his temple build again,
His covenant with the chosen seed renew ;
On David's throne in promised glory reign,
And every foe beneath his feet subdue.

For thus the prescient Spirit spake by thee,
Afflicted JEREMY,
Whose trembling fingers swept,
A plaintive lyre, attuned to sorrow's tones.
Ah ! who, unstricken by thy patriot moans,
Has not in pity wept,
And, touch'd with sympathy
Thy solitary towers in dust to see,
Sat with thee on the ground,
In speechless grief profound,
And met with answering groans thy wail of agony ?

Dim in the midst of distant years
Thy venerable form appears,
Thy pallid cheek is wet with tears,
And that sunk eye and bending frame
The anguish of thy soul proclaim.

Ah! thou hast seen Jerusalem in blood,
 Pierced by the arrows of avenging God ;
 Hast seen her sink beneath the smart,
 As faints and falls the stricken hart,
 Sore wounded by the archer's dart.
 Thou saw'st her, as inflamed with wine,
 An outcast, in confusion lie ;
 But ah! her cup was wrath Divine,
 In fury mix'd, and mantling high!
 Thou saw'st her sons, as monsters wild,
 Entangled in the hunter's thrall ;
 Thou saw'st the sacred house defiled,
 The sacred city fall !

Yet in that hour of doom,
 When all around was gloom,
 To thee, amid the silence of the night,
 The Spirit's hallow'd inspirations came,
 And kindled bright
 Of hope, and peace, and joy, the heavenly flame :
 Then by that light
 Thou saw'st Jerusalem repentant come,
 Even as a wanderer, to her long-lost home :
 Weeping, the penitent appear'd,
 Accepting chastisement Divine,
 And in thine ears a sound was heard
 Of mourners, who in anguish pine.

Then Ephraim, docile, humbled as a child,
 Before thine eyes in meek submission stood ;
 No longer like the steer, untrain'd and wild,
 But contrite, weeping at the feet of God.
 Then to thine ears, in gentlest strains, and mild,
 A Father's soothing, soft relentings came.
 It was that pitying Voice which, reconciled,
 Restored to Ephraim his filial claim ;
 Then pass'd his thousands, gather'd like a flock
 Beneath the shepherd's care,
 Screen'd from the sunbeams by the lofty rock,
 Or fed in pastures fair ;
 Fast by the silver stream,
 Along the dewy vale,

Conducted by the hand of Him
Whose promise cannot fail.
To Zion's heights they rise ;
With Judah, Ephraim meets ;
Loud hallelujahs rend the skies,
And earth the strain repeats.
How hallow'd, while before thy wondering sight
The towers of Zion from their ashes rose,
While on her re-erected bulwarks bright,
The lion standard waved o'er Judah's foes !
How hallow'd to thine ears the blessing came,
That blessing utter'd in Jehovah's name !
How did thine heart respond the prayer,
That sacred Justice there
Might fix her pure abode !
How did thy quivering lips express,
"O Mount of Holiness,
Be thou the throne of God !"

Bright was that vision, sainted seer, to thee,
And sweet the sleep on which its wonders rose !
Soft from thy harp of plaintive minstrelsy,
In soothing tone the holy rapture flows !
From every lyre
In Zion's quire,
Respondent rises too the strain
That He who in disdain
Disown'd Jerusalem,
Will yet recall her to his arms again.
Though from the quiver of his wrath
He drew the vengeful shafts of death,
And, wing'd as lightnings through the air,
Earthquake, famine, plague, and war,
His ministers of dread,
To scathe rebellious Israel's head,
Even as an oak by furious tempests riven ;
Yet, as that oak, though blasted, shoots
Young saplings from its yet uninjured roots,
So, quicken'd by the fostering care of Heaven,
For Abraham's sake restored,
The holy seed again shall bloom,
And yield its rich perfume,

And wide its branches spread,
And raise its lofty head,
As towers on Lebanon the cedar of the Lord!

Yet, ere that day of glory come,
The darken'd heavens with deepening gloom
Shall signs portentous bear;
Hoarse, murmuring thunders roll above,
Earth's strong foundations trembling move,
And whirlwinds rend the air!
Yes! judgment shall Messiah's way prepare;
His enemies shall feel his might,
Who bears his two-edged weapon bright
Still girded on his thigh;
His arrows on his mighty bow,
New strung to lay the wicked low,
Shall kindle as they fly!

The Heathen who presumptuous stood,
In all the bitterness of scorn,
Exulting o'er the sons of God,
When outcast, desolate, forlorn,
Shall feel the power their pride disdain'd,
When Javan bends to Judah's might,
And dim with sanguine meteors stain'd,
The lurid crescent sinks in night.

Who still refuse to own
The sure Foundation Stone
Shall feel its ponderous weight descend,
And break the neck that will not bend,
And grind to dust the stubborn frame
That, proud rejects Messiah's claim,
That will not own his judgment just,
Nor, suppliant, to his mercy trust,
Nor touch the sceptre of his grace,
Nor, contrite, kiss the Son, nor, meek, his rule embrace.

Thou, ISRAEL, then shalt own
That precious Corner Stone;
Shalt gaze with weeping eyes,
While springs of sorrow rise!

Yes! there shall be a gushing tide
Of anguish for the Crucified;
For Him transpierced on Calvary,
A flood of grief and agony,
Empassion'd as the stream that rose,
With rushing agitated swell
When, stricken by Egyptian foes,
Josiah at Megiddon fell!
Bitter and deep that loud lament shall flow,
Like his who, in an ecstasy of wo,
Bewails his first born slain;
Who sees his manhood's pride, his age's stay,
His only hope, untimely torn away,
The hapless victim of disease and pain.
Then, then, in lowliness of heart,
Shall grieve each family apart;
David mourn the king rejected,
Levi weep the priest denied,
Nathan, prophecy neglected,
Bitter Shimei own his pride.

Then shall the Lord his ancient word fulfil;
To David's head the regal crown restore;
Again his temple build on Zion's hill;
Replant his vine, to root it out no more.
Discord and enmity
To hell's dark caves shall flee,
And heaven-born Love,
Descending from above,
Soft, on balmy wings dispense
Gentler, sweeter influence
Than ever precious unguent shed,
Pour'd by anointing hand on Aaron's sainted head.

Israel's mountains then shall bear
The withering curse no more;
Truth and justice, ruling there,
The blessing shall restore;
Soft as dews on Hermon's hill,
Its genial influence shed,
Bright, as when the storm is still,
Enlivening sunbeams spread.

The desert then shall bloom,
And yield its rich perfume,
Fragrant as Eden's bowers,
When garlanded with Nature's earliest flowers ;
Then towering cedars to the skies
On snow-clad Lebanon shall rise,
And on the wilderness descend refreshing showers.

Then shall the staff of Ephraim
Be one with Judah's sceptred rod,
United in the hand of Him
Who is again his people's God ;
The weak, in David's might,
Before the Lord shall stand,
And he, as Gabriel bright,
The strength of God's right hand.
Within the sacred towers
No violence shall dwell,
The dire destroyer's powers
Messiah's arm repel.
Beneath his banners ranged,
The scatter'd multitude,
To warlike thousands changed,
The veteran strength renew'd,
Shall fight beneath their Captain's eye,
And earth and hell before them fly.

Nor Beauty, Plenty, Amity, alone,
Nor Valour, round His throne,
Shall cluster fair ;
But Truth and Gentleness his way prepare,
In righteousness his majesty be shown.
The Queen in costly raiment brought,
As tissued rainbows richly wrought
In cloth of glistening gold,
In beams as bright as rising day,
His blended graces shall display,
His dazzling gifts unfold ;
Her handmaids, pure in virgin white,
With downcast eyes her train shall bear ;
For in the heavenly Bridegroom's sight
Humility alone is fair.

No beauty may his favour share,
 But unstain'd holiness ;
 That blood-wash'd dress
 His saints shall in his glorious presence wear.

When pitch'd again in Judah's land
 His tabernacle pure shall stand,
 No Levite there, with uncleansed hand,
 Shall on his service wait ;
 No priest the hallow'd vessels bear,
 The altar's costly offerings share,
 Ephod or shining breastplate wear,
 Or move in mitred state ;

But he who on a spirit recreate,
 As on a living tablet, bears impress'd
 The signature which stamps an angel great,
 Who shows in sunbeams pencill'd on his breast
 The mystic holiness of Aaron's sainted crest.

The priesthood shall be holy. On that day
 Each worshipper shall lay
 Upon the hallow'd shrine,
 Sprinkled with blood Divine,
 A holy offering too ;
 The sunder'd veil pass through,
 And there, while curling clouds of incense rise,
 In grateful fragrance to the bending skies,
 Jehovah reconciled, in soften'd splendour view ;

There, at the mercy-seat,
 The God of glory meet,
 In holy praise and fervent prayer
 The fellowship of angels share ;
 Angels, who love to linger there,
 Where saints, admitted to communion sweet, [feet.
 Find, like themselves, their heaven at the Redeemer's

Haste, then, ye days of glory, when the light
 Now beaming from the star of prophecy
 Shall fade, absorb'd in perfect vision bright ;
 When Zion's watchmen, seeing eye to eye,
 From all her heights shall shout salvation nigh ;

When with the Herald's voice
 Re-echoing wilds rejoice,
 And loud winds waft it to the listening sky.

Salem, when, O when, to thee
 Shall come the trump of jubilee ?
 When upon thy listening ear
 Shall burst its music sweet and clear ?
 Bid thy sons from dust arise,
 Hear the heralds of the skies,
 Bid them hail Messiah's name,
 Him the Prince of life proclaim,
 Loud, though late, hosannas raise,
 Christ, the Son of David, praise ?

Then shall their land, now desolate,
 Regain its lost estate ;
 Then shall the towers of Zion stand secure ;
 Her bright foundations pure,
 Reflecting heaven's own beams, shall evermore endure. }
 Her gates Jehovah's arm shall raise,
 And call them, Praise !
 Make them resplendent with his glory's blaze,
 As light upon the glistening ruby plays.
 Around her walls no stranger foes
 In hostile might shall close ;
 On every lofty tower unfurl'd
 Her banner to the wondering world
 Salvation's sacred sign shall bear,
 And tell, no weapon prospers there.
 Her righteous sons Jehovah makes his care, [fair.
 There plants his peaceful throne, and builds his temple

Pure on those pearly skies
 The blushing morn shall rise ;
 O'er that pellucid atmosphere,
 As diamond bright, as crystal clear,
 The sunbeam cast its thousand dyes.
 There glistening with intensest light,
 That giant orb, in sevenfold might,
 O'er the blue heavens shall urge his way ;
 Nor vagrant cloud through ether stray,
 To intercept one dazzling ray ;

Nor dusky shades of night
Again involve the world in gloom,
When that triumphant hour shall come,
In clear, unwaning lustre bright,
The spotless Church shall shine,
Mirror of grace, of purity Divine,
Effulgent with the blaze of glory infinite.

Beneath Messiah's hallow'd reign
Nor sin nor sorrow's shades remain ;
Far from his joy-inspiring eye
The mists of tears, of mourning fly ;
His Church below, like that above,
Shall weep no more, when sovereign Love
His fulness of salvation shows,
And each replenish'd soul with glorious bliss o'erflows.

Hark ! to the world that trump of jubilee
Proclaims release !
It proffers thee,
Outcast and captive, liberty and peace ?
Not Moses, when from Sinai's flame
To thee, in Egypt's bonds he came,
Such sounds auspicious brought ;
Not in his hand the wondrous rod,
Beneath the energy of God,
Such signs mysterious wrought,
As thou shalt see, if yet at length
Thou wilt the Gospel tidings hear ;
For then shall Israel's God appear
To save thee in his strength.

Great was thy might, O God of Israël,
When haughty Misraim bow'd beneath thy stroke ;
Great was thy might when stern Assyria fell,
When impious Babylon received thy yoke.
Again thine arm, uplifted high,
Its vengeance on thy foes shall wreak ;
Proud Nilus' sevenfold stream be dry ;
Euphrates turn his current back.
Yes ! when thy hand, ungrasp'd, shall set
The rushing tempest whirlwind free,

The ocean shall its course forget,
 And mountain waves a bulwark be.
 It is thy word, who hast compress'd the sea
 Within its circling zone of sand ;
 And o'er the land
 Sooner its waves shall roll tumultuously,
 Than thy decree
 Less firm than heaven's eternal pillars stand.

When shall thy might in Israel's cause appear ?
 When shall thy conquering arm salvation bring ?
 When shall the Heathen of thy triumphs hear,
 Thy ransom'd people of thy glory sing ?
 Ah ! yet beneath the raven's dusky wing
 They grope for light, though now the noon is high.
 When shall thy conquering arm salvation bring ?
 Nor help appears, nor intercessor nigh,
 Till thou, O Lord, awake in mightiest majesty.

Wilt thou not rend the curtains of thy throne,
 And bid the mountains at thy presence flow ?
 Wilt thou not hear the long-protracted groan,
 And to thy Church thy dreadful glory show ?
 Come, and the trembling earth shall fear ;
 Thy foes thy name revere ;
 Thy saints, adoring, bless
 Thy truth and righteousness.
 Come ! to thy Church thy glory show !
 Come ! bid the mountains at thy presence flow !

Who is this, that, arm'd for fight,
 Assumes the warrior's crest,
 Braces quick the corslet bright
 Upon his ample breast ?
 Vengeance as a garment takes,
 Cloaks himself in flaming zeal,
 Earth beneath his footstep shakes,
 Her strong foundations reel ?
 As a lion roused for fight,
 He meets his crouching prey,
 Marches in majestic might,
 Along the crimson'd way.

Bright his furbish'd falchion gleams,
Brandish'd by his strong right hand ;
Lo, 'tis bathed in sanguine streams,
That deluge Edom's land.

Who is this that bears the war
O'er hosts of slaughter'd foes ?
See ! his standard waves afar ;
In vain their squadrons close :
Conquer'd by resistless might,
Like autumn's spoils they lie ;
Nerveless falls the arm in fight,
The feet refuse to fly.
Lo, he treads them in his ire ;
Blood his dazzling raiment stains ;
Flows his wrath in liquid fire,
Along the burning plains.

Thou, ZION, thou canst tell
Who, thus invincible,
Hath pledged for thee
A glorious victory !
Lift up thine eyes, the Conqueror hail !
Messiah on his march to save !
His might shall o'er thy foes prevail,
Arouse thy myriads from the grave ;
He shall thine heritage regain,
Collect thy long-dissever'd bands ;
From Egypt's flood, from Shinar's plain,
From borean climes, and southern lands,
To distant isles his trumpet's sound
Shall bear the thundering summons round.

Hark ! the sound of trampling steeds !
Hark ! the cry of martial men !
Shouts, as wave to wave succeeds,
Mount, and fall, and mount again !
Who, with shield, and spear, and lance,
Glistening in the noontide beam,
Toward the channell'd depths advance,
Press into the sever'd stream ?

Who, with purple banners bright,
From the coral path ascend ;
Numerous as the stars of night,
Toward the stream of Jordan bend ?
Who, on Salem's sacred towers
Plants the lion staff again ;
Israel shouts, "The land is ours !
Now, adored Messiah, reign !"

Yes ! for that victory
Shall such hosannas be
As never yet from battle field arose ;
Such as not Israel, o'er Egyptian foes,
Raised on the desert strand,
When minstrelsy its loftiest numbers chose,
To hymn Jehovah's hand.

When from that land,
In multitudinous acclaim, shall rise
This full-toned hallelujah to the skies ?

When Israel, wilder'd long, shall understand
The prescient Spirit's counsel to the wise,
And to celestial truth unveil their long-closed eyes.

MESSIAH'S KINGDOM.

BOOK IX.

The glory of the Messiah's kingdom is the chief end of the dispensations of Providence. The vicissitudes of kings and kingdoms, and all the stupendous events which shine in ancient annals, were chiefly important as they served to prepare the way, and spread the triumphs of Him who was "a light to lighten the Gentiles." For this God gave the learning of the world to Greece, and its empire to Rome. Both contributed to facilitate and extend the victories of the Gospel.—*Dr. Mason, New-York.*

ARGUMENT.

THE extirpation of the Jewish polity followed by the downfall of Paganism, on the conversion of the Roman emperors to the faith of the Gospel.—Idolatry introduced into the world by the arch-enemy of mankind, to subvert the rule and the worship of Christ.—The reign of Satan thus maintained in the fallen spirit of man.—A principle of instability combined with false greatness.—Rejoicings of the Church, on account of her deliverance from the persecuting power of her enemies, celebrated in the symbolical language of the prophetic Scriptures, and in accordance with historic testimony.—Important benefits resulting from this change in outward circumstances, duly appreciated by those who have been the subjects of persecution.—Prosperity and enlargement of the Church.—Conversion of distant and barbarous nations, the result of ardent missionary zeal.—Decay of that spirit in the Church one probable reason of the retarded triumphs of Christianity.—Ulphilas, apostle of the Goths.—His labours for the propagation of the Gospel.—Translation of the Scriptures into the Gothic language.—Reappearance of the same spirit in the present age.—A digression.

MESSIAH'S KINGDOM.

BOOK IX.

As Messiah hath done to the antichristian powers of old, so shall he
do to all others, before or at his second advent. *Horne.*

MESSIAH conquers! Salem's sacred heights
Proud Rome has laid in ashes! hurl'd her lights
From heaven's calm sphere, beneath a frowning sky,
In rayless gloom, extinguish'd orbs to lie;
Or, wandering wild, 'mid dim chaotic shade,
Where danger dwells, and howling storms invade,
To gleam, portentous, through the dreary waste,
As lurid meteors by the whirlwind chased.

Yes, from his holy hill the' eternal King
Hath vex'd them in his ire! the tempest's wing
Hath scatter'd, as stern Winter's borean blast,
Drives the sear'd spoils, from withering forests cast,
He hath despised the vain, the impious thought,
The proud device to swift confusion brought;
He bears alike the sceptre and the rod;
Bow down, ye princes, tremble at his nod!
With prostrate awe accept his proffer'd grace,
Lest Vengeance rise, and spurn you from his face;
Lest, dash'd as vessels of his wrath aside,
Ye perish in your loftiness of pride.

Shall Israel drink, and shall not Edom taste
The cup of bitterness? Shall judgment waste
The vineyard planted by Jehovah's hand,
Yet peaceful leave the rank, uncultured land?
No! other trophies wait the Victor's brow;
Proud Rome must stoop, the haughty Cesars bow,
Infernal demons feel his vengeful ire,
Their altars perish, and their priests retire;

Their sumptuous shrines in crumbling dust decay
Their sculptured forms be cast despised away,
Nor costly gifts receive, nor worship vain.
No! hell's dark hosts, beneath Messiah's reign,
Swift from aerial heights stern Judgment casts,
As sulphurous meteors swept by whirlwind blasts.

In earliest hour, with treacherous, glozing lies,
Seductive arts, and specious subtleties,
Strove that arch foe, by heaven disown'd, to gain
Worship and rule on earth. His impious reign
On human guilt, and ignorance, and pride,
The dire usurper rais'd; and deep and wide
Prepared the strong foundations of his throne.
It tower'd aloft, and bright emblazon'd shone
In all the gorgeous lure of earthly state;
The wondering world before hell's potentate
Bow'd prostrate down, obsequious to his sway,
And captive in the toils of Falsehood lay;
God of a rebel race Apollyon reign'd,
And temples, altars, rites, his rule sustain'd.

Years roll'd on years; still leagued in dire revolt,
The nations own'd a deity whose bolt
Shook in terrific wrath a fiery rod,
Or waved a wand, which o'er them as they trod
The verge of hell, a veiling mist distill'd,
And those dim shades with specious phantoms fill'd;
Spectres, who held the lure of earthly joy,
Wore Pleasure's rosy garland to decoy;
Or, wreathed with ivy, from the clustering vine
Press'd the bright goblet of nectareous wine;
Held to the thirsty lip the sparkling draught,
Exulting while deluded Folly quaff'd
Fell poison, oozing from the serpent's fang,
Then writhed, convulsive, in the mortal pang.

'Twas bold and impious daring, even in hell,
Though fierce in wrath, in pride insatiable,
To climb Jehovah's throne; yet men admired,
And sang loud plaudits as the fiend inspired;
Paid willing homage to the tyrant's shrine,
And braved the wrath of Majesty Divine.
Yes; Genius wove her laurel crown to grace
The idol's darkling brow; Art came to place

Her exquisite achievements at his feet ;
 And Beauty came, and scatter'd roses sweet ;
 Valour, with crested helm, and glittering sword,
 Advancing to fierce conflict, meek, implored
 Help from the fiend of blood ; and Victory gave
 To him the trophies of the conquer'd brave ;
 Courage sprang forth at his command ; and Fame
 Sent on her trumpet's loudest blast his name ;
 Ambition planted on each craggy height
 Which toil and danger yielded, in the sight
 Of wondering crowds, the idol's standard dire ;
 For him the recreant minstrel tuned his lyre,
 Soothing with dulcet sounds the' enamour'd throng,
 And drew in Folly's downward path along,
 And o'er their eyes a mantling veil dispread,
 And changed, with magic touch, the features dread
 Of hell's foul demon to the angel guise
 Of spirits nurtured in ambrosial skies ;
 Philosophy, with subtlest thoughts perplex'd,
 Upheld the idol throne ; and Reason, vex'd,
 And urged, and thwarted, let her lamp expire ;
 While devious Passion, unrestrain'd Desire,
 And hoodwink'd Ignorance his rule obey'd,
 Unconscious, basking in the tyrant's shade.

There is no basis for the throne of pride !
 What, though it towers aloft, and scatters wide
 Its beams of garish glory ; still it stands,
 A crumbling mountain, on the sliding sands.
 So stood hell's dire dominion, when the blast
 Of the Eternal o'er its splendours pass'd ;
 When sudden darkness veil'd the idol's shrine,
 And stricken by a secret arm Divine,
 The dragon's throne, in shivering fragments laid,
 Messiah's wrath, Messiah's might display'd ;
 When, chased as chaff before the mountain wind,
 His breath dispersed the troublers of mankind,
 Remanded demons to the realms of night,
 And o'er the world diffused his own supernal light.

Messiah dealt the dread avenging blow,
 He laid the proud colossal fabric low,
 Rear'd by Satanic art. His cross on high
 With brightening glory fill'd the ambient sky ;

He gave its lustre to the Cæsar's view;
And o'er his Church the eagle banner threw;
Bade kings to her extend their fostering care,
And ROME a covert from the storm prepare.

Then Hymns of praise enraptured seraphs sang,
Then loud, reverberant hallelujahs rang
Through heaven's star-studded vault; then martyrs raised
Unwithering palms of victory, and praised
Jehovah and the Lamb; then, glorious stood,
Emerg'd from Tribulation's stormy flood,
Confessors, countless, round the sardine throne,
And mystic powers, 'mid heaven's dominions known,
Pre-eminent in might: then elders, bless'd,
Exulting rose; one voice, one song confess'd
Messiah's name Divine; sonorous fell
The mighty anthem's undulating swell,
Then rose, in hallow'd ecstasy of praise,
To Him whose hand the' eternal sceptre sways;
Whose might had cast the dire accuser down,
And crush'd the dragon with his anger's frown.
Then, too, from earth went up the gladsome voice
Of such as in the conqueror's spoils rejoice;
Then she whose lucid form transfused the rays
Of heaven's eternal Sun, proclaim'd his praise;
With starry circlet crown'd, she walk'd in light;
Beneath her feet revolved the orb of night;
Messiah's arm had crush'd her mortal foe,
Laid with sharp sword the writhing dragon low;
Her sorrowing travail with a wondrous birth
Had strangely closed, and given the subject earth,
With Rome's proud purple, to her hallow'd sway,
And changed her suffering night to sweet and joyous day.
Yes! then transfix'd beneath the' Avenger's sword
Lay fierce Leviathan, whose wrath had pour'd
The blood of martyrs o'er earth's fertile plains,
Dyed vales and mountains with its crimson stains.
Then waved aloft the consecrated sign;
Then glad confessors hymn'd the Name Divine;
Then, in the ear of Heaven, one rushing voice,
As multitudinous waters, cried, "Rejoice!
Rejoice! for now Messiah's Church is free!
His holy arm hath gain'd the victory!"

Down from his throne, by heavenly puissance hurl'd,
 No more hell's dragon-rule affrights the world,
 Nor Rome's imperial sceptre dreadful gleams,
 Nor blood of martyr'd saints in sanguine current streams."

Is morning welcome to the wistful eye,
 Uplifted oft to midnight's ebon sky?
 Falls vernal music grateful on the ear,
 From sylvan glades, where wintry tempests drear
 Have held their sullen reign? Is healthful bloom
 Fair, on the cheek reviving from the tomb?
 Is rest from toil to swarthy Labour sweet?
 Does martial Glory his triumphant seat
 Ascend exulting, when the field is won?
 Yes! sweet is victory, sweet the cheerful sun,
 Sweet is the bloom of health, the sprightly voice
 Of vernal tribes, when sylvan glades rejoice;
 And sweet is rest to toil. But he alone
 Whose quivering spirit, agonized, has known
 The pangs of parting life, the wrench from bliss,
 The wreck of nature's holiest charities,
 The pinnacle, where trembling faith, assail'd
 By fierce temptation, in that hour had fail'd
 But for celestial succours;—he alone,
 To whom hell's arsenal of tortures shown,
 The Spirit of Apostasy the while
 Proffering earth's treasures with bewitching smile:—
 Yes! he who, tested thus, in nerve, in soul,
 Hath felt his natural weakness, the control
 Of sympathies, less only than Divine:—
 He, he can, reverent, bless the Power benign
 That curb'd the tyrant rage of earth and hell;
 That from the ravenous vulture's talons fell
 Rescued the trembling dove; who, o'er the head
 Of her who bore his cross, his banner spread,
 Shelter'd his suffering Church beneath the wing
 Of fostering majesty, and deign'd to bring
 Even lofty Cesar, o'er his throne of pride,
 To wave the standard of the Crucified.

The sons of God rejoiced: Auspicious rose
 That lucid morning, from a night of woes;
 O'er cloudless skies reviving sunbeams spread;
 Bright, on the Church their heavenly influence shed;

And flow'd from her in holy radiance forth,
To chase the darkness of the cheerless earth.
No longer now, with stern and sullen swell,
The night wind raged, or sweeping torrent fell,
Or hail, loud rattling, smote the rising blade,
Or lightnings, low the lofty cedars laid ;
But sweet tranquillity, with halcyon plume,
Fann'd the soft ether, dropping rich perfume,
Healing, as Gilead's balsam, from her wing,
And odoriferous as the flowers of spring.

The blood of saints and prophets, though it stain
Maternal earth, can never fall in vain :
Like precious seed, to genial soil consign'd,
Which sleeps beneath till suns and vernal wind
Relax stern winter's grasp ; then, bright, appear
The blade redundant, the luxuriant ear,
Which, ripening in the smile of summer, yield
Uncounted increase from the cultured field.
So sprang from earth the' imperishable grain
By persecution sown. The furrow'd plain
Not richer its augmented harvest shows,
Than from the crimson'd graves of martyrs rose
A seed, to swell the Church's progeny,
To spread Messiah's name, to bow the knee
To Him whose presence in that fiery hour
Had given the conquering faith, the lofty power.
To trample on the baits of sin, to scorn,
Like Him, the scoff, the threat, the scourge, the thorn ;
And, patient, while the long protracted death
Still gave them up to agony, their breath
In its last flutterings to devote to prayer ;
Prayer even for those whose fell, whose murderous care
Would sinking nature's energies sustain,
To prove yet untried emphasis of pain.

Ungerminant the precious Seed Divine
Fell not to earth ; nor did heaven's lustre shine
In vain, reflected on the saintly mind,
From dimming dross of earthly cares refined,
From Passion's turbid elements set free,
And wash'd from stain of sin's impurity.
No, not in vain the Saviour's form impress'd
Its holy semblance on the Christian's breast ;

It beam'd in light, in charity, in love,
 In zeal, enkindled from the flames above,
 In patience, firm, affliction's yoke to bear,
 In heaven-born sanctity, in pleading prayer,
 In scorn of earth, in sense of sacred things,
 In sweetest hope, upborne on starry wings
 Above the tumults of this whirling sphere,
 In faith, surmounting death, on judgment near
 Fixing the calm, intense, uplifted eye,
 In rapture antedating victory,
 Exultant gazing on the promised crown,
 Intent to lay the curtain'd dwelling down,
 To seek its loftier element, and leave
 To worldlings all a shadowy world can give.

So shone the Church, in virgin lustre bright,
 Like Moses, from the beatific sight
 To Israel's camp return'd : Communion high,
 Admitted fellowship with Deity,
 On Sinai's height, or Zion's, glorious shed
 Unearthly lustre round the sainted head ;
 Yet all unveil'd the Gospel splendours shine
 In calm reflection from their Fount Divine ;
 Transform'd beneath the all-absorbing blaze,
 His saints imbibe his glory's streaming rays,
 In hallow'd light the Saviour's image show,
 And live like Him, and spread his praise below.

Deep, heartfelt, thankful, rose the holy hymn
 Of consentaneous praise : not seraphim
 With prompter pinions cleave the azure sky,
 When, earthward, on spontaneous ministry
 To Mercy's heirs they come ; not swifter move
 Bright angel powers, constrain'd by duteous love,
 Than saints, themselves redeem'd, with quickening zeal
 Flew ardent forth, impell'd to seek the weal
 Of a dark world in death. With glorious power
 The' Eternal Spirit crown'd the favouring hour,
 Pour'd copious forth his hallowing influence sweet ;
 And lo, as stars innumerable, at the feet
 Of empyrean Majesty, appear'd
 The Churches' kindling lights, sublime ensphered
 In southern, in septentrion skies they shone,
 From east to west, around the' eternal throne,

Roll'd in beneficence and beauty, bright
As planets radiant in the crown of night.

Forth through mid heaven the sealing angel flew ;
No breezy wind o'er tranquil ether blew ;
Jehovah's word repress'd the stormy sweep
Of rushing tempests o'er the briny deep ;
Forbade impetuous hurricanes to break
Earth's quiet rest, her leafy forests shake,
Or rouse her woodland tenants, till the sign
Of mystic union with the Seed Divine,
The covenant seal, at Heaven's command impress'd,
The myriad trophies of the faith attest.
Peace ruled the scene ; beneath her cheering ray
The mild evangelist pursued his way ;
Plough'd the rude ocean, trod the desert strand,
Explored each barbarous and each polish'd land ;
Inhaled Arabia's spicy gales, and sought
Bold Ishmael's sons, by covenant mercy bought ;
Through Egypt's arid plains, beside the stream
Of stately Nilus, scorch'd by summer's beam,
Uncool'd by fleecy clouds, intent he pass'd,
O'er Ethiopia's barren soil to cast
The precious seeds of life ; to farthest Ind,
To Persia's pearly shores, where, soft, reclined
'Mid roseate bloom that drank the golden light,
And balm'd the fragrant ether, on the bright,
The glorious sun, in adoration gazed
Wilder'd idolatry ; and, impious, raised
His token to the skies ; for here the reign
Of Satan linger'd yet, and o'er the slain
On Truth's high altar, by infernal guile,
He cast a bitter and malignant smile.
Yet, forward to the fount baptismal press'd
Full many a fervent, many a faithful breast,
Elate to bear a martyr's glorious name,
Like him, aspirants for immortal fame.

Caucasian snows restrain'd not heavenly zeal ;
Iberia's† lofty mountains joy'd to feel
Its sweet, its solvent power ; the vale, the plain,
The sceptred monarch, and the sturdy swain,
Welcomed the messenger of peace, whose light
More beauteous shone than on the silvery height

† A part of the country now named Georgia.

Of towering Ararat resplendent beams
The broad, majestic sun ; and thousand streams
Of tinted glory o'er its dazzling snows
On rifted peaks in boundless radiance throws.

Rude, hyperborean realms the truth received,
From holy teachers who that truth believed ;
Who told the bliss their own pure spirits felt,
Whom sacred sympathy had taught to melt
In pitying tenderness for souls bereft
Of happiness, of hope. In deserts left
As sheep unshepherded alone to stray
'Mid devious pitfalls ; o'er the thorny way
To wander, trackless, through impervious night,
Nor friendly call to guide their course aright ;
Nor rod, nor crook, amid the tangled gloom,
To snatch the wanderer from impending doom.

O had the Church that heavenly zeal retain'd,
Had love's pure impulse in her bosom reign'd,
Then would not earth its dreary wilds present,
Then would not man in awful banishment
Have still been found, from God, from heaven averse,
In all the darkness of the withering curse !
The Gospel, like the sun's effulgent sphere,
Had chased the dreary mists of sin and fear,
And light, even now, had deck'd this smiling globe
In Virtue's coronal and Beauty's robe.

High on the lists of hallow'd fame, and bright
Amid those orbs which bore the Church's light,
Star of a darken'd hemisphere, appear'd
Illustrious ULPILAS, who, glorious, cheer'd
The gloomy regions of barbaric shade,
And holy truth to Gothic tribes display'd,
With nervous arm the Gospel standard bore,
To untaught climes, where floods impetuous roar,
And forests frown, and rugged mountains rise
In towering grandeur to the darken'd skies.
By love impell'd, and apostolic zeal,
He mildly taught barbarian hearts to feel ;
Won warlike rudeness to the sovereign sway
Of conquering grace ; bade Scythian hordes obey
The gentle rule of charity and peace,
Receive the cross and bid stern conflict cease.

Endow'd with gifts of learning, genius, grace,
 'Twas his a sphere of lofty light to trace ;
 Himself had drank the living streams that flow
 From truth's pure fount to desert lands below ;
 And, urged by Heaven, his ardent spirit sought
 To lead its waters through those realms of drought ;
 To raise the stone that hid the crystal spring,
 The current from the rifted rock to bring ;
 Celestial truths to untaught minds reveal,
 And from the scroll of wisdom loose the seal.

For this, with patient toil and plastic mind,
 He strove in forms of letter'd phrase to bind
 The stammerer's rude, unmodulated speech,
 And learned lore 'mid Nature's sons to teach ;
 To barbarous tongues transferr'd the Truth Divine ;
 Bade Heaven's own light on sterile darkness shine ;
 Gave Wisdom's oracles to guide the blind,
 To teach the lost eternal life to find ;
 With utterance clothed the Spirit's silent word :
 That Voice Divine, lo, listening nations heard,
 Hail'd the glad jubilee of mercy come,
 Obey'd the welcome call, and sought the wanderers' home.

Hail, bright evangelist, immortal sage !
 Yet lives thy spirit in this younger age !
 Even now, with patient love, with hallow'd zeal,
 Divine Philanthropy removes the seal
 From Wisdom's scroll sublime ; even now unfolds
 Those sacred mysteries which no eye beholds
 Save in the Beam Divine ; that living Word,
 Even now to distant barbarous climes transferr'd,
 Attests, 'mid tribes of rude and varied speech,
 That holy love's enkindled flame can reach
 From age to age, and unextinguish'd glow,
 While Sorrow sighs, or Misery mourns below,
 Or Ignorance her misty mantle spreads,
 Or baleful Vice his noxious poison sheds,
 Or guilty Crime with blood-stain'd step defiles,
 Or Error clouds the earth, or Falsehood foul beguiles.

From varied climes Messiah's offspring came ;
 Earth's rudest dialects rehearsed his Name ;
 His Name, harmonious, graced her purest speech,
 Rose from the sea-girt island's stormy beach ;

O'er wide-spread continents the trumpet's sound,
 Sonorous, pour'd its gladdening echoes round ;
 O'er mountain tops, sublime, from height to height
 It roll'd, auspicious, as the kindling light
 From orient sunbeams cast ; the lovely vale,
 The waving woodland, on the scented gale
 Welcom'd its holy melodies ; and loud
 Its strong vibrations rose amid the crowd
 Of congregated multitudes, whose ear,
 Stunn'd by rude dissonance, is slow to hear
 The music of the skies ; the glittering spire,
 The towering dome, that to the solar fire
 Flung back its golden splendours, sent the voice
 Of triumph forth, and bade the world rejoice ;
 Earth raised her anthem to the' Eternal King,
 And angels tuned their lyres, with saints his praise to sing.

THE SKY LARK.

A DIGRESSION,

SACRED TO A SEASON OF BEREAVEMENT AND AFFLICTION.

SWEET chorister ! who fain on outstretch'd wing
 Wouldst mount to heaven to meet the fiery car
 Of day's proud regent, while the morning star
 Yet gems the liquid sky, and every thing
 But thou in stillness sleeps ;
 Save where, 'mid cragged steeps,
 The moaning mountain blast winds lowly murmuring.

I see thee leave thy grassy nest, and soar,
 And spread thy light wings on the buoyant breeze ;
 I hear thee, sweet as angel minstrelsies,
 On Morn's awakening ear thy raptures pour ;
 Dim twilight's dusky sea
 Thou cleavest as joyously,
 As gallant vessel glides toward the long-wish'd-for shore.

Yet lingering mists obstruct the orient beam,
The sighing breezes freshen to a gale,
Against thy flight opposing winds prevail,
And now thy fluttering, faltering pinions seem
To quail beneath the blast
By angry Eurus cast [stream.
From his bleak realm of clouds, whence rushing torrents

Descend, sweet child of harmony and spring,
The ruthless tempest is too harsh for thee;
Soon heaven's pure ether shall from storms be free,
And thou, remounting on elastic wing,
Attune thy warbling lay
To the bright lord of day,
As though an angel's lyre had taught thee how to sing.

Would that the Muse, whom Sorrow's cheerless gale
Hath forced to stoop from her aerial height,—
Would that like thee she could resume her flight,
And halcyon skies, and sunny mountains hail!
Expand the drooping wing,
And soar like thee, and sing,
And view the orient light above the storm prevail!

But ah! unlike the pearly drops of morn,
Which glistening fall, nor leave a trace behind,
When the bright rose-bud yields them to the wind,
Are the dense damps from sorrow's meteors born;
They cramp the ruffled wing,
Which strives in vain to spring;
They dim the tearful eye, and leave the heart forlorn.

Yet, as the sweet lark sees the shower subside,
The Muse, perchance, may view the clouds dispart.
Come, then, O come, let hope inspire thine heart,
And whispering Patience bid thee firm abide;
For holy Faith is nigh,
And heavenly Sympathy
Shall in its downy wings the troubled spirit hide.

Should this world's storms impede the onward course
Of those who soar toward heaven's eternal hills?

Where dews more soft than Hermon's height distils
Fall ever, and the pure, perennial Source
Of life's full stream is found.
O, toward that hallow'd ground
Urge, urge thy steadfast step, with new, with holier force!

Resume thy song: its sacred tones will cheer
Thy lonely hours of solitude and grief;
The' appointed span of human toil is brief;
And thou, a steward, must, ere long, appear
Before the Master's eye:
That hour of scrutiny,
That fearful, dread, decisive day is near.

Was heaven thy theme? His kingdom whom the earth
Shall soon her sole, her sovereign Lord confess?
Go, then; though storms invade the wilderness,
And sing of Him whose glorious goings forth,
With still divergent light,
Like morning's splendours bright,
Shall chase the eastern clouds, and cheer the distant north.

O that some angel, who, on deeds of love,
Glides bright, though viewless, through the ambient air,
Would on his wings thy drooping spirit bear
Through that pure hyaline that beams above,
And bid thee, calm, look down,
Though gathering tempests frown,
And rolling clouds beneath through rifted valleys move.

Where rest those ministering seraphs bright
Who throng'd attendant on the parting breath
Of friends, as life beloved? Who watch'd till death,
Stern minister of Heaven, had quench'd in night
The spark of quivering life;
Then, from that painful strife
Their kindred spirits bore to heaven's unwaning light.

Would that returning to this darker sphere,
On acts of grace, and embassies benign,
Their golden harps, attuned to themes Divine,
Might wake thy song, engage thy listening ear,

To learn their notes of praise,
Their glad hosannas raise,
To Him whose smile is joy, whose presence chases fear.

True, thou art in the desert waste, alone ;
Yet Wisdom is the friend of Solitude.
On many a wild and barren mountain rude
The sunbeams with intensest light have shone ;
And many a deep recess
And cavern'd wilderness,
Have felt the present God, to saints and prophets known.

To thee, if meekly, humbly, on thy way
To Canaan's rest with patient step thou go,
To thee shall Abraham's God his glory show,
With Isaac shalt thou meditate and pray,
With sainted Moses stand,
Behind His covering hand,
Whose formless glory pass'd by Horeb's summits grey.

To thee, when sinks the whirlwind storm to rest,
The dove-like Spirit shall in whispers come,
And silent enter on his peaceful home,
The calm recesses of thy tranquil breast ;
While, like Elijah, thou
In veiled reverence bow,
And learn Jehovah's will, in gentlest sounds express'd.

Arouse thee, then ! Dejected Muse, awake !
Pursue thy course, in spite of storms or showers ;
Thine is a theme might tempt an angel's powers ;
Yet thou thy reed attuning for His sake
Who gave that reed to thee,
Though simplest melody
Be all its tones command, He will thy offering take.

MESSIAH'S KINGDOM.

BOOK X.

During the period of the latter three times and a half, the astonished world was destined to behold the three wonderful spectacles, of a paganising apostasy from the pure religion of the Gospel ; of a daring imposture founded upon the Holy Scripture, yet claiming to supersede it ; and of a monstrous atheism, which set the Majesty of heaven itself at defiance.

Faber.

ARGUMENT.

VARIABLE phases of the Church during her period of probation.—Fell, in the season of outward prosperity, into dimness and decline, through the seductions of a vain and presumptuous philosophy, the fascinations of the world, and the rapid growth of superstition.—Imminent peril of earthly mindedness.—Unbroken alliance between misery and sin.—All beings, in their various gradations, employed as ministers under Messiah's government for the execution of his purposes.—The course of Providence directed for the conservation of the Church.—Rome, victorious, proud, cruel.—Her imperial sway subverted by barbarian invaders.—Consequent miseries.—Retributive character of the Divine judgments.—Good educed from evil.—Reflections.—Rise and prevalence of the papacy.—Sufferings of the faithful.—Dark features of the Man of Sin.—Obscuration of the light of truth in the east.—Asiatic churches.—The Greek empire.—Rise of the locust plague from the bottomless pit.—Mohammed.—Victories of the Saracens.—Still more desolating devastations of the Othmans.—The light of Christianity extinguished in the east.—Prophetic annunciations of the final overthrow of every antichristian power.

MESSIAH'S KINGDOM.

BOOK X.

They shall be holpen with a little help ; but many shall cleave to
them with flatteries. *Daniel xi, 34.*

THERE is a glory of the sun, a light
Essential, changeless: the pale orb of night
Possesses, too, her splendour, when she glides
Athwart the hemisphere of stars, or rides
In pure and peerless majesty alone,
As heaven's blue concave were her single throne.
Yet soon, too soon, that beauteous brightness fades,
And envious earth with interposing shades
Obstructs the radiance of her dazzling beams.
No longer, soft, her silvery lustre streams
O'er the still lake, or bathes the landscape bright
Of fringing woodland in a sea of light.

Inconstant thus the changeful Church appears :
Awhile her light, in crescent glory, cheers
Dim twilight's shade : then, o'er the ample sky
She rolls, full orb'd, in lucid majesty,
The' Eternal Sun in imaged brightness shows,
And o'er a darkling world His lustre throws.
Yet soon, from spheres beneath, what shadows rise,
What meteors shroud, what mists obscure the skies !
Nocturnal gloom, with reascending sway,
Returns, opaque, to quench her argent ray ;
Sin, Error, Ignorance, averse from light,
Who love delusion, and who haunt the night,
Again, intrusive, on her hallow'd sphere
Malignant rise, and veil in darkness drear.

Were Israel's recreant sons by heaven subdued,
 And chased as scatter'd sheep o'er deserts rude?
 Did Gentile thrones, and Rome's empurpled state,
 Submissive bow to heaven's high Potentate?
 Were rude barbarians suppliant at His shrine?
 Were demons silenced by the Voice Divine?
 Did Gospel light earth's cheerless haunts pervade?
 O'er rebel hearts was mercy's sceptre sway'd?
 Messiah's cross did classic tongues confess,
 And tongues unlearn'd its holy triumphs bless?
 Was savage sternness awed to gentlest mood,
 And minds untaught by wisdom's lore subdued?
 So sang the muse, delighted, as she traced
 The march of Mercy o'er earth's sterile waste.
 Yet whither, in receding flight, withdrew
 Those scenes of glory from the searching view?
 What power malignant cast its baleful shade,
 And dimm'd the beams on that bright dawn display'd?
 And changed the songs of jubilee to sighs,
 And film'd afresh the late relumined eyes?

Ah! fatal snares of peace! 'twas sloth and pride,
 That turn'd that glory's onward course aside,
 With hovering mists obscured the beauteous day,
 Deflected wisdom's pure and perfect ray
 In varied aberrations, wild and vain;
 'Mid realms where doubt and devious error reign,
 Ensnared in wildering labyrinths, and there
 Perplex'd the truth, defaced its feature's fair;
 In proud presumption sought those depths to sound
 Which angels fathom not; where man is drown'd
 In deeper gulfs than stygian chaos knows;
 For who shall God to finite minds disclose?

Man, proud of reason, read thy lesson here!
 Pause, overweening Arrogance, and fear!
 Who search presumptuous things by heaven conceal'd
 Shall lose perception of the things reveal'd:
 Who seek to measure Deity, and scan
 The Eternal Essence by the powers of man,
 Their fruitless toil shall veiling darkness shroud,
 Deep, palpable, as that bedimmed cloud
 Which erst on Misraim's haughty rebels fell,
 Foul vehicle of hideous fiends from hell;

Who love the chaos of the turbid mind,
And down to gulfs beneath decoy the blind.

By vain Philosophy's false lights betray'd,
Within the precincts of that fearful shade,
The Churches' stars in dim eclipse appear'd,
Or gleam'd as lurid meteor fires, ensphered
In driving clouds, betokening tempests nigh ;
The misty haloes of a burthen'd sky,
Which pour'd ere long its whelming torrents forth,
With noisome floods o'erflow'd the wasted earth :
In widening streams delusive Error roll'd,
Seduced the flock, despoil'd the sacred fold,
And sunk in dreadful gulfs of deepening wo
Souls rescued once from death.

Sad overthrow
Of heavenly hopes, of glorious prospects, bright !
Immortal day exchanged for baleful night,
The triumph of exulting angels void,
The sheep for whom the Shepherd bled, destroy'd !

Did proud philosophy with specious charms
Seduce the Church's children from her arms ?
Not less the world, with flattering aspect, strove
To win them back to its deceitful love ;
To change its forms, its names, but still to keep
The earthly, sensual, selfish heart asleep ;
Or vigilant alone to lure of wealth,
Of pomp, of pleasure. With deceptive stealth
It rose, insinuant, to the holiest place,
Usurp'd the mitred throne, assumed the grace
Of sacerdotal sanctity, and dwelt
In hearts of votaries, who, reverent, knelt
In daily orison before His cross
Who spurn'd its richest bribes, esteem'd as dross
Its kingdoms and their glory ; turn'd aside
From gorgeous pomp, and on the crown of Pride
Look'd down with holy scorn. He loved the shade ;
With poverty his sacred sojourn made,
And taught in simplest guise his lore Divine,
In spirit lowly, as in act benign.

Such was the Master, such the servants, too,
Till worldling Wealth his glittering baubles threw ;
And earth-born Power, to tempt Ambition, show'd
A tinted arch, that in the sunbeam glow'd ;

Till subtle Sophistry, with filmy line,
Bound the bright wings of Truth ; and Love Divine,
By Discord's wild and wasting fires repress'd,
Burn'd faint and fitful in the' enthusiast's breast,
Who, in his damp and solitary cell,
Hung Superstition's lamp, and loved to dwell
Beneath its dismal, drear, and flickering ray,
A gloomy outcast from celestial day.

O sad reverse ! O dark and fatal hour !
Dread triumph of the world's delusive power !
Of hell's entangling thrall, its fraudulent arts,
To tempt from heaven and truth unwary hearts.
And still the Church, bereaved, in anguish weeps
Her shipwreck'd sons, who o'er these perilous deeps
In fragile bark, unconscious, hope to glide,
With swelling canvas, on the treacherous tide,
Nor dream that swift its shining waters sweep,
A roaring cataract down the dreadful steep.

Soothed by a siren world to strange repose,
No more the Church her conquering standard shows,
No more empanoplied in holy might,
She, stern, confronts the lingering hosts of night ;
But soft at noon on silken couch reclines,
Pavillion'd high, in gorgeous drapery shines,
Surveys the suppliant crowd with lofty brow,
Forgets her tears, forswears her sacred vow ;
No more the cross in holy meekness bears,
No more Messiah's shame or glory shares,
Nor soars aloft, nor claims her heavenly birth,
But walks with men, and courts the toys of earth.
Yes, Persecution's piercing blast had fail'd,
But now the sunbeam o'er her strength prevail'd ;
Beneath the brilliance of that dazzling sky,
As morning mists, faith's holy visions fly ;
And Truth, perverted, hides her angel mien,
Apart from Pride, to walk in paths unseen.

To Sin and Guilt in pristine union bound,
Still groaning Misery in their footsteps found
Sows the sad earth with tears ; Corruption heaves
Life's social fabric from its base, and leaves
Disorganized those hallow'd links that bind
In kindred sympathies man's suffering kind.

Dire Superstition leagues with baleful Night,
Dank Error's wings shed mildew, blast, and blight ;
Pride soars to fall, yet, ominous, as it flies,
Scares every gentler tenant of the skies ;
And Heaven, vindictive, though long suffering, sheds
Its wrathful vials on rebellious heads.

Thus while, supine, no more the shepherds sought
To guide the flock their Saviour's ransom bought ;
Thus while the sheep, deluded, loved to stray,
And unresisting throng'd the devious way ;
While mask'd hypocrisy, and base desire,
To Heaven's high altar brought unhallow'd fire ;
While worldling worshippers renounced the cross,
While Zion's purest gold, enearth'd in dross,
No more the royal Stamp Divine display'd,
Then lingering Justice grasp'd his threatening blade,
Sever'd the sapless branches from the tree,
Consign'd the stars to dark vacuity,
Forth from their spheres in wrath indignant cast, [blast.
And swept the clouded skies with Judgment's howling

Messiah reigns! His undisputed sway
Obsequious heaven and pliant earth obey ;
Alike from each his ministers he takes,
And hell his scourge in righteous anger makes.
He summons, and creation's powers attend ;
'The locust flies, angelic hosts descend ;
O'er fruitful fields devouring insects creep ;
Barbarian hordes the peaceful campaign sweep ;
All wait on him, his pleasure all fulfil ;
He wakes the whirlwind, bids the storm be still ;
Upheaves the mountains, casts the rough rocks down ;
Makes morning darkness by his awful frown ;
Looks on the earth, and lo, dismay'd, it reels,
Its central depth the mighty Presence feels.
Retire, ye sinners, from his piercing eye,
He passes in tremendous judgment by !
Let cragged rocks conceal you from his sight !
Ah ! vain is shelter ; and as vain is flight !

This world, and its vast kingdoms as they rise,
Administer to him ; their destinies
In judgment or in mercy he controls ;
Through ocean depths, sublime, his chariot rolls,

Or, bright, on shining clouds he rides above,
In anger terrible, or mild in love.
Still on his Church is fix'd his steadfast eye ;
And earthly thrones at his command supply
Their fostering aid her infant strength to raise,
To clear her arduous path through desert ways ;
For her the sceptre or the sword they wield,
And lift the scourge, or spread the covering shield,
As He with grace her loyal fealty crowns,
Or dark in anger on the vagrant frowns.

For this, imperial Rome, thy laurels hung
Bright on the Cæsars' brow ! for this the tongue
Of polish'd Greece in distant lands was heard,
That Heaven's pure oracle, Jehovah's Word,
Might penetrate the dark, envenom'd shade,
Where Error, long in scaly volume laid,
Had rear'd the baleful progeny of night :
For this, with swelling sail and pennon bright,
Industrious Commerce plough'd the briny wave,
And gales from heaven the favouring impulse gave ;
Nor letter'd lore by him unheeded brought
The gem of knowledge from the mine of thought :
He bade its lustre for his glory shine,
And banded learning in the cause Divine.

With broad and buoyant wing her eagle flight
Long mighty Rome sustain'd. The rough rocks height,
The cedar's loftiest branches, bore her nest ;
And, strong, with sun-bright eye and sinewy breast,
Amid the stars of heaven she soar'd sublime,
Despoil'd with iron beak the forest's prime,
Chased every plumed tenant of its shade,
And every beast within its covert laid ;
Or bore on griping talons far away,
To glut her unfledged brood, the trembling prey
Of ravenous cruelty, in carnage nursed,
And taught with blood to quench its direful thirst.
Huge mountains rose to check her flight in vain ;
In vain beneath her roll'd the stormy main ;
In vain the sunbeam cross'd her burning way.
Still onward, darting through the fervid ray,
Eager she flew, allured by scent of blood,
To scale the mountain, or to stem the flood.

Fame track'd her flight, and victory broad unfurl'd
Her blazon'd banners to the wondering world ;
The world that loves ambition, carnage, strife ;
That preys upon the charities of life ;
That gives its plaudits to the prosperous guile,
Though Innocence and Virtue weep the while ;
Extols with trumpet voice the Conqueror's name,
Though harvests wasted, villages in flame,
And cities sack'd, and terror, and dismay,
Have mark'd the desolating spoiler's way ;
Though peace affrighted fled her halcyon nest,
Scared by the plumage on his nodding crest ;
Though widow'd hearts, and orphans' streaming eyes,
Pour'd floods of sorrow o'er his victories.

Nor was she less the favourite of the crowd
Who prostrate at the shrine of Mammon bow'd ;
Who in her gather'd stores of golden wealth
Saw not the hand of Rapine, nor of Stealth,
That filch'd or rent the glittering prize away,
While Murder stretch'd his ruthless arm to slay.
The sensual gloated on her sumptuous board,
And atheist libertines, whose hearts adored
The gods of earth, with ivy fillets bound,
To Rome's proud genius mantling goblets crown'd,
Pour'd rich libations of unmingled wine,
Bade music soft, and poesy entwine
A garland for her brow, and at her feet
Scatter'd fresh flowers and fuming incense sweet ;
While Beauty fair, with light Ionian tread,
Gay pleasure's train, through mazy dances led,
And Mirth and Revelry attuned the song,
And drew with myrtle wand their dizzy steps along.

With science, arts, and elegance adorn'd,
The mean, the weak, her lofty spirit scorn'd ;
Colossal strength in works sublime display'd
The subject earth beneath her sceptre laid,
In boasted wisdom proud, she sought to bind
The mightier empire of immortal mind,
To quench the bursting beam of Gospel light,
Though long immersed in rude and cheerless night ;
Night, by her philosophic fires unchased,
The drear, dim sadness of an unsunn'd waste.

Yet stoic pride with cold indifference heard
The mighty message of the Gospel word,
Despised the hallow'd mysteries of the cross,
Inflicted pain, and mockery, and loss
On those who meekly bore the Saviour's name,
Conform'd to him in glory and in shame.
On them the skeptic's glance disdainful turn'd,
And flames of wrath in vengeful bosoms burn'd.
As the fierce lion, who, with bristled mane,
Springs on the prey, so Persecution's train,
Relentless, on its hallow'd victims sprang,
And made fell pastime of the martyr's pang.

Bear witness ye, ye sainted, suffering band,
Whose purple life-blood stain'd that ruthless land,
As spectacles to men and angels made,
In Rome's proud circus for her sport display'd !
O, witness ye, who in that dreadful ring
Came forth to meet the famish'd tiger's spring,
To raise the shield against the Tuscan boar,
Or furious lion, chafed by scent of gore !
Ye, who within her proud arena brought,
Your path to heaven through sanguine surges fought,
While Rome's stern Genius calm your conflict view'd,
And frantic joy inflamed her multitude ;
Who at her feet reposed, with garlands crown'd,
Impatient, till the trumpet's welcome sound,
And clash of arms, proclaim'd the opening fight ;
Then sped the well-poised spear with deadly might,
Or tangling net, disposed with dexterous art,
Gave its thrall'd captive to the trident dart ;
Then sprang the loosen'd savage from his lair ;
Then shouts of demon triumph rent the air ;
Nor mist of pity dimm'd her tearless eye ;
Rome mark'd unmoved her groaning victim die ;
Nor lingering spark of sympathy awoke,
That nature's yearnings in her breast bespoke.

On angel wings to glorious rest convey'd,
Your hallow'd souls beneath the altar laid,
Pour'd in the ear of Heaven their pleading cry,
And Justice heard, yet patient Mercy, nigh,
Restrain'd, with gentle hand, the' uplifted stroke,
Nor yet the glittering sword of vengeance woke,

Till wide and far the herald's voice was heard,
And listening thousands hail'd the living word;
Repentant, yielded to the call Divine,
And warriors, ranged beneath the crimson sign,
Embraced the cross, and nobly held till death,—
Their faith's pure ensign; then, with parting breath,
To dauntless hearts and holy hands consign'd,
To wave on every height, and float in every wind.

Long, long his flight the' avenging angel stay'd,
Forbearing Love the stern behest delay'd;
Long rose the prayer of mediatorial grace,
As fuming incense in the holiest place.
It came at length,—the word of wrathful ire;
That seraph flame unfurl'd his wings of fire;
Forth from the sacred shrine as lightning pass'd,
And down to earth his burning censer cast.
Soon darkling clouds eclipsed the cheerful sky,
Hoarse tempests howl'd with loud and dissonant cry,
While throes convulsive heaved the solid ground,
And, sullen echoing through the gloom profound,
Unearthly voices fill'd the startled ear
With wail portentous of destruction near.
Then fell thy throne, proud mistress of the world!
Then from its mountain height impetuous hurl'd,
A wreck, it floated on the ruthless tide
Of fierce barbarian anarchy, whose wide
And rushing waters, with tempestuous sweep,
Bore diadem and sceptre to the deep,
Roll'd dark and dreadful o'er thy proud domain,
And left thee withering 'mid thy heaps of slain.

From Borean climes, from distant, barbarous lands
Heaven call'd its ministers: ferocious bands,
As from rent clouds descends the rattling hail,
Rush'd in wild tumult o'er the fruitful vale;
Reap'd the rich harvest, scathed the verdant plain,
Bathed ruthless swords in blood of infants slain,
Their virgin charge from weeping matrons tore,
Defiled the crown of reverend age with gore,
Crush'd the sweet flower just opening to the light,
Hew'd the tall cedar from its stately height,
Trampled the vine, whose purple clusters fair
Gave their rich juices to the tiller's care;

Through crowded cities bore the flaming brand ;
Struck down with iron mace and giant hand
The trophied pile, the tower of strength, where Pride
On blazon'd throne, with Genius by her side,
Presumed herself immortal, and survey'd
Time's sweeping sythe and hour-glass undismay'd.

Then, fever'd with infuriate rage, drew nigh
Fierce Scythian ravagers, whose demon cry
Was, havock, slaughter, death ! whose leaders fell,
(As brands ignited by the fires of hell,
Or meteors, bursting in portentous flight,
With dread explosion 'mid the gloom of night,)
Shed blasting flames and sparks of terror round ;
Obscured the heavens, and sear'd the solid ground ;
And cursed creation with their baleful breath,
The dark-wing'd heralds of approaching Death.

Then Misery felt the acme of her fate ;
Then Horror reign'd, and earth, made desolate,
Seem'd but the grave of man. Destruction there
Brooded on darkness, carnage, and despair.
'Mid deserts, cities once, the wretch, dismay'd,
Stalk'd with wild Famine, and the direful shade
Of livid Pestilence, whose maniac cry
Pour'd its last wail in hopeless agony.

Then, from his rural cot, the village hind,
Chased by the murderer, desperate, saw consign'd
His native vale to pillage, rapine, flame ;
The graves that held his sires,—unknown to fame,
Yet sacred to affection,—wrong'd and spoil'd ;
The plain, the woodland, where his youth had toil'd,
Waste as the mountain wild ; the playful throng
That cheer'd his evenings with the buoyant song
Of youthful merriment, or, eager, press'd
To share the fondness of a father's breast ;
These, with the smiling mate, whose gentle love
Made home his halcyon nest,—even as the dove
Which eyes the pouncing vulture, he had seen
Poised on the harpies' fangs : Love could not screen
Nor Courage shield them from their hapless fate :
His eye is dim, his heart is desolate,
The wild wind wanders through the leafless grove,
Within whose shelter stood his home of love.

War, deepest, direst thunder in the host
 Of Heaven's artillery, when, anger'd most
 It opens its dread batteries on the world !
 How were thy burning bolts in vengeance hurl'd
 Against that recreant majesty, whose throne,
 Raised o'er the subject earth, had ruled alone
 The nations and their gods ! whose iron sway
 Thy scourge upheld, and track'd her crimson way
 With toils, and tears, and blood ! Though reckless Flame
 Conjoin'd with glory Rome's immortal name,
 Yet He who reigns supreme, who, though he hide
 His anger in long suffering, scoffs at pride,—
 He grasp'd at length the balance and the sword,
 He weigh'd the guilt, the righteous judgment pour'd,
 Retributive, the cup of fury press'd,
 And sheath'd his falchion in the murderer's breast ;
 Back with unmeasured vengeance drove the blast,
 By proud ambition on the strengthless cast,
 And scathed with lightning fires the towering head
 That on the desolate destruction shed.

O depth of Deity, whose sovereign will
 Permits, yet counterworks, encroaching ill,
 Defeats the counsels of infernal art,
 And bids the scourge of judgment yield its part
 To mercy's scheme benign ! whose searching eye
 Discerns the deep, the distant, and the high,
 And to his own mysterious purpose brings
 The turbulence of sublunary things.
 Man, proud, presumptuous, and malignant, dares
 Omnipotence to wrath ; yet goodness spares,
 And even when lingering indignation wakes
 The searching chastisement of grace partakes ;
 Incensed, yet pitying,—tender, though severe,
 Controlling chaos, causing light to cheer
 The tempest clouds that gather round his feet,
 Even when to anger stirr'd He comes to meet
 The rebel sons of pride : earth owns his sway,
 August, mild, venerable : Heaven's pure day
 No cloud of judgment darkens : hell below
 Is seal'd to irremediable woe.

Yes, blended grace and justice ruled the hour
 Of Rome's descending star ! A mightier power

Than nature wields impell'd the dreadful course
Of that impetuous flood, whose furious force
Urged the strong sea against her crimson throne ;
'Twas Wisdom, working deep in mines unknown
To perfect Mercy's plan. The vehement blast
That Rome's proud eagle from its eyry cast,
And rent the rock within whose storied heights
It lodged the raven of a thousand flights,
And heaved the earth, and roll'd the stormy main,
In frightful deluge o'er the fertile plain ;
That fierce tornado, in its furious sway,
Bore ancient error's mouldering fanes away ;
Wrench'd from its pagan soil the rugged roots
Of dark Idolatry, whose lurid shoots
Yet choak'd the healthful blade ; with dragon wing
Assail'd each vain, each venerable thing,
Swept truth, and falsehood, power, and pomp, and pride,
And science, and philosophy aside.

Rude chaos reign'd ! Yet, lo, that potent word
Which nature in primeval darkness heard,
Commanded, and Confusion's dreary bed
Prepared an embryo seed, erewhile to spread
In energy of intellect and grace ;
Yet buried long within that secret place
Amid ungenial elements it lay,
Nor sprang to light, nor drank the healthful day.
But gracious heaven its own deposit kept,
The faithful Sower slumber'd not, nor slept ;
With vital warmth, 'mid wintry frosts sustain'd,
On sterile earth the gentle moisture rain'd,
And bade his cherish'd plant expand at length,
Serene in beauty, and sublime in strength.

Thine enemies shall perish, they shall fall
Beneath thine hand, Eternal Lord of all !
Thy King upon his holy throne shall reign,
Messiah shall thy righteous rule sustain ;
As orient clouds before the sunbeam fly,
As stubble from the rushing whirlwind nigh,
So shall thy foes before thy presence flee,
And all creation, prostrate, worship thee !

Thy thunders roll'd, and Babylonia's towers
In ruin lay ; her blasted groves and bowers

The tiger's lair, the serpent's haunt, became ;
 On Misraim's fertile plains, with scathing flame,
 Thy lightning's kindled ; Desolation there
 Stalks wild and fearless ; Judah's mountains, fair,
 Impart no moisture to that wither'd vine,
 Implanted once, then, by thy Hand Divine,
 Uprooted and despoil'd ; thy vengeance hurl'd
 From her proud throne the mistress of the world ;
 Beneath thy frown, beneath thy wrath, she fell.

O who is strong against the Terrible !
 What breastplate, what invulnerable shield,
 Can stay the sword thine arm prepares to wield ?

Earth on her burden'd breast in silence bears
 Memento of her curse ; Destruction spares
 The dim, lone tower, the mouldering marble, gray,
 That sympathy, not unimpress'd, may stray
 Amid the wrecks of time ; where Genius rose,
 Where proud Ambition spurn'd inglorious foes,
 Where gorgeous Greatness clasp'd his glistening robe,
 Stretch'd his bright sceptre o'er the circling globe,
 And awed the prostrate nations by his nod ;
 Where lofty Pride the spacious palace trod,
 Survey'd the towering fane, the cedar'd dome ;
 Then, stricken, fell, an outcast wretch, to roam
 Wild with the grazing herd. O not in vain
 Shall Nimrod's relics strew the lonely plain ;
 Nor Egypt's stately mausoleums spread
 Their cavern'd grandeur o'er the mighty dead ;
 Nor Rome's dilapidated temples stand,
 Sear'd with stern lightnings by Jehovah's hand ;
 If frail mortality, instructed, own
 That only God is great, that He alone
 Supreme in undiminish'd glory reigns,
 His word heaven's starry canopy sustains,
 And crowns and thrones in shatter'd fragments lie
 Beneath the glance of his indignant eye.

Her pristine form unchanging Nature bears,
 Yet Heaven and Time, the flood, the mountain, spares.
 Man's mightiest works in mouldering ruin lie,
 Still smiles the verdant plain, the azure sky,
 Still the rich landscape in luxuriance spreads,
 And rugged rocks still raise their towering heads.

Short is the span to human toils assign'd,
And frail the monuments man leaves behind !
On Nature Heaven a longer date bestows :
God, only God, eternal being knows.

Imperial Rome ! beneath thy mountains gray,
Beside thy far-famed flood shall wisdom stray,
And, pensive, backward tread the course of time ;
With thy stern Genius converse hold, sublime,
On transitory things ; on power, and pride,
And wealth, and fame, to virtue unallied ;
On Science, self complacent, soaring high,
On slenderest filaments of vanity,
On Wisdom, proud to spurn the cross, and stand
Its own defence against Jehovah's hand.

Yes, while bleak night winds through thy ruins sweep,
And foxes from deserted turrets peep ;
While clasping ivies to thy temples cling,
And silence reigns within that wondrous ring
Where thousand voices once with stormy swell,
As ocean's vaulting billows, rose and fell ;
Where human monsters turn'd the glaring eye
To mark the mangled gladiator die,
To watch the martyr while the reeking fang
Of the gaunt lion urged the mortal pang :
Here, while the column fallen, the fane decay'd,
The trophied arch in lonely ruin laid,
Attest thee once, in lofty splendour great,
Attest thee now, bereaved and desolate ;
Attest that glory, pinnacled on high,
Unbased by virtue, soon in dust shall lie :
Here not in vain, in solemn musings found,
Shall calm Reflection tread thy classic ground ;
But, circled by thy bright cerulean sky,
When morning blushes, or the moon is high,
Or, soft, when eve in sober twilight fades,
Steal silent through thy venerable shades,
And talk with visions of departed things ;
While heroes, tribunes, senators, and kings,
Pass, in still pageant, dim, and frowning by ;
No sunbeam lights the orb of majesty,
No patriot voices greet a senate's ear,
No trumpet heralds War's stern conflict near ;

Each spectral Form the mountain meteor shrouds ;
Pale, quivering lightnings gild the distant clouds ;
As sad each single spirit hastes to meet
The awful splendours of the Judgment-seat.

Here, 'mid the wrecks of genius, glory, time,
Shall Contemplation soar, in thought sublime,
And learn that valour, conquest, pleasure, power,
Are passing pageants of a short-lived hour ;
That majesty, to virtue unallied,
Is but the full-blown emptiness of pride,
A bubble now, in sunny radiance bright,
Then by that beam exhaled which gave its transient light.

Yon heavens, how bright, how high ! With earnest gaze
Their broad expanse the wandering eye surveys,
Asks the blue depths that spread, and roll and glow,
To what unknown, what distant regions flow
Their waves of sapphire light. Where dwells the bound
That zones that ocean ? In what vast profound
Of gloom or glory hangs the central scale
That balances creation ? What the veil
That hides those radiant hierarchies beyond ?
In vain : no seraph symphonies respond ;
No eye in eager gaze, nor ear attent,
Can pierce the foldings of that firmament.

"Canst thou by searching find out God ?" His throne
The heaven of heavens conceals. He walks alone ;
All inaccessible to thee where light
Circles his footsteps, or the veil of night
Falls in deep draperies round his awful path.
Canst thou unfold his purpose ? to his wrath
Give utterance in stern thunders, or declare
How vast, how high, his thoughts of blessing are ?
Vain mortal ! Seek him not within the shade
Impervious to thy twilight vision made ;
But here, in this thy dawn of being, learn,
In lowliness of wisdom, to discern
The beam sent down to thee, the living ray
Prepared to guide thee on thy heavenly way ;
Then from a purer, brighter, happier sphere,
Shalt thou look down on depths unfathom'd here,
And view the' Eternal, in his rule sublime,
Upholding nature, and controlling time ;

In number, weight, and measure, ordering still
His works of wisdom by his sovereign will ; [cend,
Through depths, o'er heights, which angel powers trans-
Conducting all to one harmonious end,
Where every string, combined in concert sweet,
In one hosanna to His Name shall meet.

He slumber'd not, even in that midnight hour
When hell's dread tyrant, with insidious power,
Resumed o'er earth's benighted sons his sway,
And with delusive shades obscured the day
That rose erewhile on man. His watchful eye,
Observant, mark'd the dire apostasy
By sin and error on his Church entail'd ;
He saw, when Truth grew dim, when Judgment fail'd,
When Pride, o'erweening, left the Word Divine,
And raised her censor to a mortal's shrine,
When pall'd, and veil'd, athwart the wilder'd way,
Pale Superstition held her cresset ray,
Whose glimmering beam, an *ignis fatuus* wild,
The way-worn pilgrim from his path beguiled ;
He saw, and in permissive judgment lent
The drear, dim hour, to vengeful punishment ;
Left unrestrain'd the proud and wayward will
That sought delusion, to the choice of ill ;
The ill it chose, his scourge in anger made,
And judgment in the garb of guilt array'd.

Dense hung the shades of that nocturnal gloom ;
Truth's smother'd torch, as in the vaulted tomb
Burns the dim taper, shed its sickly rays,
'Mid chilling damps, and light-absorbing haze ;
When sunk in western waves, amid the roar
Of angry billows, to emerge no more,
Proud Rome's imperial sun. On that dark sea
Strove Vice, and Ignorance, and Vanity,
Till fearful on its turbid foam was seen
A wondrous form, whose strange and dreadful mien,
Diverse from earth's creations, fierce and fell,
With roarings wild, and tramlings terrible,
Dismay'd the world ; yet, as the charmer's art
Despoils the dragon of his fiery dart,
Even so the docile monster bore subdued
A sorceress dire, in fair similitude

Of female grace ; with meretricious pride,
Array'd in vest by Tyrian merchants dyed,
Her crimson'd hands a charmed chalice bore,
Soft pearls and sparkling diadems she wore,
Light, treacherous smiles her specious lips display'd,
Her soothing speech unwary hearts betray'd,
Unhallow'd fires shot wildly from her eye,
Her forehead bore her title, "MYSTERY!"

With wondering eyes admiring princes view'd,
Kneel'd at her feet, by guileful arts subdued,
Her mantling cup of deadly wine received,
With willing hearts her specious words believed,
In one dark hour their prostrate souls consign'd
To hell's dread emissary, bow'd the mind,
With all its faculties, beneath her sway,
And bade the world her siren rule obey.
Soon o'er that world her witcheries prevail'd,
The eager crowd with false hosannas hail'd,
Unhallow'd incense on her altars burn'd,
And Truth's pure shrine with treacherous lightness spurn'd.

Then, sad, in silence mourn'd the faithful few,
Amid the faithless to their fealty true ;
True, though their faith affliction's furnace tried,
Though Slander foul their spotless fame belied,
Though Persecution's iron chain compress'd,
Though Slaughter wrapp'd them in his sanguine vest.
The sorceress and her venom'd draught they spurn'd,
From all her blandishments indignant turn'd,
And chose the searching fire, the biting steel,
All that the heart can bear, the flesh can feel,
Ere by her false and fatal craft betray'd,
To sink, her victims, to infernal shade.

Rome ! nursed in blood, upon whose infant tongue
The war cry and the shout of conquest hung !
Rome ! train'd in hardihood of youth to arms,
Whose deadly pastime was the wild alarms
Of the swift-flying foe, the mortal groan
Of vanquish'd myriads, by thy might o'erthrown !
Rome ! in thy pride of manhood, cruel, dread,
Beneath whose gleaming axe the sainted head
Bow'd down submissive ! Thou whose sullen joy
Was kindled by the puissance to destroy !

Rome! in thy hoary age the fated prey
Of murderous rapine! No! thy sanguine way
Was never track'd so deep with gory stains,
Nor on thy head so dire a curse remains,
For deeds of ancient darkness, as for blood
Pour'd from thy Papal throne; a swelling flood,
O'er the wide world its wasting deluge swept,
While tears of bitterest grief the Church in anguish wept.

Historic Muse, who mark'st, with pensive mien,
The passing pageants of life's varied scene,
What tears bedew thy cheeks! What blushes rise,
While thy dark page records the miseries
By man imposed on man! Yet, canst thou trace
No line of guilt, of terror, of disgrace,
That with so dire, indelible a stain,
Blots thy foul tablet, as the dreadful reign
Of God's usurping foe: when worldling pride
Wore Superstition's mask, and lured aside
From truth and reason to her lawless sway,
Poor, purblind souls, degraded to obey;
When impious Blasphemy, all undismay'd,
Discarding shame, refused not to invade
Heaven's high prerogative, but claim'd the grace
To cancel sin, its moral stain efface,
To barter godliness for Mammon's hire,
Commute for crime, and from infernal fire
To ransom for a bribe; when curb'd and rein'd,
By harsh Oppression's galling scourge restrain'd,
Conscience, that monitor of Heaven within,
Sunk the dark captive of the Man of Sin:
To whom Corruption, with deceitful tongue,
Paid flattering court, and on his shoulder hung
The keys, to David's Heir consign'd alone;
While proud Presumption to Messiah's throne
Upraised an erring mortal, who, as God,
With impious daring in His temple trod.

No finite power that sacred throne may fill,
Unerring wisdom waits on sovereign will,
Eternal Love almighty strength sustains,
And mercy triumphs, e'en while justice reigns.
Such is the rule of Heaven; but he whose pride
Usurp'd a power to all but Heaven denied,

By means diverse his lawless might sustain'd ;
Stern, crafty, cruel, not in grace he reign'd ;
But Ignorance, Oppression, Treachery, Guile,
Hypocrisy, with well-dissembled smile,
Terror, and Death, with venom'd shaft, and bow
Strung for the flight, around him stood, or low,
Sunk at his feet, his ministers of ill,
Obsequious vassals of his tyrant will.
So reigns the scourge o'er slaves to bondage sold,
So reigns the wolf o'er the defenceless fold,
So reigns the gloating serpent o'er his prey,
Whose treacherous glances fascinate to slay.

Mourn, saints and prophets, o'er the Church defiled !
Mourn for apostate souls by sin beguiled !
For suffering Faith, by sternest tortures tried,
For love extinguish'd, and for truth denied ;
For hell's successful wiles, its triumphs dread,
O'er spirits fallen, o'er blood of martyrs shed
In crimson streams at Superstition's shrine ;
For Heaven dishonour'd, God in wrath Divine
Far from his faithless heritage removed,
To darkness leaving those who darkness loved.

While thus o'er western skies oblivious Night
Drew her dim veil, and from the searching sight
Conceal'd the lucid orb of Truth Divine,
Nor gave one glimmering planet leave to shine ;
While from the sterile glebe no harvests sprung,
Nor vernal bloom on sapless branches hung,
But winter, dreary winter, cheerless, cold,
Held his bleak reign o'er Europe's desert fold ;
While pining flocks, unpastor'd and unfed,
Their straggling course o'er swampy mountains led,
While hireling shepherds sought the fleece alone,
While Virtue fail'd, and Wisdom walk'd unknown,
While thus chastised, the sea-girt islands droop'd,
And Japhet's sons to papal bondage stoop'd,—
Where fled the lustre of those orient skies
Which caught the Day-Star's splendours at its rise,
And hail'd the quickening beam ? 'Tis quench'd in night ;
Those heavens are black, as when the orb of light,
In dim eclipse by envious shadows laid,
Leaves Nature desolate and man dismay'd.

In Patmos' lonely isle a voice was heard :
Did heedful ears receive that burning word ?
From Him in awful majesty it came,
Who bears unsheath'd the sword of living flame ;
Whose searching eye with radiant brightness glows,
Reads the deep thought, the inmost purpose knows ;
Whose snow-white robes their dazzling lustre shed,
While rainbow glories crown his sacred head ;
Whose feet like brass in fiery fusion glow :
As sunbeams from their blazing centre flow.
So from his face, insufferably bright,
Pour vital streams of undecaying light.
That voice was His ! sublime as ocean's sweep,
When his proud billows from the boundless deep
Burst on the cavern'd shore : 'Twas His whose eye
With watchful care, with searching scrutiny,
Pervades the Churches, every lamp surveys,
Marks the dim light that foul in stench decays ;
Whose strong right hand the angel Stars sustains,
Who, First and Last, the King in Zion reigns.

That voice was His ! Did listening Asia hear
The kind rebuke, arouse to needful fear,
Her glimmering lights with sacred oil restore,
Her earliest love, her pristine zeal, implore ?
Purge from her vine its sapless branches wild,
Its seeds of error, and its fruit defiled ?
Repentant mark that warning cry, "Beware!"
And sue for grace while Judgment deign'd to spare ?
No ! even from Heaven in vain that charge was heard,
In vain denounced the stern, reproving word ;
Nor promised crowns, nor threaten'd dangers rouse
To zeal renew'd, to grief for plighted vows
Neglected or profaned : in dim decay,
Offensive, pass'd those glorious lights away,
Nor golden lamps, nor sparkling stars remain,
But, dark and cheerless, o'er the desert plain,
His gloomy path the traveller, lone, pursues,
Nor beam of morn, nor midnight splendour views.

Awhile in eastern climes the hovering shade
Of Rome's departed glory wistful stay'd,
And sought by draperies of gorgeous pride
Her wither'd form and strengthless limbs to hide.

The sceptre trembled in her nerveless hands,
Her eagle soar'd not o'er subjected lands,
Nor armies, ranged behind her full-orb'd shield,
Victorious swept the long-contested field.
No! feeble, changeful, treacherous, false, her rule,—
Guilt was her pander, Vanity her tool;
Hypocrisy belied Religion's name,
And impious Murder mark'd the road to fame;
Her fertile fields barbarian spoilers press'd,
Insulting aliens to her unmail'd breast
Pointed the glittering spear, and claim'd the price
Of ransom'd life in costly sacrifice.
Spurn'd and provoked, with scintillating light,
Fitful she shone; then to oblivious night
Consign'd the halo of imperial power,
The fleeting, fading meteor of an hour.

While struggling Life with stern Destruction strove,
Earth groan'd in anguish, frowning Heaven above
Look'd down, indignant, on a wayward race,
Unawed by judgment, unsubdued by grace;
Whose wandering feet in Error's labyrinth stray'd,
Celestial Truth in Falsehood's garb array'd,
Obscured the glory of the Eternal shrine,
Rejected Mediatorial Grace Divine,
And, blindly vain, their plighted vows address'd
To sculptured forms, and shades of martyrs bless'd,
Their prayers and sighs to strengthless mortals pour'd,
And needful grace from angel powers implored;
To mouldering relics bow'd the abject knee,
From demons sought their soul's prosperity,
Jehovah's house with idol rites defiled,
And fell from heavenly grace by Satan's spells beguiled.

While thus the fiend his pagan throne resumed,
While darkling fires the fallen Church consumed,
While Superstition with exorcist arts
Enthrall'd unwary, selfish, worldly hearts,
While Sophistry her toils successful wove,
Where Pride and Folly each entangled strove;
The desert's rude recess while hermits trod,
And sought apart from man the peace of God,
While Piety from social scenes withdrew,
Nor saints the sympathies of nature knew,

A sudden cry the slumbering Churches woke,
A blast from judgment's pealing clarion broke,
A voice of wo that struck the startled ear,
Dread presage of the dire destroyer near.

Dark frown'd the heavens in ebon stole array'd,
A lurid Star athwart the dreary shade
Shot baleful down. Beneath his wings of flame,
A dry sear'd waste the verdant earth became;
Illustrious once, an orb of holy light,
He shone resplendent amid seraphs bright;
Apostate now, with fell, malignant sweep,
He sought the gloomy confines of the deep,
Commission'd minister of vengeance, flew,
And from Tartarean gulfs their bars withdrew;
When, lo! on upper air, impetuous, broke
Infernal clouds of dim sulphureous smoke;
Darken'd the sun, defiled the cheerful light,
And cover'd nature with the veil of night.
Meet vehicle of evil, dense and dread,
In hell's abyss interminable bred,
Dark on that pestilential volume rose
Unnumber'd myriads of impervious foes;
In legion bands beneath his fiery wing,
The marshall'd cohorts of the locust king,
They sail'd and soar'd in phalanx firm and strong,
Unbroken bore their wasting ranks along;
Fierce as the battle storm their sounding wings,
Pain lodged its venom in their scorpion stings,
Drear Desolation track'd their baneful flight,
Sad nature droop'd beneath the withering blight,
And broad and terrible o'er ether spread,
They lour'd as tempest clouds around the traveller's head.

Yet not uncheck'd the storms of judgment rise,
Nor locust army undirected flies;
Nor plague from hell's abyss unheeded breaks,
Nor sleeping whirlwind from its rest awakes;
Till God the ministers of wrath release,
And from the world in anger takes his peace:
Then, stern, though from the dark septentrion cloud,
Bursts the bleak hail storm, rattling hoarse and loud;
Though thunders roll, and floods impetuous sweep
The pine-clad mountain to the roaring deep,

Though Error from infernal caves ascend,
 Though earth to hell its dark dominion lend,
 Yet, ere fulfill'd the sealing seraph's charge,
 Nor lightning shaft, nor locust-wing, at large
 Skims the blue ether, strikes the forest's pride,
 Or blasts the violet on the mountain's side,
 Till shelter'd safe beneath Jehovah's hand
 From earth and hell, his faithful servants stand.

Mohammed ! thy foul spirits from the smoke
 Of hell's abyss not unpermitted broke,
 Nor unrestrain'd their devastating power,
 Till Mercy ruling even in Judgment's hour,
 Messiah's unattainted subjects seal'd :
 No, not the slenderest blade that clothed the field,
 Nor lowliest plant, nor tree that tower'd to heaven,
 To their voracious, baneful tooth was given,
 Save only those o'er whom the cankering blast
 Of demon breath, in fumes corrosive cast,
 Had struck with noxious taint their verdure bright ;
 Whose fruitless branches scathed with deadly blight,
 Envenom'd juices from their leaves distill'd,
 And purer regions with dank poisons fill'd.

Scourge of a fallen world, a Church defiled,
 Of hearts from righteousness by Fraud beguiled,
 Thy sword of desolation was the blade
 Of anger'd Justice, bright for vengeance made ;
 And thy impure prophetic code the lie
 Of those who loved delusion, whose closed eye,
 Averted, left the beams of holy light
 To dwell on phantoms that infest the night ;
 From whom offended Heaven in judgment turn'd,
 The recreants in indignant fury spurn'd,
 Left to thy dark imposture, to thy sword,
 Which wide and deep its dread oblation pour'd
 To hellish craft, and cruelty, and pride :
 Earth heaved and groan'd beneath the' ensanguined tide,
 Yet onward on that bitter, turbid stream
 Bore the foul phantoms of thy frenzied dream,
 Till bright with blood her crimson'd fountains flow'd,
 And lurid haloes in her ether glow'd.

Heirs of a desert soil, where, wild and free,
 Dwelt Ismael's sons, from fervid Araby,

Whose sun-burnt wastes the sultry Simoom sweeps,
Where fierce Sirocco whirls his burning heaps
Beneath a darken'd sky; from solitude
Of lonesome caves, and sterile mountains, rude,
Came forth the tutor'd Instrument of ill,
Train'd to each wily art, with pliant will
Prepared to follow where the tempter led,
Its dazzling light where proud Ambition shed,
To seize the gilded bait whate'er its cost,
To stem the ocean though by tempests toss'd,
To wear the' impostor's mask, with daring zeal
To war with Truth, to grasp the gleaming steel,
To quench in blood the light of heavenly day,
And by infernal aid subvert Messiah's sway.

Prophet of falsehood, foe of Christ, supplied
With subterfuge of subtlety and pride,
From Hera's cave dark Islam's Genius came;
Fierce in his bosom burn'd the enthusiast flame
Kindled by fraudulent spells of demons dire,
Upon a heart impure; where raged desire
For rule predominant; where, false and vain,
(The phantasies of a distemper'd brain,)
Dwelt thoughts, and images, and fictions wild,
Of heaven-taught wisdom. Dark Delusion smiled,
While from his lone recess Mohammed came,
With fearless craft to urge a prophet's claim.
Not long fraternal jealousies repress'd
The kindled ardours of his fervent breast;
Whom Mecca spurn'd she soon, obsequious, sought;
The prophet's code his keen-edged falchion taught,
And Araby, her dreary wastes of sand,
Her rifted mountains, and her odorous land
Of spicy frankincense, to him consign'd;
To him the proud, the free, the fearless mind
In twofold bondage bow'd; with baits of sense,
Deceptions dire, the sword's omnipotence,
His country's yoke the fierce impostor bound,
Then forged his fetters for the nations round.

Their weight the nations felt. It was the hour
By Vengeance given to that malignant Power
Whose impious horn, uplifted to the sky,
Assail'd the host of God, and dared defy

Their Chieftain, though invincible in might :
Presumptuous, proud, he scaled the lofty height
Of Truth's fair temple, quench'd her altar fires,
Snapp'd with rude hand her consecrated lyres,
Roar'd through her vaulted aisles with dissonance wild,
Her hallow'd courts with blood-stain'd step defiled,
Waved his proud standard o'er her inmost shrine,
Despoil'd her offerings ; from their might divine
Cast down the stars of God, with glory crown'd
And, impious, trampled on the sordid ground.
It was that dreadful hour, when blood and tears
Flow'd for transgression ; from their lucid spheres
When Judgment cast those orbs indignant down.
Darkling they fell beneath His anger's frown,
Whose word, permissive, bade foul arts assail,
And fiery wrath against his Church prevail ;
Gave to the king of aspect fierce and bold,
To scourge the sheep, to desolate the fold ;
A prosperous space allow'd to craft and lies,
Nor tore the veil from fraudulent mysteries,
Nor check'd the inundating torrent's force,
Nor stay'd Apollyon in his ruthless course,
Till on a faithless Church the Wrath Divine
Had, stern, avenged its desecrated shrine,
Chastised apostasy with iron rod,
And taught the world the Majesty of God.

Strong roll'd the tide of war ; fanatic Zeal
Blew her hoarse trumpet, bared her gleaming steel ;
Her blood-stain'd banner bore o'er Asia's plains,
On Syrian mountains left its crimson stains ;
Proud cities fell beneath the Moslem's might,
Damascus bled, and Balbec sunk in night ;
Sad Palestine received the unholy guest,
And Solyma, to deeper depths depress'd,
By Islam lords with sternest fetters bound,
Sat, blind and captive, on the blasted ground.

Nor Asian triumphs stay'd the furious cry
Of zealot wrath, and murderous cruelty ;
On Egypt's streams the storm of battle pour'd,
Within her sacred fanes the war-fiend roar'd ;
Deserted Memphis felt the conqueror's might,
And Theban glory set in Mecca's night ;

Proud Alexandria bore Imposture's yoke,
And Truth's bright lamp, within her temple broke,
Its heaven-illumined courts to darkness left,
Of faith, of purity, of grace bereft.

Still onward, as the desert's sweeping blast
O'er Afric's sands the crimson'd standard pass'd ;
Then, lurid, floating in the buoyant breeze,
Cast its dark shadow o'er the emerald seas,
And heralded on Europe's smiling coasts
The barbarous spoiler's swift descending hosts.
As locust swarms devour the springing blade,
Bare the tall fruit tree, spoil the forest shade,
Eclipse the light, as, broad, on sounding wing,
Their myriad tribes assail the stores of spring,
While Desolation, wild, with haggard mien
And sullen footstep tracks their path obscene ;
So, darkling, spread the dire destroyer's bands
In fearful phalanx o'er Iberia's† lands,
Italia's plains with trampling footsteps trod,
And shook on Gallic shores the scourge of God.

Stern was that scourge : a fierce and fiery brand,
A rod of scorpions in Jehovah's hand ;
Yet still untaught, still unrepentant, wail'd
The recreant crowd ; presumptuous tongues assail'd
The Majesty of Heaven ; though sore the smart
Of rankling pain that wrung the tortured heart ;
Still foul Apostasy, with demon power,
Ruled the deep darkness of that midnight hour ;
The Man of Sin in lawless falsehood reign'd,
And held the Churches at his feet enchain'd.

Heaven is long suffering ; stroke on stroke descends,
Yet still the' uplifted arm the scourge suspends ;
Patient though grieved, though vex'd forbearing still,
Unwont to mix the bitterest cup of ill,
Till threaten'd punishment in vain delay'd,
In vain by love the stroke of justice stay'd,
With heavier vengeance falls the fiery rod,
With mantling fury foams the wrath of God,
The deepest dregs of that distasteful draught,
By earth's proud sons in loathing anguish quaff'd,
The terrors of his awful Name shall prove
The jealous glories of offended love.

† Spain.

Thus age on age the blast of judgment stay'd,
Love, pitying love, the heavier wrath delay'd ;
At length, renew'd, the storm, impetuous, broke,
Reposing thunders from their caverns woke ;
Stern, on the margin of Euphrates' flood,
The mighty Minister of vengeance stood,
And, sudden, from its watery depths, released,
As blazing meteors, o'er the gorgeous east
Their fiery wings the Othman angels spread ;
Earth, trembling, felt their firm and furious tread,
And throes convulsive heaved the ruptured ground,
As proud and terrible, with vaulting bound,
Their snorting coursers' lofty necks they strode,
And swift as whirlwinds to the war scene rode.
As countless billows o'er the rolling main,
So thousand thousands o'er the sounding plain,
Fleet as their fiery leaders, rush'd to bear
The storm of battle, and its spoils to share.
On lion steeds, whose foaming nostrils pour'd
Thick flashing flames, where loudest, fiercest, roar'd
The sternest writhings of destruction's blast,
The furious Turcoman impetuous pass'd.

Far those swift steeds their raging riders bore ;
Dark Desolation swept the plain, the shore ;
Unearth'd the cedar from the mountain's brow ;
Bade the tall palm its waving honours bow ;
Snapp'd the sweet flower that graced the lowly vale ;
Roll'd the rude torrent down the rifted dale ;
O'erthrew the peopled mart, the palace proud ;
Struck the throned monarch, and the vassal crowd ;
O'er seas, rocks, rivers, urged its wasting way,
Till clouds oblivious veil'd the closing day ;
Then, baleful, on that turbid evening sky
Stern Othman's blood-stain'd crescent gleam'd on high.

Thus sunk amid the dreary mists of night
The sun that lent the world its earliest light ;
Thus wreck'd and desolate, by tempests riven,
The orient Churches, to the spoiler given,
Cumber'd in ruinous heaps the blasted ground.
The stroke was His who dark in anger frown'd,
Quench'd these apostate stars, and hurl'd from high
The shrines where once, in glorious majesty,

His throne resplendent shone ; by hell betray'd,
Presumptuous wanderers in dim Error's shade;
Of lustre, beam by beam, malignant shorn,
(As rising vapours cloud the beauteous morn,)
Till brooding darkness spread her ebon wings,
And veil'd the glory of celestial things.

Still o'er those desolate shrines that darkness spreads
Nor orient star, nor beam of morning, sheds
Reviving gladness o'er those ruins drear ;
No cheering voice salutes the listening ear ;
The holy tongue of prophecy is hush'd ;
Salvation's living streams that copious gush'd
In crystal brightness, from the Fount Divine,
No more, translucent, o'er that desert shine ;
The wanderer through its arid wilds, athirst,
Roves parch'd and strengthless ; the dire fiend accursed,
There laid in dragon length, has turn'd aside,
Or venom'd at its source the healthful tide.

That foe of God and man exultant smiled ;
The darken'd shrine, the sacred place defiled ;
The hallow'd Presence felt no longer there ;
The stately columns of that temple fair,
Its living stones, no more harmonious placed,
But scatter'd, spurn'd, by ruthless hands defaced ;—
These were the triumphs of his craft, his power ;
And o'er the ruins of that baleful hour,
As erst o'er wither'd paradise, his eye
Still glances keen, in deep malignity,
And, shooting wild its scintillating flame,
Still hails that spirit stern Apollyon's name,
And glories in his potency of might,
From heaven's pure spheres to hurl the stars of light,
Proud, to supplant Jehovah's ancient throne,
To call Moriah's sacred mount his own,
His gorgeous throne on Sion's height to raise,
Cast o'er Messiah's cross the baleful blaze
Of that malignant orb, whose blasting light
Imposture kindled in the depths of night.

Yet God that license to Apollyon gave,
Bade his dark pennon o'er the nations wave,
Unsheathed the persecutor's gleaming sword,
And vengeance on apostate rebels pour'd.

God clothed those heavens in gloom ; His anger shed
Those arrowy lightnings on the guilty head ;
He visited in judgment, gave the power
To that dark angel :—yet, the' appointed hour,
To hell's dominion in his wrath assign'd,
Hastes on the wings of time.

A blasting wind

The adversary's myriad hosts shall smite ;
A hand unseen, down from his towering height,
Shall hurl apostate Pride. Beneath His curse
Whose awful fiat rules the universe,
Its gaudy, gorgeous draperies shall fade,
And waste, and worthless, as a vest decay'd,
Be vilely cast away ; the fretting moth,
His silent, secret instrument of wrath,
With noiseless tooth, corrosive, shall consume
The subtlest texture wrought in Folly's loom ;
A worm conceal'd shall pierce the rugged root
Of lawless violence, its blasted fruit
Lie withering on the ground.

Even thus the end

Unmark'd shall come ; thus shall the curse descend
Upon Messiah's foes ; nor might, nor power,
Of earth, or hell, in that decisive hour,
May help afford, or, interposing, stay
The silent angel on his vengeful way.
Lo, Mecca falls beneath his viewless stroke !
Enfranchised nations burst the idol yoke
Of Rome's proud tyranny ! The Church is free,
And the whole earth, Messiah, bows to thee !

MESSIAH'S KINGDOM.

BOOK XI.

It becomes us only to dwell in duty, and to be silent in our thoughts, and wary in our discourses of God; and let him choose the time when he will prune his vine, and when he will burn his thorns; how long he will smite his servants, and when he will destroy his enemies.

Jeremy Taylor.

ARGUMENT.

A FAITHFUL remnant reserved by Divine Providence, even in seasons of the most exterminating judgment, to be the germ of the reviving Church.—The visible Church found only among the Waldenses and Albigenses, in the secluded valleys of Piedmont.—Their sufferings and constancy in the perpetuation of evangelical truth, and resistance to the Papal apostasy.—Their present depressed circumstances.—Appeal to British sympathy.—Wickliffe.—Sketch of a Waldensian pastor.—Almighty Power, by weak instruments, achieves its grand designs.—Welcome dawn of the Reformation.—Its gradual and unmarked progress.—Luther.—His bold and successful exposure of the Papal delusions.—God the defender of his servants in the hour of special danger.—Firmness and courage of the Reformers.—The world involved in a war of principles, which threatened the destruction of the Papal throne.—Britain, emancipated from its thralldom, made the depositary of Scriptural truth.—Sufferings of her martyrs.—Her primitive barbarism and idolatry.—By her twofold emancipation from heathenism and from popery, laid under imperative obligation to communicate the blessings of the Gospel to all mankind.

MESSIAH'S KINGDOM.

BOOK XI.

Valiant for the truth.—Jer. ix, 3.

WHEN Vengeance, brooding o'er that elder world,
From heaven's dread storehouse storm and tempest hurl'd,
Rent the dark caverns of the prison'd deep,
And o'er creation bade wild waters sweep,
Then, strangely shelter'd, on the weltering wave
The ark triumphant rode : when Justice gave
To fiery ruin Jordan's fertile plain,
And pleading Abraham pour'd his prayer in vain,
Then went commission'd angels forth to hide
One sainted pilgrim in the mountain's side :
When faithless Israel, impious, bow'd the knee
At Baal's shrine, in foul apostasy,
Jehovah's grace a remnant seed retain'd,
And hidden thousands firm in faith remain'd.

In truth immutable, His sovereign power
Thus shields his Church in every perilous hour ;
Preserves a sever'd, seal'd, accepted race ;
Call'd, chosen, faithful monuments of grace,
The germ of latent life, renew'd to rise
And healthful spread reviving energies ;
Beneath a calmer heaven its foliage fair,
Its beauteous bloom and ripen'd fruit to bear ;
Around, on high, its vigorous boughs to shoot,
As from the elder oak's yet vital root
Young branches rise, which, fed by genial rain,
The ancient honours of its trunk sustain,
Their verdant arms in leafy glory raise,
And hide the injuries of darker days.

Even thus, while loud the cataract torrent roll'd,
 While fierce the Arab tiger scour'd the fold,
 While Babel Rome its thousand arts essay'd,
 Ensnared by subtilty, by wrath dismay'd,
 Some loyal hearts the serpent's wiles withstood,
 Defied the storm, and seal'd the truth with blood ;
 Some, by Jehovah's hand conceal'd, unknown,
 'Mid mountain glens and desert caves, alone,
 As Israel's seer, by Horeb's rifted steep,
 Laid down the pilgrim's staff to rest and weep ;—
 Some, bold as he, the dire defection view'd,
 And dared denounce the' apostate multitude,
 Emerged, as stars, from clouds by tempests chased,
 To gild the gloom, and cheer the howling waste.

But whither, through that long, that dreary night,
 Retired apostate Zion's Orb of Light ?
 What favour'd clime its cheering rays received ?
 What unwarp'd nation still the truth believed ?
 Where fix'd Messiah his unearthly throne ?
 What realm, obedient to His rule alone,
 With steadfast courage spurn'd the' unholy yoke ?
 From hell's foul frauds, its fearful threatenings broke ?
 Its sternest frown of fiercest wrath sustain'd,
 And firm and faithful 'mid its fires remain'd ?
 Where rear'd the Church, with consecrated hand,
 Its blood-stain'd banner ? From what veteran land
 Came forth its champion sons, to keep the field,
 When myriad hosts, with leech of sword and shield,
 Before the conquering foe had basely fled,
 Or slept, illustrious, with the faithful dead ?

Piedmont ! amid thy unstain'd Alpine snows
 Were found that warrior band, who dared oppose,
 With shield of faith the persecutor's sword,
 Whose conquering weapon was the living Word.
 With thee were found those veteran spirits bold,
 Those hands that kept their firm and faithful hold
 Of Truth's palladium bright ; who nobly stood,
 Even as the rock, beneath the bursting flood,
 Which pours its cataracts from thy mountains' height,
 With stormy roar, and foam of rainbow light.
 Yes, thy wild woods, thy flinty vales can tell
 Of tested firmness, when the tempest fell,

When savage Slaughter stain'd thy streams with gore,
Thy patriot sons from their loved country tore ;
Tore as the whirlwind blast uproots the pine,
Whose fibres round thy fissured rocks entwine,
O'erwhelm'd thy little ones, thy matrons pale,
In ruin, such as desolates the vale
When from rent clouds impetuous rains descend,
And beetling crags from frowning mountains rend,
That hurl, in thundering course, the cot, the fold,
The sleeping infant, and the grandsire old,
The flock, the shepherd, to the foaming flood ;
At dawn a deluge, where at evening stood
The cheerful hamlet, and the hallow'd fane,
The peopled pasture, and the ripening grain ;
Where ruddy Health with calm Contentment dwelt,
And Piety to heaven adoring knelt.

Hard is the heart of Tyranny, and cold
The breast of Superstition ; both of old
Sever'd those sympathetic links that bind
Man, suffering man, to others of his kind.
SAVOY ! thy sterile, stony heights portray
The ruthless rigours of thy cheerless sway,
Impervious to the soft-descending shower,
Ungential, even in spring's expansive hour.
Thee not the suppliant's prayer could prompt to save
Nor deeds of valour move to spare the brave ;
From thee the keen inquisitorial eye
Peer'd baleful forth, in fell malignity
Searching its victim out ; or, cold and bright,
Gazing on agony with fix'd delight ;
Then, raising its unholy orb on high,
Obtesting heaven's ethereal sanctity,
And boasting sanction of the tenderest name,
For murderous deeds that cover hell with shame.

Beneath this iron sceptre, wrong'd, abhorr'd,
Dwelt the meek servants of their suffering Lord ;
Like Him, despised and poor, in grief they trod
The blood-stain'd footsteps of incarnate God ;
Oppression's prey, insulted, scourged, reviled,
To deserts driven, and cavern'd mountains wild,
Exiles and wanderers on each distant shore,
Their steadfast witness to the truth they bore ;

In mourning garb, their hallow'd faith proclaim'd,
And only Christ, the King, the Saviour, named.

Here, while apostates trod the hallow'd fane,
While demon powers to worship false and vain
Beguiled the crowd, while Sin and Error reign'd,—
By blameless Piety, by Grace sustain'd,
Here Truth, though to a narrow sphere confined,
Diffused its lustre o'er the simple mind,
Resisted night's encroaching gloom, and dwelt,
As erst the light in Goshen, when was felt
O'er Misraim's land the darkness of the dead;
Where vapoury spectres their pale horrors shed,
Portending terror to the sons of night,
And deepening darkness by infernal light.

Heaven asks not mighty agents; to the meek,
The docile, shall the guiding Spirit speak.
He turns from pomp and pageantry, to hide
His secret with the babes whom men deride.
In rustic vales he fix'd his lowly home,
Left the proud splendours of apostate Rome,
And there, with saints, in sorrowing sackcloth dwelt,
Whose hallow'd souls the sacred unction felt;
Messiah's witnesses, whose banners bore
His only name, His cross to whom they swore
Allegiance against each usurping foe,
That ruled on earth, or rose from hell below.
His sacramental host, to him they bow'd,
Nor knelt to Baal, with the idol crowd;
But spurn'd his name, with uncorrupted breath,
Nor parance held with shrinking fears of death;
But kept the faith, which lives, though life depart,
Which binds the truth to the triumphant heart,
Bears above mortal rage its glorious prize,
With pity views the' assailant foe, and flies
Up to the Saviour's throne, to share his victories.

So triumph'd many a saint, and from that fight
Ascended to a martyr's throne in light,
Received the palmy wreath, the sparkling crown,
Laid at Messiah's feet their trophies down,
And join'd with slaughter'd saints of elder days,
To lift the lofty song of heavenly praise.
But Satan's hosts prevail'd not, nor the ire
Of hell's stern prophet, though with tortures dire,

And dragon terrors arm'd, with sinuous arts,
To wind deception round unwary hearts,
Or, foaming, wrathful, with pestiferous breath,
To dart at once the fiery shaft of death.
Though earth's discordant elements engaged,
And furious war against the remnant waged ;
Yet, grounded on the everlasting Rock,
Unmoved, impregnable, the ocean's shock,
The windy tempest in its strength they bore,
And, calm, defied the vollied thunder's roar ;
Stood as the city on the mountain's height,
And through surrounding shades diffused celestial light.

And still the shepherd tells his pensive tale,
Detains the traveller in his lonely vale,
Or points, amid those rugged mountains steep,
Where snows and storms their stern pavilion keep,
To monuments of sterner suffering, borne
By martyr'd faith,—there, hunted, trampled, torn
By Rome's fierce dogs, to murderous havoc bred :
There, while his eyes their glistening tribute shed,
He tells of ancient constancy, of truth,
Of patriot love, from hoary age to youth,
Unmingled, as his mountain springs, convey'd,
And prized, and cherish'd still, in Alpine shade ;
For still VALENTIAN faith, by guardian grace,
Its fair, untainted lineage lives to trace,
With primal truth alliance, pure, to claim,
A Church unbranded with the apostate's name.

Rude in this desert world is Virtue's lot,
Bleak blows the blast around her rustic cot ;
Her scanty board penurious Caution spreads,
And rough and rugged is the soil she treads.
Thus, cheerless, buffeted by boisterous gales,
The Alpine pastor treads his lonely vales :
Yet, lucid, there appears his reverend form,
A peaceful rainbow on the lowering storm ;
Mildly on all he sheds his cheering light,
And feeds his flock by day, and guards the fold by night.

Meek, unsunn'd shepherd of a charge despoil'd,
So rude the clime in which thy Master toil'd !
And thou, like Him, inured to grief and pain,
Must, sorrowing, still the hallow'd cross sustain ;

Still must thy spirit weep for Sion's woes,
As from thy mountains fall dissolving snows ;
For still beneath Oppression's yoke she sighs,
Still tears of sorrow dim her streaming eyes,
And Penury, with sullen grasp, and cold,
Of thy sad charge retains relentless hold ;
Constrains, from stranger hands, a boon to crave ;
A boon, how small to that which once they gave !
How small to that erewhile conferr'd on thee,
Renown'd BRITANNIA ! when thy faithless knee
Bow'd to the idol, and thy recreant breast,
Degenerate, bore the stamp, by Rome impress'd !
Then to thy WICKLIFFE's lamp their torch they lent ;
Its kindling blaze through thy deep darkness sent
A living beam, that broke the cheerless night,
Illustrious presage of approaching light ;
Light which ere long illumed the sacred page,
Transpierced the veil, and to a wondering age
Disclosing oracles of truth Divine,
Made in thy native phrase their priceless treasures thine.

Nor shall Britannia, ever prompt to save,
To cheer the drooping, to applaud the brave,
Whose warm philanthropy, like orient light,
Through every clime directs its glorious flight ;
At every call whose warm expansions flow,
Whose generous sons on Mercy's errands go
To Indus, or the pole, where'er the breeze
Bears gallant vessel o'er the dark blue seas ;--
Nor shall Britannia fail the call to meet
Of suffering Virtue in her lone retreat ;
Of Piety, that nobly kept the field,
When death, and hell, and torture press'd to yield ;
That bore the war against a recreant world,
The banner of the blood-stain'd cross unfurl'd,
And fix'd it firm upon the snow-clad steep,
And fought, and bled, and nobly fell, to keep
The sacred ensign from unhallow'd hands,
And stood, a moveless host, against infernal bands.

Meanwhile the pastor, in his lonely glen,
Bows meekly to the blast ; for, not from men
Seeks he his boon of blessing ; but, sublime,
O'erlooks the stormy scenery of time,

Towers, like the snow-clad steeps that round him rise,
To meet the sunbeam in the orient skies,
And bears his soul aloft, in glorious hope,
Ere long to pass within the goodly cope
Of those fair heavens, and from a brighter sphere
Look down on torrent streams and sterile mountains drear.

He loves his native vale; and, poignant, feels
Her deep and cruel wrongs; frequent he kneels
In patient prayer before the Saviour's throne,
And there, in grief, in meekness, all his own,
Like Judah's pensive seer, with streaming eyes,
Bemoans his captive Zion's miseries;
And oft, like him, a whispering angel near
Awakes his soul the Spirit's voice to hear;
And oft, while silent on the word Divine,
Prayerful he muses, holy splendours shine,
And Faith, with eagle vision, bright, beholds
Those distant scenes which prescient Heaven unfolds,
When clouds no more shall veil the' eternal Light,
Nor envious vapours wrap the world in night;
When every foe Messiah's rule shall own,
And, suppliant, bend before his conquering throne;
When those who here the path of suffering trod
Shall bear the glory of the sons of God.
He sees the Church in stainless robes array'd
In hallow'd rest beneath the Bridegroom's shade;
He sees, and cheers his suffering charge obscure,
Meekly he bids them to the end endure;
Ere long the lambs upon the Shepherd's breast,
The burthen'd, led by Him, shall safely rest
Where no annoying foes, no beast of prey,
Shall prowling wait to bear his charge away;
But fast by still, meandering streamlets led,
In fertile vales and dewy pastures fed,
Celestial peace shall crown the sacred hours,
And mountains, desert once, bring forth ambrosial flowers.

He has seen many winters; o'er his head
The almond's sprays their silvery whiteness shed,
And his pale cheek, though furrow'd deep by time,
Yet holds an interest which not manhood's prime,
Tinted with health and beauty, can impart;
His mild, clear eye bespeaks the feeling heart;

Grace has sublimed his nature ; the bright rays
Of heaven-born science cheer'd his opening days ;
Nor Penury, nor harsh Oppression's power,
Nor pale Disease, nor life's declining hour,
Has quench'd the ardours of his fervent mind ;
But still his lips, in eloquence refined,
Distil the dews of wisdom ; and the page
Of classic lore, familiar to his age,
Attests that deep in early youth he sought
The gems of knowledge in the mine of thought.

As purple clouds on western skies outspread,
O'er setting suns intenser glory shed,
So Pain and Penury, and darkling Grief,
Set Virtue forth in bright and strong relief:
And thus, 'mid Sorrow's pensive shades, declines
The Pastor's sun, and more resplendent shires,
More gorgeous, as it falls ; his mountains, bold,
Catch the rich crimson and the burnish'd gold ;
His ridgy rocks receive the parting beam,
Starlike it glitters on the tranquil stream ;
It sinks, illustrious,—sinks again to rise,
And pour new glories o'er unchanging skies :
Bright in heaven's sapphire firmament to glow,
Far, far from storms, that roar and rage below,
Where no horizon shall its splendours bound,
But one eternal day with brightening beams be crown'd.

As from the driving storm the cavern'd rock
Spreads its broad shelter o'er the new-shorn flock,
Or, fervid while meridian sunbeams beat,
With friendly shade protects from sultry heat,
So Alpine heights their towering summits raised,
To shield the stricken Church ; while, ardent, blazed
Fierce Persecution's baleful orb on high,
And scowling tempests dimm'd the azure sky :
There, her black wings while brooding Darkness spread,
Celestial Truth its holy lustre shed ;
There burn'd the lamp before the sacred shrine,
The verdant olive bore its fruit Divine ;
There glow'd the bush in unconsuming flame,
The Spirit there inscribed the mystic name ;
There walk'd the Saviour Son, and, bright sustain'd
The stars that roll'd in radiance unprofaned.

Yet not to mountain glens, to rocks confined,
 Must Truth dwell ever: for the world design'd,
 Divergent as the sun's its beams must shine,
 And fill the universe with light Divine.
 Short is the triumph of the proud! In vain
 The powers of hell withstand Messiah's reign;
 In vain earth's potentates in leagu'd strife
 Unite with hell against the Lord of life;
 His eye looks forth upon their dark array,—
 The alien armies, troubled, fade away:
 He frowns, and heavily their chariots roll;
 Their day is dimness; vex'd, perturb'd in soul,
 They urge their course against his vengeful ire,
 Or fly in terror from his glance of fire.
 In vain; for vengeance rolls with stormy sweep,
 And horse and rider perish in the deep.

God reigns in peerless Majesty! With light,
 His own pure efflux, as a curtain, bright,
 He veils the awful glories of his throne;
 Deep in eternity he dwells alone;
 Bids angel powers perform his perfect will,
 Or earth the counsels of his word fulfil;
 Heaven's first-born seraph to his footstool brings,
 Or highest purpose works by meanest things;
 That all in earth, that all in heaven may own,
 The strength, the wisdom, flow from him alone;
 To Him alone in prostrate worship bend,
 Their life, their bliss, their origin, and end.

Hark! in the camp of Midian! 'Tis the cry
 Of those who fall in battle! those who fly
 From the pursuing foe!

Yet wherefore fear?

Stay, Amalek, no mighty host is near:
 And thou, in warlike panoply array'd,
 Like locusts camp'd beneath the summer shade,
 Liest stretch'd in countless thousands o'er the plain,
 Compact as barrier sands that bound the main.
 Why faints thy trembling heart? What strange affright
 Pervades thy tents, and turns the deadly fight,
 Desperate, against thyself?

That fatal dread

Jehovah sends! Beneath his banners led,

The valorous Abiezrite's slender band
Shall rescue Israel from thy powerful hand ;
Rend from thy brow its costly splendours, bright,
And urge, resistless, thy inglorious flight.

And such was HE, as Gideon, unrenown'd,
That master spirit, by Jehovah crown'd
With light, and energy, and zeal, and love ;
Whose soul of fire, enkindled from above,
Whose dauntless mind a mightier work achieved
Than Israel's sons from Midian's yoke retrieved.
Yes, such an instrument, unheeded, small,
Received the quickening Spirit's earliest call
To rise and burst the thralldom of the mind ;
To break the fetters that enslaved mankind,
To sound the trump in Superstition's ear,
To bid the tents of Babel quake for fear,
To wield the Spirit's sword with conquering might,
To urge Apostasy's dark hosts to flight,
To dim the jewel in Imposture's crown,
And cast the blood-stain'd shrines of Baal down.

'Tis sweet, when Winter's tempest clouds retire,
To hear the music of the woodland quire ;
To see fresh verdure deck the leafless grove,
The pure, clear sun through heaven's blue pathway move,
New life, new beauty, start from every spray,
Green Earth rejoicing, and her tenants gay.

'Tis sweet, at early dawn, to mark the light
With silvery pencil streak the shades of night ;
To view the morn her pearly gates unfold,
The glorious sun expand his wings of gold ;
To watch the mountains catch his dazzling blaze,
Soft, dewy flowers return his glistening rays ;
To taste the fragrant breeze, the freshening gale,
Fair Nature in her orient charms to hail.

'Tis sweet to rise from subterranean gloom,
The dark recesses of earth's cavern'd womb ;
To meet once more the light of healthful day,
'Mid moss-grown steeps, and rocky ridges gray,
To mark the limpid streams, translucent, flow,
Emerging, bright, from secret springs below ;
To bless the broad and beauteous landscape, fair,
To feel reviving heat, and breathe elastic air.

But sweeter, fairer, than returning spring,
 Than morn advancing on empurpled wing,
 Than cheerful day, to him whose wandering feet
 Have follow'd Nature through her lone retreat,
 Returns celestial Truth, with holy light
 To chase the gloom of Error's darkling night ;
 With genial warmth to burst the chains that bind
 In icy winter man's immortal mind ;
 To melt, as vapoury wreaths, the mists exhaled
 From Superstition's caves, where, dark, prevail'd
 The sorceries of hell.

With upward flight

The morn's sweet minstrel hails returning light ;
 So, joyous, spreads the Muse her weary wing,
 Escaped from prosperous Falsehood, glad to sing
 Thy triumphs, heavenly Truth ! Thy glorious form,
 As sunbeams, radiant, 'mid the passing storm,
 To view, once more, in holy beauty rise,
 Chasing dim vapours from sad wintry skies ;
 The foul creations of chaotic shade,
 Before thy light, as baseless phantoms, fade,
 And earth's reviving, re-illumined sphere
 Again looks forth, dispels her coward fear,
 And, eager, hails thy bright returning ray,
 The joyous presage of a perfect day.

From deepest darkness wakes the morning light ;
 O'er dense, dim clouds the rainbow arches bright ;
 Resistless courage rises from despair,
 And Truth, though wrong'd, is Heaven's peculiar care.

Truth, fairest guest, that from celestial spheres
 Deign'st visit this low world, how oft by tears
 Has thy rude path been water'd ! and thy feet
 Have felt the flinty rock ! Thy lone retreat
 Has been the mountain cave, the desolate glen,
 Where, from the tyrannous pursuit of men,
 Thou hadst retired to hide thee, when their rage
 'Gainst Heaven and thee presumed fierce war to wage.
 But thou wast born for empire ; and thy reign,
 As multitudinous waves o'erspread the main,
 Shall cover this wide earth. The proud shall stoop,
 As flowers of grass beneath the sunbeam droop,

Before thy regal sceptre; the rough wind
Up in its stormy wings thy foes shall bind,
And bear them to the wilderness away;
Whilst thou, sublime in glory, shalt display
From thy pure throne the diadem and sword,
And triumph o'er a universe restored.

Long had the desolate earth in grief, and pain,
And deep debasement, dragg'd the ponderous chain
Of Antichristian rule. In fetters bound,
Alike, the prince and peasant press'd the ground;
While, on his lawless throne, Messiah's foe,
Exulting, spurn'd the abject crowd below:
When, lo! a seed of life, in secret cast
Into the sterile earth, evolved at last.
Protrusive soon the rising blade appear'd,
A grateful verdure Nature's dulness cheer'd,
And Hope, rekindling, strove to aid the soil
By timely culture and continuous toil;
While suns from heaven their genial influence shed,
And fostering earth with vital juices fed.

From Saxon soil that germ in weakness sprung;
While, damp and drear, the mists of Winter hung
Yet on the cheerless earth, and opening Spring
Met rude repulses from his rugged wing.
'Mid frosts and storms, and many a poisonous weed,
And tangling thorn, a small and scanty seed,
Awhile the rising shoots unheeded grew,
Their stalks were slender, and their ears were few.
Unlabouring husbandmen, in soft repose,
Despised the weak, the slender plants that rose
Beneath rank weeds and unpropitious skies;
Till, lo! unsightly to their jaundiced eyes,
From deep-struck roots full golden ears at length
Waved bright in beauty, and stood firm in strength;
With copious harvest crown'd the tiller's toil,
And yielded healthful seed for distant soil.

High in the annals of that hallow'd fame,
Which registers full many a conquering name,
Stands forth that champion for the truth, whose might
Durst, singly, dare Goliath to the fight;
Drew from his humble scrip the slender stone,
And hurl'd it at the apostatic throne;

Whose firm and noble prowess, bold, defied
 The Philistine, in all his power and pride,
 Assail'd the close compacted-ranks that stood
 Around their chief, whose fierce and fiery mood
 Had wither'd even the valorous, and whose arts
 Had captived to destruction countless hearts ;
 Hell's specious emissaries, train'd beneath
 In aspen gall to steep the shafts of death.

Luther ! thy name, revered, the Church shall bless ;
 Long as her pale retains its witnesses
 To truths thy heaven-illumined eye discern'd,
 While yet the lamp of Superstition burn'd
 Dim on her desecrated shrines ; while, high,
 Blazed the broad noontide of Idolatry ;
 While shameless Vice, unmask'd, her form display'd,
 And Sin, in sacerdotal vest array'd,
 Enticed the stranger to the downward way,
 And sued for bribes to lead the blind astray ;
 Commuted crime for gold, and dared dispense
 License to disobey Omnipotence.

Then, as from smitten steel, the kindling spark
 Glow'd in thy fervent bosom ; all was dark
 Around, beneath ; but, wafted from on high,
 Came secret airs, that fann'd it silently :
 'Mid cloister'd aisles, and lonely vigils nursed,
 At length that prison'd flame, impetuous, burst,
 Wide, deep, and high, electric impulse spread,
 With brilliant haloes wreathed thy honour'd head,
 And mark'd thee, chosen by high Heaven, to stand
 The valorous leader of truth's champion band.
 It was an arduous post ; nor giant might
 Of unarm'd mortal could sustain that fight,
 Could bear the war against the powers of hell,
 Withstand their countless hosts invisible,
 Undaunted meet the dragon's fiery breath,
 Chafe the gaunt lion in the bound of death,
 Could grapple with the hydra form of Strife,
 Despising danger, liberty, and life,
 Contemn reproach, contumely, and scorn,
 Or menace dire of Pride's uplifted horn.

Stern was the task, nor less than his of old,
 Reproving angel of false Israel's fold,

Whose wondrous prayer of faith, whose voice of ire,
 Restrain'd the heavens, or drew forth shafts of fire.
 Yet, clothed alone in panoply of zeal,
 Of truth, of righteousness, than mailed steel
 Less vulnerable to assailant darts
 Of tyrant earth, or hell's insidious arts,
 Forth to the war the' anointed champion came,
 Unfurl'd his banners in Jehovah's name,
 Proclaim'd the truth, the ancient faith declared,
 Nor demon powers, nor Rome's apostate spared ;
 But open'd wide the Volume from above,
 Unseal'd the counsels of Eternal Love ;
 On eyes long dimm'd, celestial radiance pour'd,
 The hallow'd mystery of grace restored,
 One only mediatorial Priesthood show'd,
 One Name alone through which salvation flow'd ;
 While demon rites, and desecrated shrines,
 And idol mockeries, and delusive signs,
 Like melting snows beneath the solar ray,
 Before the beam of truth to darkness pass'd away.

Truth warr'd and conquer'd, till the angry foe,
 To vengeance roused, prepared his deadly blow,
 And, full-inflated with presumptuous pride,
 Deem'd his foul breath might sweep the storm aside ;
 That, arm'd with giant strength, with thunders dire,
 With scourge of torture, and with stings of fire,
 His potent hand might spurn the' aspiring foe,
 With single stroke lay bold Intrusion low ;
 That stern anathemas, indignant hurl'd
 From Baal's heights, as erst, would awe the world,
 The recreant rebel to his footstool bring,
 A fetter'd bond-slave of the' apostate king.

God, in the hour of danger, with his shield
 Defends the uncover'd head : the foe may wield,
 With potent hand, his bright and ponderous blade ;
 He is invincible whom heavenly aid
 Sustains and fortifies, though round him fly
 The fiery shafts of death, or ambush'd lie
 Myriads of foes malign, whose secret snares
 Beset his dangerous path. Whom God prepares
 His instrument of judgment or of grace,
 He, clothed with immortality, his race

Shall unobstructed run, though hell oppose,
And earth with banded armies round him close.

Beneath the shield of Heaven, thus Luther stood ;
And thus the firm and holy brotherhood
Who fought with him beneath the sacred sign,
In earnest contest for the faith Divine !

In vain loud-pealing papal thunders roar'd ;
In vain wild waters the fell dragon pour'd ;
Nor persecution's flood restrain'd their course,
Nor curses, launch'd with dire demoniac force ;
Nor Pain, nor Death, whose dark and dread array,
Like gather'd clouds, frown'd dimly o'er their way,
Could check the progress of the sons of light,
Or chase their conquering standard from the fight ;
Till earth, amazed, beheld them from afar,
And slumbering nations roused to furious war.

To furious war: not such as erst they waged
When only in the spoiler's bosom raged
Rude, barbarous thirst of prey ; not war, whose hand
Clench'd, blood-bedropp'd, his blade, from land to land
Sweeping on gorgon wing, to earn the name
Of greatness, ill applied by babbling Fame
To monsters of mankind ; not war, whose stroke
Assail'd the diadem, or, ponderous, broke
The curious carvings of the ivory throne.
It was the strife of mind, the contest known
To hosts invisible, whose mightier strength,
Array'd in dire collision, through the length
Of circling ages, in firm phalanx dread,
By seraphim and fallen archangel led,
Darkness with light have warr'd. It was the soul
In struggle 'gainst the long-usurp'd control
Of hell's unnatural bondage. 'Twas the cry,
Too long repress'd, of heaven-born energy,
Resolved to claim its birthright, to explore
The hidden mine of truth, deceived no more
By fraud and falsehood, with delusive lies,
Forged in dark limbo, of hell's vanities.
'Twas science, from barbarian night emerged,
Confronted with foul craft. 'Twas Truth that urged
Her sword of proof, that held her torch on high,
Struck the broad visor from Hypocrisy,

That from the saturnine and rayless ball
Of odious Ignorance, the muffling pall,
The blinding fillet, and the scale, withdrew.
Averse from light, on vampire wing she flew
To haunt obscurer scenes ; for not in strife
Of virtuous energies her streamless life
Its leaden pulse sustains.

Such strife was there :

Truth, Conscience, Liberty, and Virtue fair,
In glorious war, assail'd the hosts of Pride :
Heaven own'd the contest, nor its aid denied.

It was a well-fought day. But on that field
What thousands fell ! What myriad martyrs seal'd
The sacred truth with blood ! They loved not life,
Retain'd no compromise with hell ; but strife
And righteous quarrel with its hosts preferr'd :
For, lo, a Voice, amid the conflict heard,
Proclaim'd the triumphs of the faithful dead !
They saw Messiah's conquering armies led,
Victorious, by himself, the King of kings ;
And, upward borne on Faith's expanded wings,
Felt not the stroke by which the galled foe
Laid the frail frame in dust ; nor could that blow
Ungrasp the veteran hand that nobly held
Its proud palladium, and in death repell'd,
On Faith's bright shield, the keen, insidious dart,
By falsehood sped, against the loyal heart,
That even in falling o'er the foe prevail'd,
And in the hour of glad departure hail'd
Advancing ranks, who to the conflict came,
Baptized into the conquering warrior's name,
Pledged on that consecrated field to die,
And follow him to immortality,
Or bear aloft the sacramental sign,
Unstain'd, and waving to the sacred shrine,
To swell the triumphs of Messiah's sway,
And at his feet their hallow'd trophies lay.

Then shook the throne on many waters raised ;
In deep suspense the wondering nations gazed ;
The sorceress trembled, while her deeds of night
Stood blazon'd forth beneath the searching light
Of Truth's detecting beam. With murmuring swell
The tide of indignation rose and fell ;

Beneath her feet the cleaving depths were seen,
And Babylon's intoxicated queen
Even then had perish'd, but inebriate kings
Flew to her rescue, as on eagles' wings ;
Awhile her shatter'd, tottering throne sustain'd,
And sharers in her sins and plagues remain'd.

Albion, thrice bless'd ! in that eventful hour
Thy lofty spirit spurn'd the tyrant's power,
Cast from thy limbs her sever'd chains, and broke
From thy proud neck the captive's galling yoke.
No longer couch'd beneath the guilty sway
Of Babylon, thy lordly lion lay :
Thy shield and sword were with her foes, thy land
A sacred refuge from her murderous hand,
And thy stern sons against her treacherous arts
With Truth's impervious breastplate mail'd their hearts,
Dash'd from their lips her deleterious wine,
Renounced her faith, and sought the grace Divine.

Not unpursued, from that unhallow'd fold,
Retired thy sons, Britannia ! Still her hold
The sorceress queen essay'd by force to keep,
And placed her wolves among thy bleating sheep ;
But, severed from the triple crown, a blaze
Of clustering gems diffused celestial rays,
And o'er thee shed a purer, holier light
Than warrior kings, renown'd in fields of fight,
Who round thy brows the laurel wreath entwined,
Waved thy proud ensigns in the distant wind,
Bright on thy shield their martial trophies hung,
And made thy praise the theme of every tongue.
Yes, thou canst boast thy martyr band, whose light,
Like brilliant stars amid the gloom of night,
Illumed the darkness of thy stormy skies,
And cast the halo of their victories
Around thy calmer sphere ; who bore the shock
Malific, as the adamantine rock
Repels the tempest's rage ; nor scorching flame,
Nor whelming floods, their dauntless faith o'ercame :
As tested gold beneath the fire it glow'd,
As unmix'd silver from the furnace flow'd,
Received the impress of the Name Divine,
And bore the standard of the sacred shrine.

Yes, highly favour'd ! Heaven vouchsafed to thee
Champions for truth, who earn'd their victory
By conflict, even to blood ; whose hallow'd zeal
The firm foundations of thy future weal
Laid in the damp, incarcerating gloom
Of many a prison vault and lonely tomb,
Whose dread descent through no still chambers lay,
But Torture pointed out the dreary way,
And Agony, with writhing aspect dire,
Led on, through scorching flames and penetrating fire.
'Mid scenes like these, of peril, suffering, strife,
Surmounted danger and surrender'd life,
Thy temple from surrounding ruins rose,
And Israel's God in thee his sanctuary chose.

A stranger once, in Gentile darkness nursed,
A slave, in Superstition's dreams immersed,
'Mid Druid groves a blood-stain'd wanderer wild,
By demons to infernal rites beguiled,
Thee Mercy visited, and bade thee rise,
Abjure barbarian, murderous mysteries,
A holier Name in holier acts adore,
Pollute the' ensanguined earth with crimes no more ;
But lift the suppliant prayer, the streaming eye,
And view the herald of salvation nigh,
And raptured listen, while his cheerful voice
With echoing gladness bade thy wilds rejoice.

Heaven call'd thee, unbeloved, its grace to share ;
Thee, alien once, a Father's tenderest care
Reclaim'd and cherish'd ; yet seductive wiles,
Unhallow'd lure of Rome's apostate smiles,
Won thy unwary feet from Wisdom's way :
Again, benignant Mercy pour'd the ray
Of living light upon thy path, and show'd,
From Error's labyrinth wide, the upward road
That led thee back to life ; to thee consign'd
The lamp of truth, to lead and cheer mankind,
With watchful care the sacred flame to tend,
Reflect its brightness, and its beams extend,
Till o'er the universe its splendours flow,
And every darken'd clime with holy radiance glow.

Britannia, tune thy lyre to loftiest lays ;
Make thy woods vocal with enraptured praise ;

Strike thy sweet harp, and o'er the emerald sea
Send sacred sounds of solemn melody.
Let distant isles thy grateful triumphs know ;
To distant isles thy great salvation show ;
And, lowly, learn, that not alone for thee
Shines the bright symbol of Divinity
Within thy hallow'd shrine. Go, worship there ;
Go, purge thy earth-born spirit, and prepare
On seraph wing to soar through every clime,
The holy herald of that sound sublime
That summon ransom'd souls to life and light,
From death's dread confines and the realms of night.
The world awaits thy teaching ; from the bound
Of the bleak north, with icy circles crown'd,
To where the southern wave impetuous pours
Its crested foam on rude Magellan's shores ;
Where either India courts the torrid beams ;
Where rolls Columbia its majestic streams ;
Amid Caucasian snows where Tartars rove ;
Where balmy spices scent the Syrian grove ;
Where Egypt's sullen devastations spread
Stupendous ruin round the mighty dead ;
Beneath her blasted palm tree, on the ground,
Where Judah sits, in servile fetters bound ;
Where distant islands stud the hoary deep ;
On sterile shores where stormy billows sweep ;
Where Ethiopia spreads its scorching sands ;
Where Niger rolls through undiscover'd lands ;
Where Afric's mountains meet the western wave,
And yield to ruthless chains the sable slave ;
Where wild and free the swarthy savage roams ;
With baleful lustre, on her gilded domes,
Where Mecca's planet gleams ; where Grecia's isles
In lovely beauty bask in nature's smiles,
Yet pine, unvisited with heavenly life,
In formless chaos of tumultuous strife ;—
These wait thy gallant barks, which buoyant ride
On the rough ridge of every rolling tide,
And earnest ask that sacred boon from thee,
By which thyself, a captive, wast made free,
Establish'd on thy sea-girt throne, and placed,
The Queen of nations, in the watery waste.

Gem of the ocean, whose pellucid light
Shines like the sun's in every region bright,
O'er the green earth, and o'er the dark blue sea
Thy banners wave ; the wreath of victory,
In verdant freshness, shrouds thy lofty brow ;
Ambition's crested plumes before thee bow ;
Thy nervous arm upholds the ample shield
Against misrule and anarchy ; the field
Of science yields its harvest to thy sway ;
To thee the Arts and sister Muses pay
The tributary meed, wreathing with flowers
Thy sculptured columns and thy rural bowers ;
And fairer, as thy bright adornment shine,
Not the vast circus, or the dazzling shrine,
Gorgeous with idle trophies, but the home
Of orphans doom'd in penury to roam ;
The house of mercy for the maim'd, the blind ;
The covert from the storms that vex mankind,
From all the woes that sympathy can share,
The wants that charity can make her care ;
The porch where bland Instruction trains thy youth
In paths of wisdom, and in words of truth ;
The sacred fane, the holy house of prayer,
That heavenward rise, and for that heaven prepare ;—
These are the monuments that grace thy land ;
These on thy happier soil more glorious stand
Than sculptured forms by Grecian genius wrought,
Or proud emblazon'd wars by Roman valour fought.

Yet higher efforts claim thy zeal, thy love,
For largest blessings granted from above ;
Heaven to thy hand the lamp of truth consign'd :
'Tis thine, with grateful heart, to all mankind
Its quickening, guiding, cheering beams to show,
O'er earth's dark bounds to bid its glories flow.
'Tis thine, Messiah's messenger of grace,
To bear his summons to the sinful race ;
Glory to God, salvation to proclaim,
And peace with Heaven through one Eternal Name ;
The Gentiles for the marriage feast prepare,
And call a wandering world the rich repast to share ;
Even Israel's ancient alien house to bring,
And bid the weary exiles own their king ;

On the strong basis of the moveless stone
To rear the structure of that conquering throne
Whose power, uprooting hell's infernal sway,
Earth's proudest sceptres in the dust shall lay,
O'erturn the sepulchre, and burst the tomb,
Pervade the precincts of perpetual gloom,
Confound each adverse power beneath, above,
And bear the triumphs of Eternal love.

Unfurl thy sails, thy pennon bright display ;
Bid thy proud vessels plough the watery way,
To every clime the joyful tidings bear,
In every land Messiah's way prepare ;
Bid mountains sink, deep, delving valleys rise ;
Clear the rude plain ; the rock's asperities
Let Labour's hand to level smoothness bring.
Haste ; and the dwellers on its heights shall sing
Hosannas to the Lord ; the rolling sea
On its wild waves shall bear their melody.
Winds wait to waft the joyous echo round,
Expectant isles salute the welcome sound ;
Unmeasured continents their shores extend,
The listening ear rude desert-wanderer's bend ;
Creation, burthen'd, waits deliverance nigh :
Britannia, haste ! on wings of mercy fly !
Salvation to a ransom'd world dispense ;
Unfold the treasures of Omnipotence ;
Fulfil the high behest, the charge assign'd,—
Evangelists ! discipling all mankind,
Send forth thy consecrated sons to claim
The purchased nations in Messiah's name !

MESSIAH'S KINGDOM.

BOOK XII.

our best Friend is exalted to an everlasting rule and dominion over the whole creation of God; and it is but a little while before he will dispel all those clouds and shades which at present interpose themselves and eclipse his glory and majesty from them that love him. Though the work itself seems to us long and irksome, though the ways of accomplishing it be unto us obscure, oftentimes invisible, yet He hath undertaken it, and will not give it over until his enemies are every one brought to be his footstool.

Dr. Owen.

ARGUMENT.

INTRODUCTORY Stanzas on the Mysteries of the Divine Government.—Faith anticipates the blessings in reserve for the world, yet looks with anxiety on its long-continued state of moral darkness.—Apostolical sketch of the Heathen character, still realized by a vast proportion of the inhabitants of the globe.—Possibly permitted as an awful exhibition of the nature and effects of sin, and of the necessity and value of Redemption.—Philanthropy required, not only to bewail the state of unenlightened nations, but to make sacrifices for their benefit.—Pensive reflections on the desolations of past ages, as connected with eternity.—Present awful condition of the Heathen world.—India.—Britain's culpable disregard of its religious instruction.—Africa.—Slavery.—Witchcraft.—Call of charity for increased efforts in behalf of the nations still mysteriously left under idolatrous darkness.—Prophetic assurances of the ultimate triumph of truth.—Present favourable indications.—Light.—Martial attitude of the Church.—Sketch of a Missionary Soldier.—Transforming power of the Gospel, instanced in the Pacific Islands.—Missionary scene in South Africa.—Trials and triumphs of the work.—Tributary stanzas.—Glorious consummation of the scheme of redeeming mercy.—Earth and time.—Conclusion.

MESSIAH'S KINGDOM.

BOOK XII.

Who shall say, What hast thou done? or who shall withstand thy judgment? or who shall accuse thee for the nations that perish, whom thou hast made?—Wisdom xii, 12.

BRIGHT on his sapphire throne,
In majesty alone,
Jehovah's glory, erst, the prophet saw :
His trembling spirit sunk with awe,
As on the fiery chariot roll'd,
Like his who quaked when Sinai's law
To Israel's sons announced of old,
Bade all their shuddering tribes withdraw,
Nor Moses dared the mount behold.

Cherubic forms, whose rustling wings,
Like mighty thunderings,
Or murmurs of the perilous deep,
When tempests o'er its troubled surface sweep,
Disparted the transparent skies,
Which glisten'd with intensest light,
And onward, in their mystic flight,
Drew wheels with thousand eyes.

What meant that vision dread?
That car of glory, led
By charioteers ineffable, unknown?
Why on his empyreal throne
Came Mediatorial Majesty?
While bright the bow of promise shone,
Effulgent on that dazzling sky :
The prophet knew the sign,
It spake of grace Divine,

Attempering wrath's terrific flame.
It bade his fears subside,
His anxious heart confide
In Him who rules, a Judge, yet bears a Father's name.

Mysterious in those mystic forms,—
Wings, and wheels, and eyes, intense,
Flashing flames and whirlwind storms,—
He reads that Providence
Which, far from human sight,
Dwells in omniscient light,
Inscrutable, its path conceals,
Or walks in tempest clouds and raging fires,
Yet ceaseless animates the living wheels,
The cherubim inspires.

That Providence is thine;
Thy wondrous rule divine,
Messiah! who, in unapproached light,
Accomplishest the purpose of thy grace,
Thy one design of wisdom infinite,
Of love, of pity, to the rescued race :
Yet far from finite sense,
Thy vast intelligence
O'er varied being reigns,
The world in its predestined course sustains !
Awakes its thousand forms of life,
Combines its parts, controls its strife ;
By energy of sovereign skill
Subverts the adverse powers of ill ;
Confounds the evil by the good,
And sways the' unconscious multitude.

Lord of all power and might, thy judgments lie
Beyond the curious ken of mortal eye ;
Beyond the sight
Of angels, basking in thy splendours bright !
O what a deep
Of surging waters o'er thy counsels sweep !
Or, buried in the vast abyss,
Where Silence seals her mysteries,
They lie absorb'd beneath a sea,
Calm, motionless, as, when rebuked by thee,

The Galilean wave in stillness died ;
 Nor current, on the undulating tide,
 Their course betokens through that ocean wide.

Yet all with thee is light !
 Unbroken in thy sight
 Exists, all perfect, thy stupendous plan ;
 And thy unerring mind
 Pursues the end designed
 Through paths which pierce the clouds,
 Through depths which darkness shrouds,
 Heights thy omniscient eye alone can scan.

Creation moves obedient to thy word !
 Thy voice is heard
 Amid the circling spheres ;
 Thy guiding Spirit rules the whole,
 And suns and stars harmonious roll,
 Resplendent, in their glorious course,
 Propell'd by one impulsive force ;
 Thy hand uprears,
 In measureless eternity, thy throne ;
 And being's endless chain on thee depends alone !

Be silent, erring man, before the face
 Of Him whose counsels are too vast for thee !
 Frail child of dust, take thou thy destined place,
 And, prostrate, clothe thee with humility !
 God is a name thou canst not know,
 But as he deigns to show
 His backward glories to thy downcast eye !
 Suffice for thee, that, mild, the peaceful bow
 Tempers his dazzling majesty.
 Though lightings round him play,
 His undiscovered way
 Though the thick darkness shrouds ;
 Yet, piled upon the solid land
 As adamantine mountains stand,
 So stands his righteousness,—his truth transcends the
 clouds.

Be patient faith and cheerful duty thine,
 So shalt thou meet his smile, and see the face Divine.

YES, all with God is light ! Though clouds invest
 This cold and sterile earth ; though from its breast
 Dense exhalations, inauspicious, rise,
 And taint the air, and hide the cheerful skies ;
 Yet soon that Sun which gilds the spheres above,
 With quickening beam shall o'er its surface move,
 Pierce the deep shades, the noxious mists disperse,
 And with His splendours fill the universe.

These are thy visions, hallowed Faith ! To thee
 The distant glories of futurity
 Stand forth, even now, in evidence Divine.
 The substance of the promised hope is thine ;
 Even now thy lofty spirit prunes its wings,
 And triumphs in unutterable things :
 Yet, while thy piercing eye beholds the light
 Through Time's dark vista, from meridian height
 Dispensing beams of joy, and peace, and love,
 Transforming earth to holier realms above ;
 While yet Humility, to Heaven resigned,
 Owns erring man is impotent and blind ;
 While Piety adores that vast profound,
 That Sea of Knowledge which no shores can bound ;
 While, bending at Devotion's burning shrine,
 Love triumphs in Beneficence Divine ;
 While at the cross Contrition, suppliant, kneels,
 And Gilead's balm the wounded spirit heals ;
 While kindling joy illumines the tearful eye
 For cancelled guilt : may yearning Charity
 Pour, unreprieved, her interceding prayer,
 That earth's dark sons may kindred blessings share ?
 Raise, unrepres'd, her pondering thoughts above,
 And ask, in meekness, why supernal Love
 Yet shrouds his beams from earth's still lingering gloom !
 Yet, while the shadowy margin of the tomb,
 By myriad tribes of alien spirits press'd
 Reveals no pathway to eternal rest ?

Forth in his course this globe's all-ruling light
 Marches in giant strength : the shades of night
 Recede before his pure, his joyous rays ;
 Creation triumphs in the brilliant blaze,
 Her treasures to his fostering beams expand ;
 They cheer her forests rude, her cultured land ;

The mountain's brow his fervid influence feels,
 The balmy vale its sheltering breast conceals,
 Presents its fragrant herbs, its dewy flowers,
 To breathe and bloom beneath his genial powers.

Shines nature's sun on each obscure recess,
 Each glen, and glade, and desert wilderness?
 Alas! what spell restrains celestial light?
 Why, withering in the baleful shades of night,
 Yet pines the desolate earth, and bears impress'd
 The primal curse on her degraded breast?
 Numbers among her outcast offspring, bands
 That stretch the sceptre wide o'er peopled lands,
 Nations that wild in lawless freedom rove,
 Haunt the rude mountain or the palmy grove,
 Where bleak the borean blast its tempest pours,
 Where gentle zephyrs light on southern shores?
 From orient climes, to where the parting day
 O'er emerald ocean casts its crimson ray,
 Why lives the great Creator's form defaced?
 While holy Truth,—as in the desert waste
 The bright oases spread their cultured green,—
 In lonely beauty smiles, with arid sands between?

Dark was that sketch the mighty Master drew,
 When Inspiration to his hallow'd view
 Presented man, degenerate, false, defiled;
 The slave of sense, the sport of passions wild,
 Foe of his kind, abhorring and abhorr'd,
 Rebellious traitor to his rightful Lord;
 Vain-glorious, proud, and wise in self esteem,
 Rejecting knowledge in its Source Supreme;
 Averse from God, averse from heavenly light,
 Courting, for deeds of darkness, deepest night;
 Bound, undiscerning, by Delusion's chain,
 Polluted wanderer through mazes vain;
 Mazes of demon subtleties, that led
 To outlets in the regions of the dead,
 Where spirits roam unblest, whose wayward will
 Chose, in despite of righteous Heaven, the ill;
 Delighted in the deed accursed, and sought,
 Through love of evil, those who evil wrought.

Ah! still that portraiture unchanged remains,
 Still sin its dire and deadly rule retains

O'er Adam's sons, in Heathen darkness nursed,
 Sad tenants of extended realms accursed,
 Where yet no beams of Gospel glory break,
 No voice of herald trumpet sounds, "Awake!"
 Though long the dawn has streak'd the eastern sky,
 Though long the sun, in dazzling majesty
 Careering toward meridian height sublime,
 Yields indication to advancing time,
 That earth's brief period hastes; though rolling spheres
 Urge to accomplish those predestined years,
 When, on his flaming throne, the Judge, reveal'd,
 Shall show the doom irrevocable seal'd,
 Of myriad tribes who now unconscious rove,
 Nor know the mystery of Eternal Love,
 Nor know the Spirit's voice; but, blind and vain,
 Drag the dark fiend's inexorable chain;
 Bend to his yoke their servile necks, and bind
 His galling fetters on the immortal mind;
 His impress on their darken'd spirits bear,
 His ruthless nature by their deeds declare,
 Like him, the hopeless prey of guilt and pain,
 Their graves disconsolate; their labour vain.

Dread Sovereign! thou beneath whose searching eye,
 Thy own creations all uncurtain'd lie;
 To whose intense, whose stainless light, alone,
 Sin in its dread deformity is known;
 Who only know'st the creature, prone to stray,
 To droop, to linger in the upward way;
 To fall, even from the point of bliss, betray'd
 By demons, in celestial guise array'd;
 Speaks not thy voice to man's presuming mind,
 Through these depress'd, degraded of his kind,
 Of sin's inveterate stain, of guilt accursed,
 Of death full arm'd, of paradise reversed;
 Of wisdom's dimm'd, obliterated lines,
 Of love perverted in its grand designs;
 Of man, weak victim of Apollyon's thrall,
 Of glory, darken'd in his ruinous fall?

And speak'st thou not, Ineffable, whose ways
 Thine own clear eye in perfect light surveys,
 Who read'st alone thy whole stupendous plan?
 Speaks not thy monitory voice to man

Of cautious vigilance, of prayerful heed,
 Of hold on heaven, lest flattering foes mislead ;
 Of gratitude, for gifts of priceless worth,
 The purchased blessings of the second birth ;
 Wisdom, and peace, and purity, and love,
 Immortal hopes, and endless joys above,
 Through Him restored, whose rich, unmeasured grace
 Paid the dread forfeit, DEATH, for man's offending race ?

Chastised, and meek in spirit, turn thine eye
 From lighter griefs, benign Philanthropy,
 To gaze on this sad spectacle, to weep
 For Adam's fallen sons, as scatter'd sheep
 Chased by the wolf of hell ! The scene survey
 Where, wide and far, his mangled victims lay,
 And, traversing this desolated earth,
 Give every sympathy of hallow'd birth
 Its full, deep current o'er thy pensive mind,
 To swell the stream of sorrow for thy kind !
 'Tis thine to feel the pang, to heave the sigh,
 'Tis thine with loftier, holier charity,
 To buffet the stern tide, to stem the wave,
 The sinking child of Misery to save,
 And, jeopard'd thyself, with generous hand,
 To grasp and draw the perishing to land.

Oft hast thou walk'd with Wisdom, and thine eye
 Has shed sad tears, thy bosom heaved a sigh
 O'er this convulsed creation, o'er the strife,
 The travail, and the vanity of life ;
 Thou hast look'd on, while History fill'd her page
 With fall of kingdoms, with the phrensied rage
 Of Murder, Anarchy, and War, whose hand
 Bore the bright falchion and the blazing brand,
 Laid peopled cities low in dust, and spread
 O'er realms renown'd the silence of the dead ;
 And thou hast wander'd o'er those realms, and sigh'd,
 Where Desolation scowl'd on human pride,
 Amid colossal fragments tower'd elate,
 O'er gaping tombs, in solitary state,
 Erected her rude throne, and razed, the while,
 Each proud memorial from the mouldering pile.

Yet not for this world's glories pass'd away,
 Not that Ambition's crumbling relics lay

Dishonour'd in the dust ;—that Nature reigns,
In solemn stillness, o'er deserted plains ;
That forests in her deep recesses rise,
And spread the growth of ages to the skies,
Where safe the brinded tiger courts the shade,
Nor human foes the serpent's haunts invade.
Not that untrod, inhospitable lands
Leave the young ostrich safe amidst the sands,
That wilds, by man unpresenced, entertain
Her meaner guests in unmolested reign :
No, not for wrecks of human grandeur, strew'd
O'er earth forlorn, or nature's solitude,
Heaves thy warm bosom with the generous sigh,
Though there, unhonour'd, Heaven's bright majesty
Shines in the sunlight, and distils the dews,
Stretches the star-sprent firmament, renews
Creation's energies with vernal showers,
Embellishes the velvet glade with flowers,
Piles, mass on mass, the mountain's giant height,
Cleaves its broad breast, that crystal currents bright
Down the dark chasm in lucid rills may flow,
And bear rich blessings to the vales below.

Yet nature's priest is absent ; to the skies
No pure returns of glad thanksgiving rise,
No voice of holy prayer, no anthems sweet,
The ear of heaven in those lone regions greet :
Man dwells not there, intelligent, Divine,
Immortal hierophant of nature's shrine,
Nor tribute to creation's Source ascends,
Nor soul redeem'd in prostrate worship bends.

But thou, Philanthropy, with pensive mind,
Revolving scenes long cast by Time behind,
Searchest for souls ; who, once in turbid strife,
Rode the rude billows of tempestuous life,
Scaled the proud summit of terrestrial fame,
And gain'd, for one brief hour on earth, a name !
Where are they ? Mausoleums tell thee not !
Who traced their blazonry of pride ? Forgot !
Their record is in dust ! Oblivion stood
Marking their fruitless labours : as the Flood
Tiding his billows o'er the shelvy strand,
Erases frolic childhood's lines of sand,

So forth from central depths her veil she brought,
And mock'd the immortality they sought.

Where are they ? Though the heraldry of time
Hath blurr'd terrestrial titles, some far clime
Conceals the conscious spirit ; to thine eyes
Earth's fleeting generations spectral rise.
For thou art wont in solemn mood to stray
Near the dim precincts of that shadowy way
Where Hades' realms beyond the grave extend,
And, thither while thy pondering thoughts descend,
Thou hear'st the groans of those to darkness hurl'd,
The prison'd spirits of that elder world,
Who, proud and reckless, closed the captious ear,
Though call'd, and warn'd, yet still refused to hear,
Till Judgment, rolling with tempestuous sweep,
Indignant, plunged them in the dreadful deep.

There, in that undefined, unmeasured shade,
Thou seest earth's multitudes of nations laid ;
Armies and kings in shame and silence bear
The badge of mightier conquest ; captives there,
Lie Ashur and her companies ; the slain
Surround her in their blood ; stern Elam's train
Look from their graves, and even in hell elate,
Enclose their monarch, proud in darkling state.

Egypt ! ambitious of eternal fame,
There is thy record found ; there, clothed with shame,
Amid the' uncircumcised, thy hosts remain,
Gone down with those their ruthless swords had slain,
Into that realm profound : the rusted blade
Beneath the warrior's helm in quiet laid,
No longer gleams, the terror of the world ;
His conquering standard, endlessly upfurl'd,
Speaks not of glory now, but shame and dread
O'er cast his deeds of might, the worm is spread
Beneath him in the grave ; and sad Despair,
With pale and haggard look, sits ever brooding there.

Nor, vision'd only, to thy aching eyes,
Within that dark domain, majestic rise
The terrible among the sons of might,
From whom the nations, in their blood-track'd flight,
Shrunk, as from blasting pestilence ; but there
Alike the lofty and the mean repair,

The conquering and the conquer'd ;—all await
 The sentence of interminable fate ;
 Sentence of dread, of banishment, of pain.
 To souls unpurged, whom sin's defiling stain
 Left all unmeet to climb that wondrous height ;
 Where spirits purified, in splendours bright,
 Circling the everlasting throne, ascend
 To God, their portion, origin, and end.

Sad retrospect, o'er which the pensive sigh
 Heaves unavailing ! Turn, Philanthropy,
 Thy tearful orb on nearer scenes of woe !
 In what dark streams life's turbid waters flow,
 Where dull its current moves, to sense confined,
 Nor bright intelligence inspires the mind ;
 Nor heaven-enkindled torch of sacred truth
 Directs in manhood, nor restrains in youth ;
 Nor hope its tinted iris bright displays,
 Wreathing with beauty forms of future days ;
 Nor love exerts its softly soothing power
 To calm the tempest of the passing hour ;
 Nor faith, in brilliant outline, shows, sublime,
 A land of rest beyond the toils of time :
 Yet, such is life, where Adam's vagrant race
 Roam, unblest'd wanderers from celestial grace,
 Nor know themselves, nor Him who bore their curse,
 A dark enigma to the universe.

Rank is the soil where pale *cicuta** grows,
 Rank from its roots destructive poison flows,
 Rank the dense vapours of the stagnant lake,
 Whose reedy margin hides the speckled snake.
 Yet not the deleterious draught distill'd
 From humid plants, with noxious juices fill'd,
 Nor pestilence, on dank and baleful wing,
 Rising from putrid swamps ; nor scorpion's sting,
 Nor dragons, hid in miry reeds that lie,
 Nor basilisk in blaze of summer sky,
 Nor baneful beams o'er torrid ether cast,
 Nor ague shivering in the arctic blast,

* Water hemlock. The expressed juice of this plant was the poison by which state criminals were put to death in Athens. This was the deadly draught administered to Socrates.

To man are fearful, as his own dark mind,
Untrain'd to virtue, to instruction blind,
Where savage Ignorance, and demon Vice,
Their victims to Destruction's paths entice ;
And Death, and Hell, unambush'd, seek their prey,
And thorns and scorpions throng the dreary way.

Here, sacred Charity, thy sorrows shed !
Wide o'er the world is this deep darkness spread ;
Still hell's dread tyrant holds infernal sway,
And earth's corrupted sons his rule obey.
Entangled yet beneath his galling chain,
Her myriad tribes in ruthless bonds remain ;
Delusion's spells, and Error's vagrant arts,
Entice to death the Heathens' alien hearts.
Still steep'd in sensual indolence, and blind,
Untutor'd in the majesty of mind,
The human savage roams the wild, nor knows
The' eternal Fountain whence his being flows ;
Nor knows himself above the grovelling train
His hunger chases o'er the desert plain,
Debased as they, yet less innocuous found,
To man, fallen man, by sensuous passions bound,
Alike to earth, to hell, by sin allied ;
Unconscious borne by Time's resistless tide,
Down the steep verge, untaught. What voice shall there
The sovereign antidote for sin declare,
The sentence of apostate souls reverse,
Or snatch a deathless spirit from the curse ?

From barbarous minds dishonour'd reason fades ;
Yet moral midnight other spheres pervades,
Where idol phantoms haunt the wilder'd brain,
And demons number, in their direful train,
Proud votaries of mystic science, skill'd
Delusion's shrine of imagery to build,
To lead the dazzled multitude astray,
And urge the blind to tread the downward way :
There myriad footsteps still adventurous bend,
There countless tribes to Death's dim shades descend,
Beneath a gloom no idol dreams disperse,
Dark, sad forebodings of the future curse,
The sense of unpurged guilt,—though rites abhorr'd,
And dread libations to hell's tyrant lord,

Idolatry's infernal altars stain,
And earth and heaven by impious acts profane.

Mourns pensive Sympathy o'er human grief?
Flies heaven-born Love to Misery's prompt relief?
Do holy ties of patriot Justice bind
Earth's sceptred rulers to the tribes consign'd
To their imperial sway? Does Albion own
A conqueror's triumph o'er Hindostan's throne?
Does Albion bear the Christian's hallow'd name,
And glows not on her cheek the flush of shame,
That unimparted by her fostering hand
To myriad realms her sword, her laws command
The boon of life, the gift of Heaven, remains?
That hell's dark king in gloomy terror reigns
In uninvaded empire, wide and far,
Beneath the light of her resplendent star?

Yes! Albion's banners float in orient lands;
Her sails of commerce and her martial bands
Gleam bright and gorgeous on the fervid plain,
And cleave the billows of the dark blue main:
She courts the skies where favouring zephyrs blow,
The streams where broad, majestic waters flow;
The groves that high their palmy foliage wave,
The golden sands that mountain currents lave;
The costly ruby, and the emerald bright,
The sapphire steep'd in heaven's ethereal light;
She plants the diamond in her jewell'd crown,
Sees idol votaries tremble at her frown;
Yet from the mind, that gem of heavenly price,
Seeks not to purge the dimming stains of vice;
Though rude enearth'd its beauteous lustre lies,
Reflects no beam of glory from the skies,
Nor form of grace in rich adornment wears,
Nor standard value in the balance bears.

Yes! India sighs, degraded and forlorn,
Though proud Britannia lifts the towering horn
O'er subject millions of her swarthy bands;
Receives her tribute, reaps her fertile lands,
Exacts her toil, invests her guarded coasts,
Expendes her treasures, of her glory boasts;
Yet leaves her in the deepest gloom of night,
Nor bids awake to view the Gospel light,

Nor seeks to chase demoniac powers to hell,
But, undisturb'd, invites the fiend to dwell
Beneath her banner'd shade ! Yes ! India sighs
The suffering thrall of vanity and lies ;
By sin debased, by ignorance beguiled,
By Superstition's blood-stain'd rites defiled ;
Beneath whose dark and pestilential shade
The loveliest forms of blooming nature fade ;
Whose breath corrupts the healthful springs of life,
Whose reign is terror, misery, and strife.

Beneath that yoke Hindostan's myriads groan,
Nor Albion heeds the deep, the piteous moan ;
Nor lifts her sceptred hand to break the chain,
Nor guides her vassals to the purer reign
Of Gospel peace, of holiness, and love ;
Nor speaks of Mercy bending from above
To succour souls distress'd : no, all is dark !
Save where, uncheer'd by earthly suns, the spark
Of Christian zeal with kindling lustre glows ;
Where Charity her form benignant shows ;
Where, unarray'd in draperies of pride,
With pilgrim's staff, and heart to heaven allied,
The lonely Missionary's prayer ascends ;
Where, calmly meek, his gather'd flock he tends,
With patient footstep tracks the desert wild
In search of wanderers by the foe beguiled ;
Endures meridian heats and damps of night,
With prowling wolves sustains the dangerous fight ;
In steadfast faith his hallow'd course pursues,
Through lowering clouds the distant day-star views ;
Like Abraham, walks before Jehovah's face,
A beam from heaven to guide a darken'd race.

Yet Albion's sons for India's bondage sigh,
For India, wrong'd, they lift the prayer on high ;
Nor Albion's Church her holy prayer shall cease,
Till hapless India hail her glad release
From Superstition's toils ; till idol shrines,
And demon forms, and hell's detested signs,
In mingled ruin press the groaning soil ;
Till, from the fight triumphant, rich in spoil
From sin and hell, in arduous battle won,
Return the warriors of the conquering Son,

To show the Heathen by his cross subdued,
A sprinkled, saved, rejoicing multitude,
From death to life, from hell to heaven transferr'd,
The hallow'd trophies of the living Word.

Does Asia mourn, through all her wide domain,
The deep, dread darkness of Delusion's reign?
Weeps she beneath the Crescent's lurid beams,
That still, portentous, through her midnight gleams?
Does Asia weep? Alas! what words of wo
Can burthen'd Africa's sad sorrows show?
Benighted, wandering, snared, enslaved, despoil'd,
Through rugged paths her sable sons have toil'd,
The prey of Avarice, the scoff of Pride,
The common brotherhood of man denied;
Leagued with the beasts, to brutal labours doom'd,
By tortures, scourges, chains, and deaths consumed;
From home, from country, friends, and kindred torn,
By pirate bands to ruthless bondage borne.
From stranger isles to lift the imploring cry,
To Him, who, touch'd with mortal misery,
An earnest of approaching vengeance pours,
In storm and tempest on those heaving shores;
Who shakes his curses from the whirlwind's wing,
Bids murmuring thunders threats of judgment bring;
By blasting flames of livid lightning shows,
How fierce his wrath against oppression glows.

Afflicted Africa! what tears can speak
Compassion for thy wrongs? On Europe's cheek
Deep be the blush of shame, and copious rise
Compunction's sorrows to her downcast eyes.
But O what sorrows can that guilt efface!
The guilt of crimes against thy injured race!
The guilt of blood for sordid avarice sold,
The murderer's guilt, incurr'd through thirst of gold!
O she should kneel, and pour to heaven the prayer,
That righteous wrath may yet the guilty spare!
Ere yet, retributive, that wrath descend,
And forfeit blessings from her bosom rend;
Ere yet the desolating tempest sweep
Her blood-stain'd treasures to the yawning deep,
And Afric's sons, in spectral horror rise,
To scowl, exulting, o'er her miseries.

Britannia! more than warrior trophies, gain'd
When hostile blood the field of conflict stain'd;
More than thy navies, though in gallant pride
Throughout the world in every port they ride;
More than thy power, thy commerce, or thy gold,
Shall truth and righteousness thy name uphold;
And more than scrolls of long ancestral race,
Those patriot pleaders shall thy senate grace,
Who dare, with warm benevolence replete,
The darkling frown of Mammon's brow to meet;
Who, generous, fired with philanthropic zeal,
Arouse the world for Afric's wrongs to feel;
To feel the holy rights of nature stain'd,
The great Creator in his work profaned;
And kindle, while that Heaven-affronting crime
Remains to blot the heraldry of time,
A temper'd flame of stern, reproving light,
To show the darkness of that world of night.

There is a name, which, when the Cesars fail,
Applauding multitudes shall raptured hail.
There is a name which yet the grateful earth
Binds to its bosom. Dost thou ask the worth
Of wisdom and of virtue? Seek the shade,
Where, calm, in dignified retirement laid,
The sainted patriot for his heaven prepares,
And holds a truce with earth, its toils and cares;
Toils long endured, and arduous cares sustain'd,
For suffering man in ruthless bondage chain'd;
For whom, in silver strain, his accents flow'd,
For whom his soul with warmest ardours glow'd:
Whose cause he pleaded in his country's ear,
And Afric's wrongs bade Albion's senate hear;
Nor Albion's listening senate heard in vain,
Truth's purest eloquence inspired his strain;
His country's Genius echoed to his voice,
And bade the depths of Afric's wilds rejoice;
Snapp'd with indignant hand the ponderous chain,
And hurl'd her threaten'd thunders o'er the main.

Calm be thy rest, bless'd spirit! As the sun,
When his meridian course, resplendent, run,
Descends illustrious to the emerald deep,
On whose broad breast his vermeil splendours sleep;

As bright, as pure, as glorious, be the rays
 That shed their lustre o'er thy evening days!
 May holy visions bless the tranquil scene,
 And smiling spirits from that land serene,
 Invite to higher joys, to purer love,
 While angel lyres, soft sounding from above,
 With hallow'd songs thy passing spirit greet,
 And bear it, blissful, to the Saviour's feet!
 Yet, while thy jewell'd crown, in lustre bright,
 Thy palm of holy victory waves in sight,
 Might Heaven, well pleas'd, the blameless wish allow,
 Fain would thy country round thy honour'd brow
 A wreath of recent verdure, bright, entwine.
 Even now, in hope achieved, thy grand design,
 Joyous she hails, and longs to share with thee
 The generous triumphs of that victory,
 When neither torturing scourge, nor clanking chain,
 Nor slave oppress'd, beneath Britannia's reign,
 Shall blast the beauteous islands of the deep, [sweep.
 And round her sea-girt throne bid scowling judgments

Yes, WILBERFORCE! the patriot's claim is thine!
 High in immortal heraldry shall shine
 The holy record of thy honour'd name!
 HUMANITY awards the wreath of fame!
 And nobler styles than banner'd warrior's bear,
 To future ages shall thy worth declare.
 Friend of the friendless! when the captive's yoke,
 From his gall'd neck by lingering Justice broke,
 Shall loose his tongue, and set his spirit free,
 Thy name revered his grateful theme shall be.
 When healthful knowledge cheers his opening mind,
 And ranks him on the scale of human kind,
 Brings forth his spirit to the beams of day,
 To brighten in celestial wisdom's ray;
 Then, when intensest glows his soul's desire,
 And purest thoughts his wakening powers inspire;
 Then shall he thankful bless the Name Divine,
 And emulate philanthropy like THINE.

Unbless'd with heavenly wisdom, life is vain,
 A whirlwind passing o'er the desert plain,
 Whose rude and boisterous wing, with sweeping blast,
 Hurtles a transient tempest, and is past.

So, rock'd in elements of stormy strife,
 Flits the dark vapour of barbarian life ;
 So, fierce and frowning, sinks in shades away
 Idolatry's perturb'd and painful day ;
 So Superstition's meteor hopes expire
 Explosive sparklings of unreal fire ;
 So proud Presumption feels, though sighs suppress'd
 Conceal the labour of the anxious breast ;
 So feel, and live, and pass to realms unknown,
 The mighty multitude ; each circling zone
 Of this dark world the chain of bondage bears,
 And misery, dread entail of sin, declares ;
 Sin, whose fell grasp the struggling earth detains,
 And still to death o'er captive myriads reigns.

Philanthropy ! whose hallow'd beam benign
 Reflects the light of charity divine,
 Here let thy pondering spirit prayerful rest ;
 Here heave the sigh, and smite the anxious breast ;
 Here ask thy heart, while Misery pours its groan,
 And thy still ear receives the desolate moan,
 Low murmuring, from the margin of the grave ;—
 Here ask thy heart, Can pitying Mercy save ?
 Can Charity on buoyant pinions soar,
 Destruction's dark and dreary realms explore ?
 The light of life, the balm of peace convey,
 Reclaim the lost, turn midnight gloom to day ?
 Why lingers, then, the messenger of grace ?
 Lingers, while Adam's uninstructed race,
 As autumn leaves deciduous, fall, and lie,
 Beneath the scowlings of a wintry sky ?
 O, long, too long, that harbinger hath stay'd ;
 Even Love hath linger'd, Charity delay'd ;
 Else had not earth till now a desert seem'd,
 Nor man, immortal, by the cross redeem'd,
 Remain'd the outcast slave of sin and sense,
 Marr'd transcript of Divine intelligence,
 Deserted temple of a hallow'd Guest,
 A haunt, by spirits false and foul possess'd,
 A wretched ruin, loathsome and defiled,
 A base apostate, a barbarian wild.

Righteous art thou, O Lord ! Yet who shall dare
 To scrutinize thy judgments ? Who prepare

To urge his venturous progress through the deep,
 Tracking thy chariot wheels? With backward sweep
 Thy wondrous course, lo, reflux waters hide;
 Presumption, whelm'd beneath the boundless tide,
 Pays the stern forfeit of temerity;
 Faith, calm, submissive, pure, confides in thee,
 Adoring the' Unsearchable, though clouds
 Pavilion him in night, though tempest shrouds
 The march of his omnipotence, nor ray
 Of beamy lightning tracks his secret way.

Ineffable! to thy omniscient eyes
 At once unveil'd thy mighty purpose lies!
 'Tis thine, Eternal, Infinite, to scan
 Thy whole, unbroken, vast, stupendous plan!
 What Love design'd, unerring Wisdom guides;
 Thy boundless mercy o'er thy works presides;
 Thy power controls opposing force, and bends
 Reluctant evil to benignest ends;
 Nor asks thy goodness from the creature aught
 But what thy love bestows; yet pondering thought
 Revolves, in vain, the mystery of thy ways!
 Enough! Eternity's effulgent blaze,
 O'er the pure spirit's recreated sight,
 Shall pour its whole intensity of light!
 Transparent then thy glorious work shall shine.
 With perfect knowledge, perfect praise combine;
 Creation, form'd and govern'd by thy hand,
 A monument of might, of wisdom stand;
 And all thy works, consentient, loud proclaim,
 In everlasting songs, the triumphs of thy Name!
 Yet not for ever shall intrusive shade,
 Even here on earth, Light's holy sphere invade;
 Not ever thus shall adverse powers assail,
 Or prosperous craft against the truth prevail.
 No; for the kingdom is the Lord's! That word,
 Proclaim'd in heaven, by listening angels heard;
 That word, announced by Judah's royal lyre,
 When Inspiration swept its chords of fire;
 That word shall stand, though heaven in smoke decay,
 Though solvent fires on earth's foundations prey;
 The Heathen, long by tyrant lords oppress'd,
 At length beneath Messiah's sway shall rest;

Earth's utmost bounds his heritage shall prove,
Or spurn'd in anger, or subdued by love.

Yes, high enthroned on Zion's sacred hill,
Messiah's hand sustains his sceptre still ;
His purchased kingdom rules in power Divine,
In justice awful, as in grace benign.
Beneath his kindling wrath what foe shall stand ?
What might resist the terrors of his hand ?
Though long in patient clemency forborne,
Soon shall the withering crown of Pride be torn
From his presumptuous brow ; in darkness laid,
Not long shall Antichristian powers invade
The honours of the everlasting throne ;
But earth and hell the puissant Conqueror own,
Exultant share the triumphs of his reign,
Or drag in endless wrath the exiled captive's chain.

Lo, from His Church goes forth his rod of power :
Expectant nations, eager, wait the hour
When hell's dread chains a hand unseen shall break,
A voice from heaven their midnight slumbers wake,
A hallow'd energy their spirits fill,
A sacred impulse bend the stubborn will,
A light from purer skies illumine the blind,
With beams of knowledge cheer the vacant mind,
Disperse the gloom that shrouds with guilty dread
The dark idolater's unshelter'd head,
Unfold the visions of a brighter sphere,
And bid immortal life on death's dim verge appear.

The nations wait : the Spirit's energy
Pours from the weary, labouring breast the cry
For renovated life : a holy birth,
As orient dew drops gem the sparkling earth,
Even now amid the arid waste appears ;
Even now his wings o'er dark and distant spheres
The' Eternal Sun in rising radiance spreads,
And light and life o'er noxious chaos sheds,
The bitter springs of stagnant nature heals,
To parching lips health's vital fount unseals,
Bids living verdure clothe the desert drear ;
Commences, bright, the' acceptable year,
The hallow'd dawn of liberty and peace.
The joyous jubilee of glad release

From direst bonds, by Sin and Satan laid
On captive spirits, by their arts betray'd:
Reveals Salvation's glorious morning broke,
The dragon foil'd beneath Messiah's stroke.

The true light now shineth.—St. John.

WHAT shadows cannot glorious light dispel?
When first from heaven its radiance fell,
Lo! darkness plunged into the deep;
Swift o'er the soundless gulf of hell,
His rushing wings were heard to sweep.
Above, the rich, full-toned, harmonious swell
Of angel lyres their raptures told,
Sweet music burst from chord and shell,
As broad and bright its radiance roll'd,
They saw, before the quickening ray,
Void, formless chaos haste away,
And heaven its bright expanse display;
Creation hail the rising day;
They heard fair Nature's voice, rejoicing, say,
"What shadows cannot glorious light dispel?"

Light! emblem of the purity Divine!
Thy penetrating beams refine
The dross of this disorder'd earth;
The bright blue heavens resplendent shine
When thou in glory issuest forth;
The sun is but a charioteer of thine;
And the meek moon, through yonder hyaline
That moves so gracefully, receives thy gifts benign.

Emblem of Heaven's beneficence, fair light!
Thou scatterest blessings in thy flight!
The wing of morn receives its hues from thee,
When, rising from the emerald sea,
She decks the earth with dew drops bright,
And every flower that charms the sight,
Vermeil, saffron, pearly white,
Commingle colours infinite,

Purple violet, blushing rose,—
 Every beauteous plant that grows
 In dell or shade,
 Or sunny glade,—
 Receives from thee its grace, benign, celestial light !
 Pure effluence from the Fount of being ! thou
 Nor bind'st alone on Nature's brow
 Her coronal of various dyes ;
 Through thee life's streams instinctive flow,
 In all their vigorous energies ;
 Languid and drooping beneath polar skies,
 In torpid gloom she lies,
 Her wheel revolving slow :
 Distant from thee, fair light, her sickly pulse is low.
 In thy eclipse is sorrow ; in thy beams
 The halcyon home of pleasure seems :
 Wisdom arrays herself with thee :
 Joy brightens in thy lucid streams ;
 And heaven's own stainless sanctity,
 Thee, of itself not unmeet symbol, deems ;
 Thy splendour o'er the seraph gleams.
 Yet higher,—O transcendent height !—
 Thou, as a robe, around the Infinite,
 Shrouding his glory's blaze,
 Pourest intense, insufferable rays ;
 Thy dazzling form Jehovah wears ;
 And, lo ! his oracle declares
 That God himself is Light !
 Light Uncreate ! the mantling mists of hell
 Soon shall thy glorious beams dispel !
 Swift to its subterrene abode
 Shall pass the night that on creation fell,
 When sin and wrath the fallen world o'erflow'd.
 Again this dark, disorder'd earth,
 In pristine purity shall shine,
 And beauteous in its second birth,
 Reflect the Light Divine.
 That sun is up whose beams shall trace
 Each long-lost lineament of grace,
 Each faded tint of loveliness restore.
 That Sun is up whose beams shall set no more,

Whose quenchless rays shall scatter wide
 Delusion, Falsehood, Error, Pride,
 The troublous storms of passion quell,
 And chase Night's dread chimeras back to hell.
 Hail ! Uncreated Light !
 Thy stainless splendours bright
 Shall pierce the shades of death, sepulchral gloom dispel !
 Shine, Everlasting Sun !
 Thy glorious circuit run !
 Wide dispread thy healing wings,
 Quickening earth awaits thy power ;
 Lo, the new creation springs !
 Bends the branch, and blooms the flower.
 Light itself but shadows thee ;
 Shine till all thy glory see !

ON tented field what veteran warrior sleeps,
 When loud and long the clangous trumpet sweeps
 Its charge of battle through the echoing hills ?
 When, fierce, the foe with shout of onset fills
 Reverberant heaven with dissonance and dread ?
 No ; quick the crested helmet o'er his head
 Waves its black plumes ; with sword and corslet bright,
 And full-orb'd shield emboss'd, for fearful fight
 Instant equipp'd, beneath his captain's eye,
 With march intrepid, on to victory
 All undismay'd he goes : nor life is dear,
 Nor danger terrible ; his eye, his ear,
 His soul, by one absorbing aim confined,
 Casts every thought but conquest far behind.

So starts the Church, aroused by martial cry
 Of mustering hosts in arms : her Captain's eye
 Signals to battle, where the proudest foes,
 Though scathed by burning thunders, yet oppose
 Messiah's conquering sway : around his sign
 His call'd, his chosen, faithful friends combine ;
 In might invincible they nobly wield
 The sword of temper and the sevenfold shield ;
 Fix'd in the firm resolve to sleep no more
 While hell's dread hosts their banded legions pour ;

While blood-stain'd idols haunt the withering earth,
 While Superstition rears her demon birth,
 While Antichrist his hydra form extends,
 Or man, debased, to grovelling folly bends ;
 While unsubdued Messiah's latest foe,
 Or earth its curse by sin and suffering know.

Not like earth's warriors, bounding from afar
 O'er sanguine plains, deep-plough'd with iron car
 Of Slaughter, yoked to Tumult's snorting steeds,
 Eager for blood, and where the trumpet leads
 Proud prancing to the fight ; not wrapt in vest
 Of gory crimson, nor with plumed crest
 Waving its gorgon terrors in the wind,
 Dread ministers of wrath to scourge mankind :—
 Not such Messiah's sacramental bands ;
 No, swords of other temper their purged hands
 From their liege Lord receive ; far other fight
 Than sternest conflict of terrestrial might
 Emmanuel to his marshall'd hosts assigns ;
 Bright on their ranks no blazon'd banner shines,
 Nor trump sonorous wakes to warlike fires,
 Nor ardour kindles but what Heaven inspires.
 A viewless Leader summons to the field ;
 A prize from all but Faith's clear eye conceal'd
 Awaits the victory in that arduous fight,
 That glorious triumph o'er the hosts of night.

Earth, bound to sense and time, no wreath bestows
 On hallow'd enterprise, whose ardour knows
 No conflict but with adverse powers unseen ;
 She spurns its toils, accounts its triumphs mean,
 And, deep immersed in transitory cares,
 No sympathy with man, immortal, shares ;
 No lofty scenes attract her downcast eyes,
 No thought expands o'er human destinies
 Link'd with eternal life, or endless wo.
 Soldier of Christ! her worthless crown forego !
 'Tis thine to bear the cross with Him who bled
 On its rude height ; who bow'd his suffering head,
 A Man of Sacrifice. 'Tis thine to share
 The martyr spirit that transfix'd him there ;
 Like him thyself for others to forego,
 Detach'd from earth, and dead to things below ;

Awake to Heaven's inspiring call alone,
Blind but to splendours from the' Eternal Throne ;
Purged from terrestrial dross, and prompt to rise
In holy converse to the bending skies ;
To catch from seraph flames the glow of love ;
Swift, duteous zeal from angel powers above ;
Like them employ'd, bless'd minister of grace,
On Mercy's errands to the wandering race.

Soldier of Christ ! thy veteran valour tried,
Must oft have proved its temper by the side
Of Him who wrestled with the powers of hell ;
Beneath whose might their leader, vanquish'd fell :
A sharer with the Man of griefs, thy soul
Must know to buffet the stern tempest's roll ;
Dauntless, though danger frown or death be nigh,
Prepared to prove thy spirit's constancy
Beneath the sneer, the taunt, the scourge, the sword,
The wild, rude floods of persecution, pour'd
From dragon fiends, or powers of death, averse
From this dark world to heave the primal curse,
Themselves enslaved, who yet delight to bind
The chains of ruthless bondage on mankind.
To meek endurance train'd, and patient love,
Transcript of Him, self-emptied, from above,
The servant, lowly, gentle, kind, must tread
The hallow'd path his gracious Master led ;
Whose sympathies in uncheck'd pity fell
On recreant guilt, whose love, ineffable,
In softest yearnings of compassion moved
Toward wailing Grief or Error, blind, that roved
Far from the path of peace ; whose wisdom taught
Even simplest babes, and, condescending, brought
Divine instruction to the humblest ear
That meekly bow'd, his gracious words to hear.

For lofty aim design'd, and bold emprise,
Beneath what tutoring discipline shall rise
These sons of moral might ? these spirits high,
Who scale earth's pinnacles, and, bold, descry
Eternity beyond ? What breath shall raise
These sparks of hallow'd ardour to a blaze ?
Ignite these holy flames, in quenchless love
To burn and shine below ; then mount above,

To blend with brighter fervours in the skies,
And, pure, toward Fontal Light in endless radiance rise ?

Ah ! not the veteran warrior's sternest rules,
Or treasured lore of philosophic schools,
Can mould the spirit to that form Divine ;
The meek, the firm, the strong, the soft, combine ;
With valorous virtue yielding kindness blend ;
To sternest truth love's gentlest accent lend ;
Raise holy passion in a soul subdued.
At home with God ; amid the multitude,
A teacher and a friend,—a guide, whose light,
Falling like heaven's own beams, serenely bright,
Exhibits Virtue in her angel guise,
And tracks her hallow'd progress to the skies.
He, only He, who, glorious, bears on high,
Symbol'd in fires, the sevenfold energy ;
Whose sacred unction feeds each vital flame,
In form distinct, yet still in source the same :
He from whose throne the copious blessing flows ;
Whose bounteous hand the varied gift bestows ;
Who calls, and seals, and hallows, and prepares
His angel ministers to glory's heirs :
The' Eternal Spirit,—He, in boundless grace,
Ordains his heralds to the fallen race :
He arms his chosen warriors for the fight,
Arrays them in his panoply of light,
Girds with his sword, instructs their hands to wield
The two-edged falchion, and the bright-orb'd shield,
Nerves with his strength invincible, inspires
Their burning spirits with his altar fires,
Pours on their heads his unction from above,
Baptizes with his own supernal love.

On names to earth unknown his grace descends ;
The formless vessel to his mould he bends ;
Brings through the pangs of second birth, the strife
Of earnest conflict for immortal life,
The sin-stain'd spirit's agony of prayer,
The faith that seals its blood-bought pardon there ;
Breathes the deep peace, from Godhead reconciled,
The filial cry, that speaks the' accepted child,
The light, the love, that o'er the hallow'd soul
With plastic power exert their sweet control ;

The servant with the Master's form impress,
That, bright, remodell'd in his holiness,
His doctrine in his blameless life may shine,
An unstain'd mirror of the truth Divine.

Such messengers at first Messiah sent,
To teach the world his truth: no blandishment
Of earth's adorning clothed their simple speech;
Yet came the word with power; 'twas strong to reach
The slumbering conscience, in its dark retreats
Of sophistry and pride, to shake the seats
Of gorgeous majesty, from demon shrines
To rend the wreaths of ages, stay the signs
Of muttering spirits, break the charmed spell
Wrought by delusion in the depths of hell.
Such were the men, and such their deeds of might!
As speeds through argent heaven his dazzling flight
The pure and glorious sun, so, onward they,
Mantled in truth, sublimely held their way,
Till bow'd the world before the sacred sign,
And ransom'd nations bless'd the light Divine.

Before that sign again the world shall bend;
Again the Church her conquering armies send;
Her men of apostolic faith, of zeal,
Through every clime to spread the truths they feel,
To win the field from Satan's tyrant sway,
Earth's trophies at Messiah's feet to lay.
And now, even now, the solemn trumpet's sound
Calls Zion's forces to the tented ground;
And, lo, in mailed garb her warriors throng,
To meet the front of battle, broad and strong
In phalanx firm against the foe to stand,
To bear the war through each unconquer'd land,
Till, east, and west, and north, and south, subdued,
O'er spire-crown'd cities, desert mountains rude,
The blood-stain'd standard wave from every height,
In one hosanna every voice unite.

Soldiers of Christ! ye holy men of prayer,
Ye men of sacrifice, who nobly dare
The dangers of the field! 'tis yours to see
The present pledge of future victory;
In barbarous lands the primal spoils to win,
From hell's dread empire, and the hydra sin;

Sweet sounds of peace through desert lands to spread ;
 To show the king of terrors captive led ;
 To bear triumphant from the monster's sting,
 Myriads of spirits thrall'd. 'Tis yours to bring
 The trophied shield, the conquering banner crown'd
 With earliest laurels from the well-fought ground.

The Gospel, form'd for man, on man bestows
 A balm remedial for the direst woes
 By Heaven inflicted on this sin-stain'd earth :
 It gives monition of his glorious birth ;
 Exalts his grovelling nature to the scale
 Of angel intellect, and bids him hail
 His bright copartnership in endless life
 With those unsinning spirits ; wakes the strife
 For glory, virtue, purity sublime ;
 Lifts the dim curtain up from death and time ;
 And shows, consummated in brighter spheres,
 The' unravell'd mysteries of this vale of tears.
 It gilds the present scene ; with kindly art,
 Unbinds those sympathies that, mild, impart
 Their holy tenderness to suffering life ;
 Subdues tumultuous Passion's stormy strife ;
 To social rule untutor'd rudeness bends ;
 Restrains the mighty, and the weak defends ;
 With justice nerves the arm of Law ; surrounds
 The throne with strength, and gives to Power its bounds,
 Till every part, beneath its wise control,
 Subserves the beauteous order of the whole.

Remodell'd by this wand of power, this rod,
 Borne by commission'd hands, what works of God
 Has this dark world disclosed ! Its deserts wild
 Have bloom'd in beauty ; bright and soft have smiled,
 In its rude glens, the myrtle and the rose :
 Where dragons lay, in perilous repose,
 Now springs the healthful blade ; a tide of life
 Comes on the gale where pestilence, late rife
 With mortal plagues, disburden'd her dank wing ;
 Cheer'd by heaven's light, unwonted wild notes ring
 Through the deep forest's gloom ; on mountain streams,
 Translucent, fall bright Morning's beauteous beams ;
 Fresh night dews sparkle on the thirsty ground ;
 Creation wakes, and Nature smiles around.

Won from the wastes of rude barbarian night,
Such scenes of moral beauty bless the sight.
Sin's deadliest haunts the Gospel power assails,
And, lo, the talisman of truth prevails!
Detested demons quit their trembling prey;
In dust defiled deserted idols lay;
Man, grovelling, brutal, feels a sacred flame
Inspire his kindling spirit; generous shame
For acts and thoughts of evil leads his soul
To higher purpose, and the just control
Of opening reason; while the living light,
Direct from heaven pour'd on his wondering sight,
Discovers depths of guilt, and heights of grace,
The destinies of Adam's deathless race;
Transforms the slave of passion, vice, and crime,
To bear, erect, the godlike port sublime;
To feel the high prerogative of mind;
To live a man, a blessing to his kind.

From shores where Freedom dwells, and Gospel light,
Where holy Truth unveils her radiance bright,
Glides the proud vessel to the distant strand:
With eager footstep, on that stranger land,
Alights the messenger of peace. His eye
The index of his heart's philanthropy:
Sweet incense greets him from the verdant plain,
O'er glistening coral breaks the bright blue main;
Heaven's placid glory on its bosom sleeps,
And shelving rocks, and rugged mountain steeps
Reflect their rude magnificence below;
Bright down their rifted sides fresh fountains flow,
Fair Nature, joyous, through her palmy groves,
With sportive zephyr, gay and healthful roves,
Crests the tall pinnacle, and clothes the dell;
Wakes sylvan tones from echo's murmuring shell,
Luxuriant strews her blooming treasures round,
Treads with light footstep o'er the enamell'd ground,
Unfurls her broad bananas to the gale,
And with her tangled banian shades the vale.

Creation blooms in loveliness! His sight
Rests on a paradise of soft delight.
But where is man, its lord, for whom these skies
Dispense their blessings? He whom earth supplies

From its exuberant bounty? Where is he,
The last, best, noblest work of Deity?
Shame kindles on the stranger's cheek; surprise,
And grief, and pity, all tumultuous rise,
While, sunk in deep debasement, dark and wild,
To brutes degraded, as the fiend defiled,
Comes forth the tenant of a world so fair:
Yet yields not love nor pity to despair;
The rod of power is in his hand; it saves
From gulfs more terrible than Egypt's waves;
Lo, at Jehovah's word its might he proves,
Hell owns the sign, and from its haunt removes!

How changed the scene! The savage, nursed in blood,
Impure, and treacherous as the changeful flood
Circling his island home; the slave of sense,
Degraded outcast from intelligence,
Sport of malignant demons, thrall of fear,
Devoted spoil of death; on whose dull ear
No music sounded ever from the skies,
Though circling spheres breathed ceaseless harmonies;
From whose cold breast no raptured fervours came,
Though o'er the emerald deep his wings of flame
The broad, bright sun in dazzling splendour spread;
Though, mild, at eve, night's silver planet led
Her host of sparkling stars; though gentle rain
And copious dews refresh'd the thirsty plain;
Heaven's bounteous gifts who all unconscious shared,
Nor holy offering, nor meet praise prepared,
Unhonour'd, undesired, unknown the Name,
Unseen the Hand whence all his blessings came;
Unfelt, and unbewail'd, the spirit's curse,
The curse of sin; the heart from heaven averse,
Unform'd for humble prayer, for holy love,
Untaught to seek, to hope for joys above,
Unsolaced 'mid the rankling thorns of care,
Dark, cheerless, trembling victim of despair!

How changed the scene! That fierce barbarian wild
Has heard the Gospel summons. Now, a child,
Meekly he yields him to its hallow'd sway;
Unfolding intellect receives the ray
Of pure and living light; unknown desire,
Fear, hope, unfelt till now, his heart inspire;

The new creation's dawning glories rise
 In holy beauty on his wondering eyes ;
 Now heaves his breast the penitential sigh,
 Now pours his soul the pleading prayer on high,
 Now swells the song of praise, the holy hymn,
 Re-echoed sweet by answering cherubim,
 Whose hallow'd joys to higher raptures rise
 When contrite tears suffuse the mourner's eyes.

Now breathes the Sabbath's saintly silence round,
 His eager footsteps press the hallow'd ground,
 And lowly prostrate in the house of prayer,
 His conscious spirit owns that God is there.
 Now reigns Jehovah in his works confess'd,
 Heaven sheds new splendours, verdant earth, impress'd
 With footsteps of Divinity, reveals
 A Presence unperceived till now ; he feels
 Surrounded by that strange, that wondrous might
 That piled the mountains, rear'd the rough rock's height
 He hears that voice in solemn silence sound
 Which binds the deep within its destined bound :—
 'Tis God in majesty ! 'Tis wisdom, power !
 Yet love, presiding in that awful hour,
 Whispers of heavenly grace ; a Father's hand
 Propitious, rules the sky, the sea, the land.
 With filial joy his soul, exulting, springs
 From doubt's dark confines ; on Devotion's wings,
 For him unfledged so long, he soars to raise
 In Heaven's according ear sweet sounds of praise,
 God, his Creator, Father, Lord, to own,
 Too long unhonour'd, unadored, unknown,
 Yet now at length confess'd his Guide and Friend,
 His being's Hope, Original, and End.

With healthful beam o'er that untutor'd mind
 Now cheering Science sheds its light refined ;
 Deep furrow'd by Instruction's patient toil,
 The seeds of knowledge on that rugged soil
 Send forth the vigorous blade ; domestic ties
 Now bind the soul in life's sweet charities ;
 Stern, sullen Strife foregoes his hateful sway ;
 Peace, Industry, and Order, bland, display,
 To bless his prosperous path, their rising light ;
 Discordant elements, reform'd, unite ;

And social man, by Christian grace renew'd,
Reclaim'd from savage, selfish solitude,
In kindly compact lives, the general friend,
His law benevolence, and heaven his end.

It was thy work, Messiah! Thou wast seen
Treading the waves amid those islands green;
Thou didst ascend the tossing bark, and sail
With thy disciples through the perilous gale;
Thou didst to that deserted region come,
Where "Legion" wander'd by the silent tomb;
Thy pity met him, and thy voice of power
His fetters broke; from that delightful hour
Clothed, at thy feet he sits; or joyful goes
To publish Him from whom salvation flows;
Extols with healthful mind thy power benign,
And bids the listening isles receive thy grace Divine.

Earth, dark and sterile though it be, presents
Such renovated life,—isles, continents,
Climes nurtured bright by southern suns, or where
Through arctic circles wheels the sparkling Bear;
Where vast Pacific rolls with mountain sweep,
And Eden blooms amid the watery deep;
Where Afric spreads its sullen wastes of sand,
Where stern Atlantic laves Columbia's strand,
Where costly gems in orient mountains glow,
And glistening pearls enrich the floods below:—
There stands, confess'd by more than mortal sign,
The mighty agency of truth Divine;
There man, the monument of Gospel grace,
Revives to share the glory of his race,
Spurns the dull yoke of ignorance and sense,
And springs to happier life and lost intelligence.

Yes, Africa! even thy benighted skies
At length behold the purple morning rise!
Thy glowing ether streams with radiant light,
And floods of amber steep thy mountains' height;
Mountains on whose rude tops the deepening shade
Of midnight darkness, from creation laid,
Has chill'd the pale and sickly plants that grow
Unscented in thy rugged vales below;
Pernicious poisons on thy plains distill'd,
Thy tainted breezes with infection fill'd,

Its cheerless gloom o'er withering nature spread,
And wide the moral scene immersed in shadows dread.

As sails the cloud from whose impending shade
The dread artillery of the tempest play'd,
When rising winds dispart its massive piles,
And show the pure, ethereal calm that smiles
In the pure vault above ; so rolls the gloom
That wrapp'd thee in the shadows of the tomb
From thy long-curtain'd skies ; by Him dispell'd
In whose strong grasp the winds of heaven are held.
He gently breathing o'er the formless mass,
As erst o'er chaos, swift the shadows pass,
Sweet gales of grace sin's stagnant mists disperse,
Disclose the light that cheers the universe,
And lo ! the Sun, in dazzling strength appears,
And with his glorious beams even desert Afric cheers.

From mountains towering o'er the western deep,
From frowning rocks where southern billows sweep,
From orient coasts by Indian breezes fann'd,
The Gospel trumpet wakes thy slumbering land ;
Around thy shores the herald angel bright,
Dispensing blessings, wheels his glorious flight ;
Life in his course, and health and verdure spring,
Sweet Pleasure brightens in his beamy wing ;
Rejoicing Nature on his voice attends,
Man, wondering man, in strange emotion bends ;
Unpractised in salvation's sounds, his ear
Awaits Heaven's opening touch : that hand is near
Which erst in Judah's climes the deaf restored,
And living light on wandering blindness pour'd.
That present Power, lo, Afric's sons confess,
Hosannas cheer the desert wilderness ;
Rude rocks and mountain caves the strains prolong,
From clime to clime reverberant rolls the song ;
Translucent tides convey its liquid notes,
Mellifluous on the breeze of heaven it floats ;
In lonely solitude the voice of prayer
Ascends to Him who reigns in silence there ;
And there, but newly taught from earth to rise,
Devotion plumes her pinions for the skies.

There are who love the sylvan scene, when high
The bright moon rides in the ethereal sky,

And o'er heaven's dark blue vault, and o'er the green,
(Earth's beauteous mantle,) casts her glittering sheen;
When not a cloud, presumptive, dares intrude,
A vagrant on that splendid solitude;
Or zephyr, restless, raise his murmuring shell,
To wake soft silence from her moonlight spell:
There are who at that sweet, still hour invite
Sublime companionship with spirits bright,
Who list the breathing lute, who wait to see
Forms loved and lost, in sainted minstrelsy
Tuning awhile the notes of paradise,
And soft and splendid as those moonlight skies,
Inviting friends beloved to rise from earth,
And pant for pleasures of celestial birth.

There are to whom such soothing scenes present
An image of heaven's stainless element;
And they will love, with angels hovering nigh,
To listen even to earthly minstrelsy,
To catch the voice of praise, the voice of prayer,
Ascending soft upon the midnight air,
From lips unused to raise the solemn hymn,
Unpractised in the strains of cherubim;
From whom no breathing sigh was wont to rise,
Who knew no suppliant commerce with the skies;
From lonely huts in Afric's deserts wild,
From mountain glens, whose towering bulwarks piled
In frowning height o'erhang the vales below,
And, rude, their shadows o'er the moonbeams throw;
From coverts close amid the bushy brake,
Where outcasts wild from nightly slumbers wake
To meet the' Omniscient Eye, to seek the Power
Whose Name, unknown till that impressive hour,
Now fills their opening minds with strange concern,
Of life, of hope, of heaven, of Him to learn.

Cold is that heart, unused to solemn mood,
To impulse deep, who in that solitude
Would not have stood with Heaven in audience high,
Beneath the veil of that far-stretching sky,
When there the angel herald stay'd his flight,
And, while in heaven high hung the orb of night,
Like him who gather'd Israel's wanderers wide,
Announced his message from the mountain's side.

Behind their chiefs barbarian tribes advance ;
Dim, fitful, strange, their uncouth shadows glance
Athwart the beams of that pale cresset bright,
Which yields their patriarchal temple light.
The stranger guest their gather'd ranks surround,
Sedate, in thoughtful silence, wait the sound,
The sound till then unheard, of mercy nigh,
Of proffer'd peace, of purchased clemency.
Yes, then the desert heard the prophet's voice ;
He bade those sterile, rugged climes rejoice ;
Proclaim'd the message of the Saviour's love,
The Name that brought redemption from above ;
Proclaim'd to dull, barbarian ears the grace
That seeks and saves a lost, an alien race ;
Proclaim'd, till bright the kindling ardour burn'd,
Heaven shone on earth, and earth the beam return'd,
Even savage breasts a sacred impulse fired,
And faith, enraptured, from the scene retired.

The same in every age, in every clime,
The Gospel's simple, saving truths, sublime,
Speak to man's anxious heart ; they meet the cry
Of burthen'd nature in captivity
Through sin's o'erwhelming curse, the restless pain
Of spirits struggling with corruption's chain ;
They meet the loftiest moods of soaring thought,
The deep debasement of dark spirits brought
Within the verge of sense : not unapplied
That Gospel fell on Afric's deserts wide ;
Beneath its power her sable children bend
In humble homage to the sinner's Friend,
And, docile at the teacher's feet reclined,
Attentive wait the path of life to find ;
The path they seek the quickening Spirit shows,
And holy light and heavenly grace bestows,
Owns and confirms the pure baptismal sign,
Accepts as offerings to the sacred shrine
The primal fruits that in his house appear,
Prelusive of the ripening harvest near.

Nor to the Church on earth received alone,
In hallow'd hope,—to Heaven's eternal throne
From death's dark shades, lo, alien strangers rise
To share a Father's mansion in the skies ;

In tranquil peace from life's rude scenes depart,
 Meet unappall'd the dreaded tyrant's dart;
 New born to brighter hopes, their quivering breath
 Proclaims salvation in the grasp of death;
 Their filial faith on proffer'd grace relies,
 Accepts the Heaven-appointed Sacrifice,
 Till, glad dismiss'd to rest with saints above,
 They share in paradise a Father's equal love.

Thus beckoning hope invites to toil renew'd,
 Sweet blossoms scent the desert solitude,
 And cheerful voices from wild woodlands sing
 The beauteous verdure of reviving spring;
 While Faith and Charity accept the sign,
 Co-workers with Beneficence Divine.
 Go, then, ye spirits of unearthly mould,
 Who dare to emulate those names of old,
 Emblazon'd in celestial registry,
 Who toil'd, and bled, and gloried even to die
 For Christ, and for the cause he left below!
 Ye whose pure thoughts with warm expansions glow,
 Whose glistering eyes behold the martyr's crown,
 Content with Paul to lay, rejoicing, down
 A weary frame, consumed with toil and care,
 The Master's sacrificial griefs to share;
 Like him in fix'd resolve an offering given,
 To serve till death, and grasp the palm in heaven.
 Go, ye who dare renounce a world of sense,
 Sublime aspirants to magnificence
 From vulgar minds conceal'd; go, grasp the prize!
 Go, nerved for toil, for pain, for sacrifice!
 Go, win the world to grace your Saviour's crown!
 Go, love like Him, and tread the tempter down!

Go, for even yet, o'erhung with shades of night,
 An orb opaque, earth wheels her destined flight,
 Or moves, a meteor in a turbid sky,
 On whose broad piles dim, lowering tempests lie,
 Though sunbeams, on its fleecy margin spread,
 Gild the rude mass, and cheering lustre shed.
 Go, arm'd with wisdom, virtue, patience, prayer,
 The Saviour's cross, the Saviour's glory share;
 Forego the ties of friendship, country, home;
 Go, wake by night, by day as strangers roam;

Go, seek the sheep on desert mountains wide,
The lorn, lost wanderers to the Shepherd guide ;
Go, tempt the marshy plain, the misty air,
The torrent's sweep, the fitful lightning's glare,
The fierce tornado in its furious course,
The thunder's crash, the rude barbarian force
Of lawless man, untrain'd to social arts,
Fell Pestilence, and fiery Fever's darts :
Go, nobly dare to brave the shafts of death ;
Jehovah's hand shall keep thy fluttering breath,
His power impetuous elements restrain,
Arrest fierce fever in thy throbbing vein ;
Turn baleful plague, innocuous, from thy way,
Barbarian wrath by secret impulse stay ;
Bid guardian angels on thy steps attend,
Thy peril'd path in danger's hour defend,
Till, glad,—at length thy destined labours wrought,
Thy course fulfill'd, the fight victorious fought,
While soft the quivering, speechless lip commends
The soul to Him who on his saints attends ;
While angel wings amid the silence sweep,
While seraphs smile, and sad survivors weep,—
The' unprison'd spirit, freed from earth, shall rise,
And grasp the crown impending from the skies ;
Receive the plaudit of approving Love,
The joyous welcome to the rest above,
To wait in holy, tranquil triumph there,
For those, the trophies of thy faith and prayer,
For those thy dauntless spirit rush'd to save
From sin's deep gulf, from death's o'erwhelming wave ;
To wait till each the blissful haven gain,
When thou, blest leader of the rescued train,
A glorious band with sacred joy shalt bring,
And, meek presenting to thy Saviour King,
Low at his feet shalt lay thy banners down,
And from his hand receive an amaranthine crown.

Peace to the souls received to hallow'd rest !
Peace to the pilgrim on earth's quiet breast
In tranquil slumbers laid ! whose weary feet,
Unsandall'd now, no burning deserts meet.
Peace to the prophet's grave ! For, lowly laid,
He sleeps serene beneath his palm tree's shade ;

In hope he sleeps, beside the sainted shrine
 His zeal erected to the Name Divine ;
 And oft, 'mid nature's sympathetic gloom,
 Shall holy tears bedew his silent tomb,
 And fervid lips shall bless his memory there,
 Who bent their footsteps to that house of prayer
 Whose lucid spire 'mid darkling woodlands seen,
 When morning glows, or evening sinks serene,
 Proclaims that there the gentle voice of Love
 Has breathed the whispers of the heavenly Dove ;
 That there the message of salvation, told,
 Has gather'd wanderers to the sheltering fold ;
 That there, reclaim'd from rude barbarian strife,
 Man owns the social sympathies of life ;
 That there, aroused to feel his heavenly birth,
 He courts a bliss beyond the bounds of earth ;
 That there, redeem'd, the peace of heaven he shares,
 A Christian's name, a Christian's glory bears.

TRIBUTARY STANZAS

TO A FRIEND OF MISSIONS.

PROPHETIC Muse! to scenes of death,
 Unwittingly thy numbers stray'd ;
 With angels watch'd the parting breath
 Of saints in hallow'd slumbers laid ;
 Stood by the Missionary's bier,
 And dropp'd on Afric's sands a tear.

Ah ! homeward turn thy wandering feet,
 Thy native vales are fill'd with grief ;
 And many a sound thine ear shall meet,
 A sound of wailing, sudden, brief ;
 Struck by Astonishment, whose strings
 Are waken'd by the tempest's wings.

Death is a tempest, when it comes
 With rushing sweep upon the soul ;

Chafed by dark rocks, the ocean foams ;
By fierce winds lash'd, rude billows roll ;
But more tumultuous, on the verge
Of time, resounds death's swelling surge.

PHILANDER ! while the sun was high,
Nor gathering clouds presaged him near,
That meteor form, athwart the sky,
A gliding phantom, dark and drear,
Rush'd on thy unsuspecting way,
And smote thee with malignant ray.

The stroke with sudden impulse came :
It found thee on the field of strife ;
But thine was no ignoble aim,
No selfish cares engross'd thy life ;
To God, to man, that life was given ;
'Twas toil on earth, 'tis rest in heaven.

Rest, rest in glory ! O'er thy bier
Shall Faith and Hope submissive bow ;
Sad Friendship drops the tender tear,
With cypress wreathes her pensive brow,
Pale, by her crumbling column leans,
And turns to heaven for happier scenes.

Rest in thy bliss ! For not in vain
The wretched sought repose from thee :
Thine ear received the plaintive strain,
Wrung from the breast of Misery.
Thy heart, thy hand extended wide,
The balm to Sorrow's wounds applied.

Rest with the saints whose race is run,
Whose virtues track their flight to heaven.
The goal is gain'd, the battle's won,
To thee the palm, the crown be given,
Which conquerors in that region wear,
Where all is lasting, bright, and fair.

Farewell, Philander ! never more
Thine ear shall greet the Muse's strain,

Till on that calm, that blissful shore,
Friends sever'd here shall meet again.
Farewell! The minstrel's plaintive tone
Sighs to the winds, "My friends are gone!"

Yes, those who loved her, those who praised
The warblings of a simple lyre,
To heaven's harmonious courts are raised,
To meet them there, let her aspire;
In Sorrow's solitary gloom,
Wait years of bliss beyond the tomb.

Years! No! Such sever'd shreds of time
Pass not beyond earth's narrow bound;
Duration, measureless, sublime,
Encircled in her ample round,
Eternity's vast scroll shall show,—
Years, days, and hours are left below.

But should funereal sorrows blend
With high and hallow'd themes like thine?
Forgive the Muse, she mourns a friend,
A patron of that cause divine,
For which her warmest ardours glow,
Which wakes her lyre to songs below.

Philander loved the Saviour's name,
With ardent zeal his glory sought;
Devotion's pure and fervid flame
Refin'd the gross, the grovelling thought;
And while to heaven in prayer he turn'd,
O'er earth his pitying kindness yearn'd.

He cared for heathen tribes, and loved
The Church, the kingdom of his Lord.
By Charity's sweet impulse moved,
To flow in copious streams abroad,
His heart's diffusive kindness spread
To all who hold the mystic Head.

So on the pure, the silent lake
Descends the impulse from on high;

No rising winds its surface shake ;
Yet swift in curling circles fly
Its waters to their utmost bound,
And feed the freshening woodlands round.

Farewell, Philander ! Even the page,
To Heaven devote, may own thy name ;
Thee still shall hallow'd themes engage ;
Thy sphere is changed, thy work the same ;
A minister of mercy still,
If saints above such charge fulfil.

Farewell ! Awhile thy friends on earth
Pursue the path to each assign'd ;
Yet, waiting for their heavenly birth,
Prepared their perfect bliss to find,
They look to meet thee on that shore,
Where life's inconstant scenes are o'er.

Friendship in heaven resides alone,
In all her symmetry of bliss :
Here veil'd, and as a stranger known ;
Yet o'er the heart's best sympathies
She holds her strong, her sweet control,
And lays in lasting bonds the soul.

Friends join'd above shall part no more,
No sigh shall heave the swelling breast ;
Unclouded light its radiance pour,
While, pure, the spirit stands confess'd ;
Nor darkling mists an entrance find,
To grieve the heart, or veil the mind.

All, all in those sweet realms is love !
The nature and the bliss divine !
And saints on earth, and saints above,
Shall soon in hallow'd union join,
Within their Father's house to raise
One song of consentaneous praise.

The shadows flee, the morning breaks,
The long, dark night of death recedes,

Earth's reeling orb convulsive shakes,
The flame on heaven's bright concave feeds,
Long, loud, and deep, the trumpet's sound
Re-echoes through the heaving ground.

'Tis past! The dreamless sleep is o'er!
Lo, myriads to the call reply!
The earth, the sea, their dead restore,
And Hades' house of mystery
Sends forth its immaterial guests,
To wait Jehovah's high behests.

Jehovah speaks! In living light,
In glory like His own array'd,
Than suns, than seraph flames, more bright,
Upstarting from death's central shade,
His resurrection's power to share,
His servants meet him in the air.

'Tis finish'd! His mysterious plan
Results in ecstasies of praise:
The wisdom angels could not scan,
The depth of his unmeasured ways,
Are now to saints and seraphs shown,
While wonder yields to love alone.

Go, then, thy way; with patient mind
Pursue the path prepared for thee;
There is a rest which thou shalt find;
There, in that bright eternity,
The heart no guise of suffering wears,
Nor Death from Life its laurel tears.

THERE is a Sabbath for the world; a rest
In promise given, when burthen'd earth, oppress'd
No more beneath the withering curse shall sigh,
But holy Peace, and heaven-born Charity,
Man, renovatèd man, in concord bind;
When Truth's ethereal radiance o'er his mind

Shall cast the splendours of unsullied light ;
When, reimpres'd with Heaven's perfections bright
Creation's lord and hierophant, again
Earth's varied tribes shall bless his gentle reign,
In union sweet, fierce, adverse natures blend,
And guile, and hate, and rage, and discord, end.

There is a rest, a promised rest, sublime,
A Sabbath, even within the verge of time,
For which the prayerful Church, expectant, sighs,
Which Faith with more than eagle glance descries,
Which seraph Charity, with raptured glow,
And holy Hope, anticipate below ;
When, curb'd and clench'd the dire deceiver's chain,
Messiah's might shall bind his ruthless reign
To the dark prison of the central deep ;
When angel warders their stern charge shall keep,
Nor man's apostate tempter foe release,
To violate his purity and peace,
To blast his paradise by grace renew'd,
Or, specious, on Jehovah's courts intrude.

There is a rest, a holy Sabbath nigh,
When, rich in consecrating energy,
The Paraclete shall on his Church descend,
The pure, baptismal, copious unction send,
And soft effuse his plenitude of grace -
O'er wide-spread realms, where man's far-wandering race,
Have roam'd in dark and desert solitude ;
When elemental nature, wild and rude,
Again, beneath the Spirit's dove-like wing,
Shall see from chaos beauteous order spring ;
When, fed by suns and showers, the fruitful field,
Redundant, shall its waving harvests yield,
Sweet Sharon's rose the woods and hills adorn,
And blooming myrtles bright supplant the grieving thorn.

That rest shall come ! Lo, radiant Truth on high,
With outstretch'd arm, the lamp of prophecy
Hangs o'er a darken'd world. With gladdening beams
Its holy light through time's long vista streams,
Tracks through the deep His wondrous course, who hides
His path in tempests, on the whirlwind rides,
Or moves sublime, amid the stars of light,
On wheels of flame, or wings of seraphs bright ;

Yet still pursues his wisdom's destined ends,
 And wind, storm, lightning, to his purpose bends.
 That rest shall come ! By prophet bards descried,
 When, like the sun's, His glory's flowing tide,
 Earth's utmost bounds shall bless. Messiah's seed,
 As morning dew drops on the sparkling mead,
 Innumerable, shall his sovereign pleasure wait,
 Obsequious princes throng his temples' gate,
 To Him the gift, the rich oblation bring,
 Bask in his smile, repose beneath his wing ;
 Him, Lord of this world's empires, glad confess,
 Great Prince of Peace, and King of Righteousness.

That day shall dawn ! Its calm and hallow'd rest
 Shall emblem here the Sabbath of the bless'd,
 Though lingering clouds obstruct the glorious light ;
 Though wrathful foes withstand Messiah's might ;
 Though darkling Folly's earth-bred vapours rise
 In noxious exhalations to the skies ;
 Though shrouded, changeful, sad, appears till now
 The sorrowing Church ; though on her pensive brow
 Depression oft, and grief, dejected, lower,
 Bedimm'd, like moonbeams by the passing shower ;—
 Not ever thus with light shall darkness blend,
 Faith views even now the mighty conflict end ;
 Hope spreads her brilliant wing, and soars above
 To meet that cloudless sky ; while generous Love
 Through earth's wide circuit still unwearied flies,
 And bids the dead awake, the sleeper rise,
 The trembling captive cast his bonds away,
 And spring to light, and bless the opening day.
 Yes, mild evangelists His way prepare,
 His living word Messiah's heralds bear,
 Through heathen lands the Gospel trumpet sounds,
 'Gainst Antichrist's unhallow'd throne rebounds,
 Dissolves dark Superstition's direful spell,
 Assails the atheist sophistry of hell,
 Lays Babel's towering turrets in the dust,
 And bids the poor in boundless mercy trust.

Time speeds his flight ! The dawn of earliest day
 Has pass'd with patriarchal seers away ;
 Long, long withdrawn, no more the mystic sign
 Adumbrates, dim, the Archetype Divine ;

The Covenant Angel, long in flesh reveal'd,
 His final grace by blood-stain'd rites has seal'd ;
 His Spirit, in its large effusions shed,
 His glorious Gospel through the nations spread ;
 His kingdom founded in the world below,
 Bade all mankind his truth, his mercy know ;
 His sovereign rule on heaven's high throne sustains,
 Supreme in mediatorial glory reigns,
 Defends his Church against the gates of hell,
 Fix'd on Himself secure, the Rock impregnable.

Time's hours are ages ; yet his lengthen'd day
 Hastes toward its mighty close. A dazzling ray
 Of sevenfold splendour with intensest light
 Shall gild his evening firmament, and bright
 Enfold in glory earth's revolving sphere.
 Even now Messiah's promised signs appear.
 The world awaits his coming ; ceaseless sighs,
 The travail of creation, ardent rise ;
 Earth groans, o'erladen with its primal curse,
 Sad burthen of a struggling universe.
 Subject to Vanity, its fruitless toils
 Win but unreal bliss. Ambition's spoils,
 The robber Envy plunders ; Honour's name
 Oblivion razes from the scroll of Fame ;
 Blank Disappointment's vacant scowl betrays
 Gay Hope's dispersed allusions ; Grief o'erlays,
 With leathern wing, the sad and anxious heart ;
 Pain wounds the quivering flesh with poison'd dart ;
 Death, hideous Death, appals with brandish'd sting ;
 And loathed Corruption nestles in his wing.

Intense, in earnest hope, with lifted eye,
 Yet waits the creature for deliverance nigh ;
 Expects the promised dawn of glad release,
 When Vanity's dull, vapid rule shall cease,
 Corruption with the curse from earth remove,
 And man and nature hail the reign of love ;
 When, bright, dispersing from his golden beams,
 Health, fragrance, beauty, in ten thousand streams,
 The Sun of Righteousness shall cloudless shine,
 And fill the universe with light Divine ;
 When earth's wide realms shall bless the' Eternal Name
 One glorious Lord, Jehovah, One, proclaim,

To one Messiah all her offerings bring,
And bow the suppliant knee to one immortal King.
Awaits the world his coming? Instant prayer,
Deep breathing sighs, and labouring thoughts, declare
The Church, his bride, expectant of her Lord.
Long in this weary wilderness, His word,
That speaks of happier scenes, hath been her stay ;
And urging oft her rude and cheerless way
Through many a thorny brake, her tearful eyes
Have turn'd in holy transport to the skies,
And realized, by faith's transpiercing power,
The bliss of that anticipated hour,
When, glorious, seated on his conquering throne,
Messiah's sway a subject world shall own,
And, raised from earth, his consecrated bride,
His Church, appear resplendent by his side.
The Spirit with the bride awaits the hour
Of holier, mightier triumph : strong in power
Of wrestling faith, He breathes the ceaseless cry ;
And, prevalent in heavenly energy,
Fill'd with his life, the saints accepted pray,—
“ Messiah, o'er the world thy sceptre sway !
Collect thy holy ones from every clime ;
Reveal thy glory on the verge of time ;
Then, then the hour of final triumph bring ;
In pomp return ! Descend, immortal King !
The withering earth and flaming heavens shall flee
The dazzling presence of thy Majesty,
When, circled with seraphic hosts, thy throne,
Rear'd in eternity, shall lift alone
Its stainless splendours to the sons of light ;
When conquer'd Death, stern trophy of thy might,
And Hades, stricken by thy glance of ire,
Shall plunge impetuous down to gulfs of fire.”
Yes, heightening still to its stupendous close,
The mighty mystery of salvation flows !
That hour to finite natures unreveal'd,
Shall show the' adopted heirs of glory seal'd,
The sons of God from death's dark bonds set free,
Sublime in sinless immortality,
Prepared the triumph of their Lord to share,
Prepared his glory's blissful weight to bear,

To mount with Him his everlasting throne,
Avouch'd before assembled worlds his own.

'Tis done! the stern, strange conflict ends at last!
The curse is fled! the scene of trial past!
The children of the resurrection shine,
Corruptible no more! The form Divine
Evolves in glorious, ever-brightening grace
On every spirit stamp'd, from every face
Out-beaming splendours, His reflections, flow.

In vain! No mortal muse that light may show!
No energy to earthly bards consign'd
Paint the pure raptures of the deathless mind,
Pursue the' expanding thought that soars and springs,
Outstrips the semblance of terrestrial things,
Collects its elements from scenes sublime,
Veil'd ever from the darkling sons of time,
Contemplates Deity unchain'd by sense,
And unobstructed scans Omnipotence!
No! all ineffable, that bliss supreme,
Even angel harps o'er that stupendous theme
Suspended vibrate with unequal tone;
Heaven's holy minstrels throng the' eternal throne,
And wait the finish'd mystery, to raise
Their perfect anthem of perpetual praise;
To lift their triumph to its loftiest height,
With saints, symphonious, in that world of light,
To sing the bliss of spirits saved below,
The depth of streams that from His fulness flow,
The broad expanse of that unfathom'd sea,
The joy of deathless souls, emplunged in Deity.

No! not the mind's magnificence, nor might
Of its pure vehicle, its shrine of light,
Nor bliss nor dignity of re-form'd man,
May mortal eyes, yet seal'd, presume to scan.
Still unapparent, but to Him alone,
And Faith, to whom he makes his secrets known,
Remains that symmetry of grace Divine,
In which his saints, to him conform'd, shall shine;
Those full, deep springs, untasted here below,
Whence richest draughts of raptured pleasure flow;
Those sights of glory, when the lifted veil
Unfolds Divinity; when faith shall fail

In the full blaze of vision ; hope, replete
 In ecstasy of consummation, meet
 A tide of untold joy ; and hallow'd love,
 Complacent in its glorious Object, prove
 Its pure beatitude of deep delight,
 In ripening friendship with the Infinite.

Then, then shall swell the heaving tide of bliss !
 Then, then shall roll, in murmuring ecstasies,
 The song unlearn'd below ! One glorious voice,
 The chorus of creation, sound, " Rejoice !"
 One rushing hallelujah loud proclaim
 The mighty triumphs of Emmanuel's Name,
 Extol the Omnipotent, whose rule sublime,
 Beyond earth's sphere dissolved, and perish'd time,
 Extends eternal through the ample range
 Of boundless being ; whom nor death nor change
 Shall ever more invade. Then, then the cry
 Of those who share the spoils of victory,
 The shout of those who to the garner bring
 The harvest's golden sheaves, shall joyous ring
 Through heaven's eternal hills in loftier lays
 Than seraphs swell'd their primal songs of praise ;
 The universe Messiah's reign shall greet,
 And hail the Saviour Son on his triumphant seat.

Yes, then consummated, the scheme Divine,
 The mystery of stupendous grace shall shine
 Full orb'd in glorious light. His judgment throne
 To all heaven's listening hierarchies make known
 His providential rule,—how kind, how wise.
 Then, all unveil'd from earth's obscurities,
 His saints shall track his wondrous course sublime
 Through the deep waters of tempestuous time,
 Adoring own the matchless might that gave
 Concentring impulse to each restless wave,
 Bade every boisterous billow sink or swell
 To urge his triumphs or his foes repel.
 Then throned powers, and every lofty name
 Blazon'd in earthly or unearthly fame,
 To Him, their Head, in mystic union bound,
 Shall hail Messiah in his glory crown'd ;
 Shall hail him in his ransom'd Church complete,
 Behold his vanquish'd foes beneath his feet,

Behold fulfill'd his purposes of love,
 His everlasting kingdom fix'd above;
 Him, Alpha and Omega, glad confess,
 Extol the unsetting Sun of Righteousness,
 Bask in his beams through one eternal day,
 Imbibe new splendours from each darting ray,
 His wondrous Name with deepening search explore,
 With deepening awe that wondrous Name adore,
 And own eternity's transcendent light
 Too dim to pierce the vale that shrouds the Infinite.

As he,† adventurous, who with bounding breast
 Look'd forth from proud Columbia's mountain crest,
 And view'd beneath in broad, majestic sweep,
 The heaving, hoarse, illimitable deep,
 A new-found world of waters, glorious, spread
 O'er half creation's adamant bed;
 Whose eagle eye the wondrous scene explored,
 While his rapt spirit glad and grateful pour'd
 Its orisons to Heaven; to whom there came,
 Kindled on high, a pure and patriot flame,
 That swell'd and glow'd within his panting breast,
 Till, eager, down the rough rock's side he press'd,
 Plunged in the deep, and claim'd what Heaven had shown
 And felt that world of waters all his own:
 So Faith from Contemplation's height surveys
 The boundless glories of advancing days;
 Sees in sublime expanse, unfathom'd, bright,
 An ocean of interminable light;
 With raptured awe adores that Power Divine,
 Beneath whose far-spread beams its splendours shine,
 Whose kindly hand from filmy clouds of sense
 Unseals her eyes, and Time's circumference

† "In his perilous march across the isthmus which separated the Atlantic from the Pacific, Balboa was informed by his Indian guides that from the top of the next mountain he might discover the great Southern Sea, which was the object of his search. He advanced alone to its summit; and, beholding the vast ocean stretched out in endless prospect before him, he fell on his knees, and, lifting up his hands to heaven, returned thanks to God for having conducted him to so important a discovery. Then hastening toward the object he had so laboriously sought, and, reaching its margin, he plunged up to his middle in its waves, with his sword and buckler, and took possession of it in the name of his sovereign, Ferdinand of Spain."—*Robertson's History of America.*

Expands in outline to her gifted sight,
 Withdraws from mystic glories infinite
 The impenetrable veil.

She worships there !

Breathes untold ecstasies of praise and prayer !
 Yet lingers not ; but as that veteran, brave,
 Who fearless stemm'd the stern Pacific wave,
 Intrepid marches toward that shoreless sea,
 Exulting hails its vast immensity,
 And, panoplied in heaven-wrought arms of light,
 Claims that wide ocean in Messiah's right.

Hope weighs her anchor for those stormless seas,
 Spreads her broad pennon to the favouring breeze,
 Ploughs the blue deep, the bursting brightness hails,
 And fills with breath of heaven her swelling sails.
 Love, sphered in sunbeams, cleaves the azure sky,
 In vain beneath time's darkling shadows lie ;
 With seraph wing he sweeps its mists aside,
 Careers uncheck'd through light's translucent tide ;
 Uncheck'd, untired, till, o'er that tranquil deep
 Where winds are hush'd, and angry tempests sleep,
 His buoyant plumes he spreads with glad delight,
 And hails the ark upon those waters bright,
 Triumphant vaulting o'er the glassy tide,
 To widening seas of bliss from Godhead's depths supplied.

EARTH AND TIME

THE THEATRE FOR THE DISPLAY OF THE DIVINE
 PERFECTIONS.

'Tis well ! Thy silent yet continuous flight
 Toward duration infinite
 Thou still pursuest, O Time !
 With solemn and majestic march sublime,
 Through realms of empyreal space,
 Their wheeling course where stars and comets trace,
 And sphered spirits hold harmonious chime,
 Thy registering heraldry hath pass'd.

Spring's mantle thou hast cast
 O'er the green earth ; and bound
 With summer's rosy wreath her brow.
 Thy suns and moons in ceaseless round
 Have watch'd her waving harvests grow,
 Her vintage bright impurpled glow ;
 Stern Winter's wide domain of snow
 Has felt thy arrowy currents blow.
 Thine is a strangely changeful clime !
 Thy works are strange,
 Thy nature, change !
 Go, then, go on thy way, still strangely changing Time.

There was a period, far, O far behind,
 When neither time nor change existence knew :
 He only lived, the Everlasting Mind,
 Who from himself essential being drew,
 All-perfect, infinite, alone.
 Ere suns, or stars, or heavens appear'd,
 Immovable, his radiant throne
 Stood in eternity ensphered.
 No cherub at his footstool bow'd,
 Whose worship rose like incense cloud ;
 No throned spirits, ranged on high,
 Pour'd wide celestial minstrelsy ;
 Nor heavenly harps with golden wires,
 Nor solemn, sweet, mellifluous lyres,
 Their tones of holy rapture spread
 Through sapphire domes, where rainbows shed
 Their meek, chaste light
 Encircling bright
 The Godhead in his dark pavilion dread.
 No ! In that vast, unmeasured depth profound,
 Where finite thoughts are drown'd,
 The Triune Glory singly dwelt,
 Eternity his presence felt,
 And bliss and beauty in himself he found,
 Himself of beauty, bliss, the Source, the Soul,
 Sublime, stupendous, vast, He was the mighty whole !

Why, then, did He, to whom the praise
 Ascending in archangel's hymn,

Imported not ; whose glory's blaze
 No light received from seraphim ;—
 Why did he call his wisdom forth,
 And mete the heavens, and mould the earth ?
 Why breathe his own immortal fires
 Through radiant ranks of angel choirs ?
 Or kindle bright the intellectual ray
 In paradise ?
 Whose cloudless skies
 Beheld an earthly shrine celestial lights display.

Strike, strike the harp, the lyre, the swelling lute !
 Wake every voice ! Nor shell, nor string be mute !
 'Twas love, diffusive, rich, redundant love
 That bade the' eternal forming Spirit move ;
 Divinest strains,
 On heaven's bright plains,
 To wake from myriad raptured hosts above ;
 That from the gloom
 Of Night's dark womb,
 Where anarchy, confusion, restless strove,
 Call'd forth this world, in beauty fair,
 Peopled the waters, earth, and air,
 And bade all live in Him, and all his blessing prove.

Then, Time, thy wondrous course began ;
 'Twas then thy brief, appointed span,
 Dissever'd from eternity,
 Commenced those mysteries to unfold,
 Whose secret depths shall lie untold,
 When thou resorb'd into the sea,
 Duration's ebbless tide, shalt be !
 Ah ! what presumptuous child of dust shall dare,
 What vision-favour'd prophet bold declare
 The counsels of the' omniscient Throne ?
 Ah ! who, adventurous, shall make known
 The purpose of the sacred Three ?
 Who would not lowly fall, and own
 The depths of His immensity,
 Whose providence
 Eludes the sense

Of every keen and curious eye?
 Nor mortal men,
 Nor angels' ken,
 Shall pierce that covering cloud which veils the Deity.

To man or angel ere his forming hand
 Gave bliss or being, all his works HE knew,
 Time, nature, thought, his eye, all searching, scann'd,
 Ere thought or mind from him existence drew.
 He form'd the good, allow'd the ill,
 And bade them both his word fulfil;
 From deepest darkness call'd forth light.
 By power stupendous, infinite,
 Confounded stratagem and strife,
 And show'd through death the path of life.
 O height sublime, whence flow'd those counsels forth?
 O depth unfathom'd of exhaustless love!
 Be glad, O heavens! Sing, O astonish'd earth!
 For truth, and righteousness, and mercy meet above.

Time! on this theatre of thine,
 This little, low, terrestrial sphere,
 Appear'd a mystery Divine!
 O, of that mystery who shall hear
 Unmoved, unawed, by deepest, holiest fear?
 Who, when thy scroll shall wave unfurl'd,
 In that broad light which waits the world,
 Shall unsubdued by praise, by love appear?
 Who will not own the work accomplish'd here,
 A mystery unparallel'd,
 Such as creation ne'er beheld,
 Nor shall again astonish'd see,
 Through all the' unmeasured rounds of wide eternity?

From that high throne of everlasting state,
 Where sat in glory uncreate,
 The Triune Deity,
 HE humbly stoop'd, who claim'd to be,
 In coessential Majesty,
 Equal to Him, the only Potentate.
 Forth from that unapproached light,
 For man or angel's orb too bright,

Forth from the Father's bosom came
 His Word, his Wisdom, He whose name
 Is Jah, Jehovah, infinite I AM ;
 Who form'd the stars that gem his throne,
 Whom princes, powers, dominions, own ;
 Creator, Ruler, Sovereign, Lord ;
 Theme of heaven's highest, deepest chord,
 Who waked the universe to life, the earth
 In beauty clad,
 While angels glad
 Hymn'd forth his praise, His praise whose goings forth
 From everlasting were, ere yet his works had birth.

He (O stupendous grace !) appear'd,
 A lowly stranger here below ;
 And yet the gloom his glory cheer'd
 Refused the living Light to know.
 Incarnate, through the fleshly shrine
 Full oft the eternal Effluence broke ;
 The gracious word, the work benign,
 The present Deity bespoke.
 The meek, the merciful, the mighty One,
 A suffering path majestically trod,
 Lived, agonized, expired ! Yes ! Hark ! "Tis done !"
 Beneath that groan, lo, reeling mountains nod !
 Creation heaves in pangs, with nature's suffering God !

O wondrous sacrifice !
 For man his Maker dies !
 Christ, thy arm omnipotent
 Grasp'd a falling universe !
 Earth and heaven, with one consent,
 Thy eternal praise rehearse.
 Hell through all her vast profound,
 Central depth of grief and gloom,
 Feels her flaming spirits bound,
 Conquer'd in the Conqueror's tomb.

Earth, on this transitory realm of thine,
 Within time's fleeting span this work was wrought ;
 Atonement, fruit of Sacrifice Divine,
 Peace, pardon, heaven, for mortal frailty bought !
 The dead to life restored, the lost to glory brought !

What, though the space allotted thee
Be as the shade of evening brief?
Yet shall this mighty history
Enrol thy annals with the chief
Of all His ways whose will controls the deep,
The shoreless ocean of eternity;
Whose vast waves pour their everlasting sweep
Back to himself,—interminable Sea,
Whence all proceeds that is, or evermore shall be!

Time! 'tis thy glory, that, though short thy span,
Thou hast to the wide universe display'd
More than, ere yet thy little round began,
Was known of Him who time and nature made;
Him, the Creator, in his might,
His wisdom, matchless, infinite,
Thy earliest hours disclose;
Him, the Preserver, on whose hand
The fabric rests, at whose command
Thy wheeling orbs or roll or stand,
Thy swift succession shows.

And who, O who shall trace
His wondrous works and ways?
What eye, acute, intense,
Shall scan his providence?
Borne on thy restless swell
The nations rose and fell!

But not the murmur of the multitude,
In the full, beating, busy tide of life;
Nor the deep silence of the desert rude,
Where rest the mouldering wrecks of human strife:
Not one of all the changes that have pass'd
On earth's collected, on her single sons,
But have been mark'd by Him whose glance is cast
Where'er heaven's light its glorious circuit runs.
And soon eternity shall tell
How kingdoms rose and kingdoms fell,
Obedient to his word;
Tell how men's froward ways have been
In all their hues of darkness seen
By Him, omniscient Lord;

Tell how he heard the humble suppliant's prayer ;
 Tell how he bade the harsh oppressor spare ;
 Tell how he crush'd the proud, and made the meek his care.

Ineffable, unsearchable, immense,
 Mysterious Providence,
 With strong, unerring hand,
 Still leads the rushing course of ages on.
 The Spirit, One and Seven, before the throne
 Lives in the burning, rolling wheels that stand,
 Or at his word advance. In deep suspense
 All heaven looks down, through all her states,
 And every bright intelligence
 The mighty consummation waits.

Time ! though the radiant glory of those fires
 Which mark thy measured course
 Has waked the harmony of angel lyres
 To hymn creation's Source ;
 Though the green earth, by Him suspended
 In bright, ethereal fields of space,
 Proclaims his providence extended,
 His bounteous, kind, paternal grace.
 What though successive generations,
 Borne on thy torrent's mighty sweep,
 Have shown his judgments to the nations,
 A fathomless, a boundless deep !
 Yet 'tis thy richest, thy transcendent glory,
 That in the circles of thy sphered flight,
 The universe, amazed, has heard the story,
 Seen, all incomprehensible, the sight
 Of God enshrined below,
 On man's dark world of wo,
 A willing Exile from the plains of light,
 To bear his captives back to glory infinite !

Yes, Time ! to thee the wondrous theme belongs,
 That shall exalt seraphic songs.
 The heavenly hierarchy,
 With hallow'd admiration see
 The glory of the ransom'd Church ; their tongues,
 Their lyres, respond to loftier notes of praise ;

And love, redeeming love, shall raise
Devotion's raptured ecstasies
To their sublimest, sweetest key,
While saints or seraphs live, or rolls eternity.

Go, then, swift traveller ! nor stay
Thy silent, yet continuous flight.
Spread thy broad pinions ! haste away
Toward duration infinite !
Fulfil thy round of years !
Let human hopes and fears
Depress or gild thee with illusions bright,
Soon,—as the shadowy visions of the night
Before the bursting beams of morning flee,—
This earth, these heavens, shall vanish from the sight !
But God, the Eternal One, the Almighty Three,
Shall live, shall reign in immortality !
While, on his everlasting throne,
Lord of the ransom'd world alone,
Him, glorious Prince of Peace,
Great King of Righteousness,
MESSIAH, ever bless'd, shall all creation own.

THE END.

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